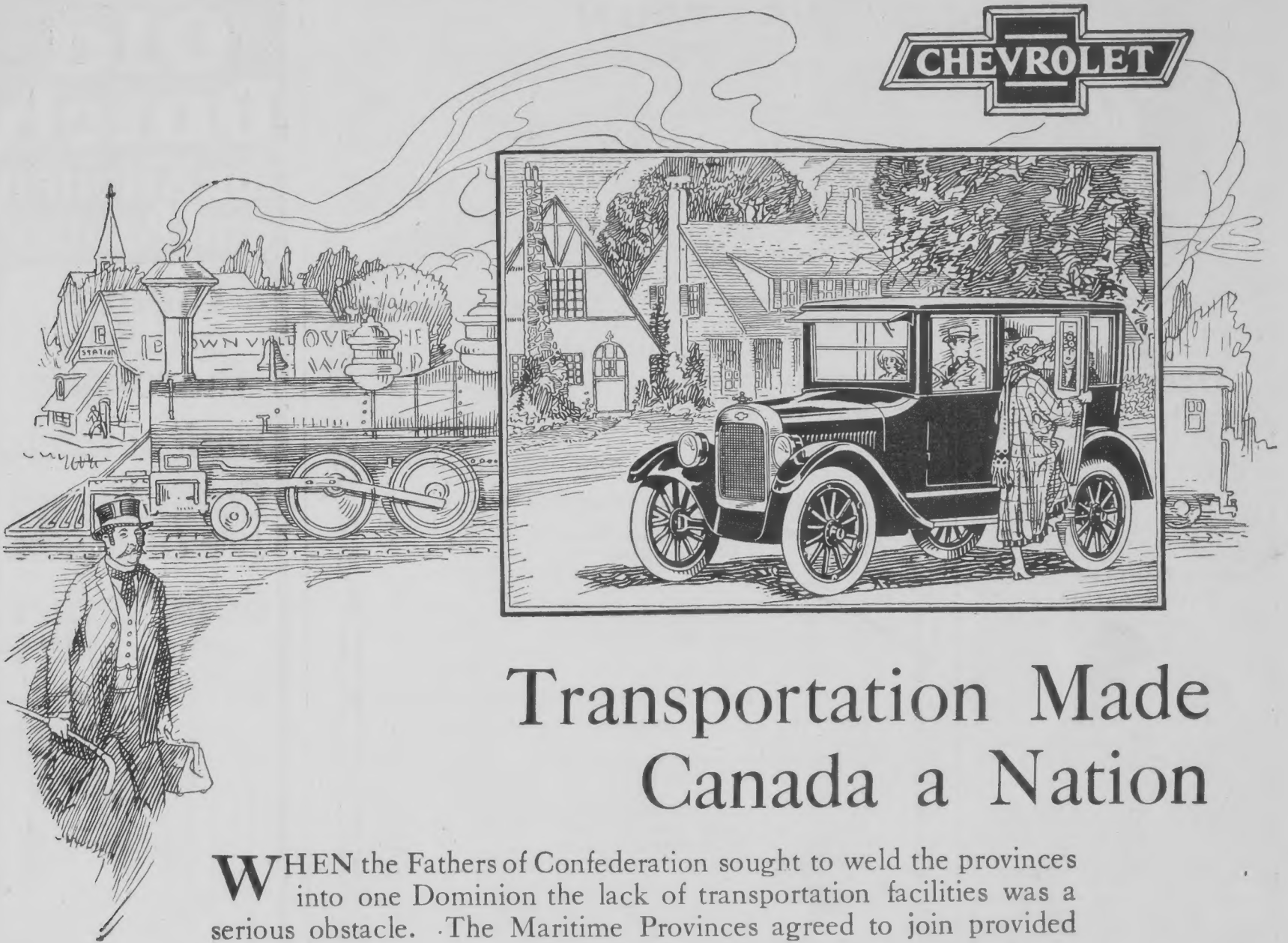




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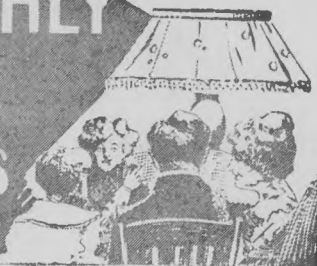
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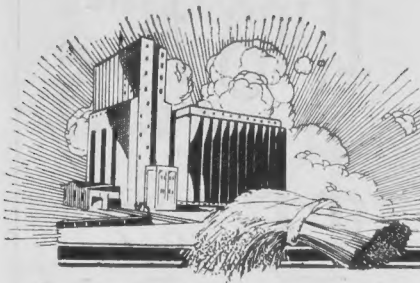
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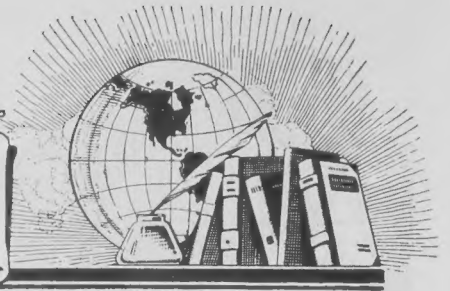
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EDITORIAL



The Lessons of 1923

THE year nineteen hundred and twenty-three has been disappointing to many people in Western Canada, because from a material viewpoint things have not turned out as well as anticipated. To others, of course, there has been no disappointment, for the return for time and labor has been beyond expectations. It is a great mistake however, for men whether they are making money or losing for the time, to measure success by that standard alone. The real question is whether the country has justified the belief which those who know it best have ever held, namely that it has the greatest promise of any land under the sun. Despite the fact that rust has damaged the crops in many sections, and that world conditions have made it impossible to find markets for produce of various kinds, nobody who has clear vision can believe other than that this is but a passing phase. Here is the world's granary and to the granary all men are bound to come.

Already there are indications in plenty that the crisis is past and that we are entering upon a new era of progress. To begin with, our people have found out something about themselves and their land that only experience could teach; and then people outside have begun to realize the possibilities of this great land and are turning their faces in this direction.

Among the things that dwellers in the West have found are these: The price of success is careful painstaking effort. People cannot rob the land of its virtues and still have good crops. They cannot produce grain in fields that are overrun with weeds. They cannot spend and spend on luxuries and have all they desire for necessities. They cannot grow wealthy by encouraging wild-cat schemes, nor can they spend foolishly and live extravagantly without increasing their tax bills. They cannot make profit when costs of transportation exceeds the value of production. Nor can they make progress when there is too great an army of non-producers, and when too many middlemen swell the overhead expense of trade. Above all have they found that though enterprise, brightness, and bluff sometimes give business an air of progress, it is only character that endures. Every man who lacks honesty and integrity is a burden, every man who lacks loyalty is a menace, every man who foments disturbance is a danger. For the settlement of the country we need numbers, but few people who can live together in peace are better than millions who distrust one another and plot and plan and intrigue to overthrow government and establish wild misrule. All these things our people have learned and their experiences will do them good.

Nor will those who are thinking of coming to the West be disappointed. Here is a land rich in resources. Here are people, rich in their diversity, learning to work out a common problem. They are just beginning to understand the possibilities of development, and they will welcome all who come in good faith to lend them a hand.

If 1923 was to some people discouraging the New Year opens most auspiciously. It is the year of hope. And no song is more suitable for us than that which begins—"Are we discouraged?" The whole West will answer "No!" So if any man anywhere in this old world wants to get a footing in this garden of the Earth let him get here now, for the rush is coming, and fortune comes to him who is first on the ground. But let no one come who is afraid of work, and let no one come who is not content to assume the full duties of citizenship.

Straining at a Gnat

ONE may see the flowers by the wayside and be blind to the glories of the landscape. He may note the lesser and miss the greater. And this is true in the fields of truth and beauty and goodness. It is pre-eminently true in social, political and religious affairs. Three good illustrations are at hand.

A glance at Europe reveals the nations as still intriguing and fighting for supremacy, and all the while a great Red Power is working ceaselessly within each. And this Power, unless it is checked, will eventually crush all governments and do away with all order.

A study of the recent elections in Britain shows that the historic parties in their anxiety to defeat each other, allowed Labor to assume the leadership, and this is what none of them wished. To outsiders it does not appear to signify much whether Liberal or Conservative administers the government of the country, but it will make all the difference in the world if Labor is in office. This is not saying that the change will not be for the better. The illustration is given simply to show that the two old parties were so concerned about their little differences that they overlooked the greater issue.

A third illustration is furnished by those who are wrangling over Church Union. To a looker-on there seems to be much ado about nothing. There are five

or six great sects in this country all espousing Christianity. They go by names of which they have reason to be proud, for each name has a great history. At one time each name signified something definite and something worth while, but time and conditions have removed differences, so that today all look pretty much alike. There is no longer any reason why outworn distinctions should be honored. Apart altogether from this, there is something of outstanding importance to all denominations, Roman Catholic as well as the others. There is in each a division into two camps. These are the Modernists and the Fundamentalists. In ten years, unless something unexpected occurs, there will be a great separation of all Christian people into these two groups. So it hardly seems worth while getting excited over something that in a few years will be forgotten. Why not face the real issue? This is how it seems to an outsider.

1924

By Isobel Wilson

The wheel of Time turns round once more,

Now it is nineteen twenty-four

We peer within the op'ning door

And wonder what it has in store

For each of us—of joy or pain,

What days of sunshine or of rain,

What measure of success we'll gain,

We strive to see—'tis but in vain.

What lies ahead we may not know,

The heights of bliss, or depths of woe.

Wise Providence decreed it so.

Thus hopefully we onward go,

The daily round of toil and care

We most of us in common share,

For some, adventures lurking there,

Romance to make the world more fair.

Old friends will pass, new friends to greet,

Joys of achievement some will meet.

There'll be rough paths for other feet,

Some taste the bitter—some the sweet.

Whate'er betides in the New Year,

Be of stout heart—be of good cheer.

This thought should quiet every fear,

The God of all is ever near.

So day by day the year must pass,

Surely as sand in hour-glass.

As Others See Us

SOMETIMES one on the outside sees more clearly than one who is inside. In a recent issue of the Montreal Witness there appears an editorial which sets forth conditions in one of the Western Provinces. It will prove interesting reading. Strange to say, those who were responsible for the great expenditure mentioned are now seeking office again on the ground that their successors are too extravagant. Things in the Prairie Province would be funny if they were not so serious. Here is what the Witness has to say, and our readers can take it for what it is worth:

"The Commission appointed by the government of Manitoba, which is investigating the conditions of education in that province is being confronted with stern facts. Scores of schools in the province are being closed for lack of funds to carry on, and hundreds of children are being deprived, for the time, at least, of their chance for a well equipped and effective life. School districts have no funds and in many cases the municipalities are unable to help them through. The

causes of so serious a condition run back through the years. The province piled millions of dollars in sumptuous and extravagant buildings for the Provincial Agricultural College and for the Parliament Buildings, and today the people are paying millions of an irreducible overhead in the interest on the bonds. Failure to apply the principle of economy during the years from 1912 on in provincial affairs is now being visited in apparently unescapable judgment upon the children. It is a problem for statesmen. It may be hoped that the Commission will in their report be able to point the way to some method of relief so that the coming generation shall not be robbed of their opportunity for a real place in the march of human progress. No province can afford to neglect the education of its children, but in a special degree in Manitoba, with its variety of races and languages, the task is vitally important. If these peoples are to be moulded into a coherent and mutually helpful community, the public school imparting the common language and conveying the basic principles of our British democracy must be maintained at full efficiency in every district. The provinces and municipalities have no doubt learned a lesson. The moral sense of the people will not again tolerate policies of expenditure which involve a mortgaging of the future at the cost in more ways than one of their children and children's children.

Living Together

WHEN it comes to giving children an education, the first thing in importance is not to teach them to read, write and cipher, but to cultivate in them a right attitude to each other and to the country in which they live. With forty nationalities settled here, it is no easy thing to combine brotherhood. Yet this is possible through such an agency as the public school which recognizes neither race, creed, color nor class. If the children are the blocks out of which we are to build our national structure, then the school is the cement. Of all the institutions of civilization, none deserves more consideration than the school. It holds the future in its keeping. It is therefore necessary that it be freely supported and doubly necessary that these in charge shall carry on their work in a right spirit. An old writer described the influence of education in the little phrase "Sweetness and light." That is what the public school stands for and it is on that ground it appeals for aid and encouragement.

Questions

IT IS a greater hardship for men who are wealthy enough to own railroads, to lose a few dollars in dividends than for all the poor people to suffer privation because of excessive cost of necessities? Is there any reason for discriminating in favor of a Railway that needs no aid, and discriminating against a railway that is trying to find a place on the map?

The English-Speaking Peoples

WHEN Lloyd George visited this continent a couple of months ago he spoke strikingly of the unfortified boundary line which crosses from the Atlantic to the Pacific between Canada and the United States. That unfortified boundary line is one of the most important facts in the world today. It is a fact full of hope for the future of the world. It towers commandingly over the puny attempts which are still occasionally made by small-minded people of no vision to perpetuate outworn animosities between the two great sections of the English-speaking family. Surely the twentieth century will not have to advance much farther on its course before the last is heard of such absurd attempts to base on the struggle out of which the United States emerged as a new nation in the world nearly a century and a half ago any survival of ill-will now. That struggle was in no sense a struggle between the people of Great Britain and the people of the revolting American colonies. And, what is more to the point, the difference between the British Government and nation of the present and the British Government and nation of 1776 is far greater than the difference between Great Britain and the American colonies of that time. And not only are Canada and the United States neighbors, but the Atlantic in these days of fast steamships, cables and wireless is less of a barrier than the distances that had to be travelled over laboriously on this continent a hundred years ago. The people of Great Britain are thus neighbors of the people of both this country and the United States. War between the English-speaking peoples is unthinkable, but there is need of more than that. Little animosities should be buried, not as dangerous to peace, but as impediments to the doing of a great work for humanity. The future of human progress is mainly in the hands of the English-speaking peoples.



Umingmuk

Illustrated by Andre' Robert

King of the
Barrens
by
Francis Dickie

A serial story of animal life in British Columbia,
full of interest, wonder and romance.

Chapter I

Unusual Event in Musk-Ox Land

FROM the mossy bed at the foot of the low rock rearing up squarely a matter of twelve feet in the air, Omu, the mother musk-ox rose slowly. About the rock stood a cluster of small spruce trees forming a kindly wind-break. The flowing waters of the Arkilnik River, a score of yards away, sounded a song susurrous and soft in the ears of Omu. Along the river's banks, east and westward, spruce trees and willow clustered, fringing here a low sloping shoreline of red and white sandstone.

It was a glorious June day. Out beyond where the tree line ended, a hundred yards from the river's edge, the Barren Ground stretched away an undulating succession of rolling ridges and glaciated granite, worn round and smooth; in places bare, gleaming grey and black, in others reddish brown, while for long stretches arctic moss, and heather, new springing grass, blue Lupins and anemones covered the glacier-gouged earth bosom, and made a riot of color, green, yellow, blue, pink and white. Many scattered little lakes turned sparkling faces to the warming sun.

It was the one perfect month in all the year on these wonderful arctic prairies, by white men so long miscalled the "Barrens." Barren the land was not, save, that beyond the river, there were no longer trees. But growth there was now in profusion; arctic flowers a score in variety, rapidly growing grass that would be a foot high before the month was out, and heather as sturdy and as brightly blooming as ever graced a Scottish heath. Here and there, where the pre-Cambrian rock sheered more abruptly than the rest, snow still lay in drifts of various depth and size; but these the sun was fast playing havoc with. Soon this last vestige of winter would be gone and the so short, fierce, arctic summer would fully reign, and all plants reach their rapid maturity.

'Twas the season of eggs, called "Munit" by the Eskimo on his calendar of memory—a time of birth and growth for bird and plant and animal, when all that lived luxuriated and grew strong in this quickly passing warmth of long-houred days of sunshine.

Standing hoof-deep in the arctic moss, the mother musk-ox looked down upon the two shaggy little oblong balls of hair now lying at her feet. In her big eyes, so round and stupid in their staring, was the strange golden light that shines in the orbs of all creatures with the coming of motherhood. For perhaps a minute she remained gazing down on the calves before her, then, with throaty noise of endearment, resumed her careful licking of their silky coats of long brown-black hair.

Umingmuk and Muktu, the two little calves, though only twelve hours old, were already as big as full grown collie dogs, and much more shaggy. Stretched on the moss they stared with curious eyes on this new world. Through a rift in the small spruce trees the sunlight fell warm and strengthening upon them.

They were late-born calves, for it was the tenth of June, and generally their kind came to the Barrens at the end of May. Also they were unusual: a mother musk-ox generally has but one calf—seldom almost never, two. But the twins were as strong and healthy as any musk-ox ever born beside this quietly flowing

stream, called on the maps of the white men the Thelon River, but named more musically Arkilnik by the Eskimo, which means wooded water; for it was more generously fringed with trees than the other rivers which took their course through this vast expanse of prairie lying within the arctic circle in Northern Canada, a region which the Eskimo speaks of as Nuttaliknak, and the Indians Deechinulee, both words meaning land without trees, titles more truly descriptive and more euphonious than the white man's Barren Grounds, a name suggestive of an expanse drear and lifeless which the arctic prairies never are.

Here, in scattered bands in this northern land, the musk-ox herds have lived and thrived since the dawn of the moss-and-grass age that came countless years ago on the heels of the passing glacier. A far-flung domain once it was, but one slowly lessening as the Eskimo, the Indian and the big game hunting white men had penetrated and killed, sometimes wisely with regard to future numbers, but too often with needless ruthlessness, uncaring about the animals' extinction. The musk-ox is a stupid creature; or, perhaps it is fairer to say, an animal with less inherent distrust of man than the other beasts that roam the Barrens. Thus, in their first meetings with human beings, the musk-ox had permitted close approach, and courted slaughter. But always at such times to a few of the herd, seeing their companions falling about them, had come consciousness of danger, then flight, and the instilling of future fear for this strange new creature that walked only on two legs. As the years went on, wisdom brought wariness, and the greatly depleted herds moved farther and farther into regions more inaccessible.

The finest of these unhunted districts was a stretch of country lying north and east of the Arkilnik River, an area some sixty miles long by forty wide. It was too far west for the Hudson Bay Eskimo and too far east to be visited by the score of Indian families of the Rog Rib and Yellow Knife tribes that made annual migration from their district, adjoining Great Slave Lake, to hunt the musk-ox. Of all the Barren Ground of the great northwest this strip was the most hospitable. Arctic moss grew thick and succulent, and through the long winter was always available, for the snowfall in the Barrens is seldom great. Never was it too deep for the ironlike hoof of the musk-ox to paw through; usually the countless blizzards that blew kept stretches windblown bare. In summer there was arctic grass, juicy of blade and long, that also dried to make good winter fodder. And the Arkilnik River, more wooded than its sister streams of the Barrens offered a shelter of spruce and willow, the buds of the latter most excellent browsing.

To this land of protection and plenty, Omu, as a yearling heifer, had drifted two years before with a little herd of twenty full grown oxen, the remnant of sixty that had escaped a slaughtering band of Yellow Knife Indians, greedy for robes, and so ruthless in their killing.

The horror of that dreadful day remained forever after with Omu; impinged upon her mind a picture unfading, and kept ever fresh a fear of man, one eternally present, making her always alert even after two years of undisturbed quiet in this sanctuary of the Barrens.

So presently, when she had lovingly licked her unusual family of two to a motherly satisfaction, she stepped cautiously away from the depression at the foot of the rock, this so carefully chosen hiding place screened and surrounded by close standing thicket of small spruce, and walked out to where a break in the tree line gave view of the undulating Barren, reaching away to a clear horizon. Dancing heat waves hovered in long shimmering lines, flagellating the quiet earth, and grass and flowers that raised eager stems to the stimulating warmth. Omu shook her shaggy head, tossing aside a few long hairs that dragged across her eyes and gazed over the expanse before her. But only a little of the wilderness came to her view. Far objects Omu could not see, for musk-ox as a species are poor of eyesight, and despite the largeness of their orbs, trust very little to them. It is upon its nose the musk-ox places chief reliance—and of all the keen-scented living creatures that battle in this harsh environment for a living, where the sense of smell is of all aids the greatest, the musk-ox is by Nature most highly equipped. Thus, Omu, for all her sight was lacking, was an equal in the struggle for existence with the arctic hare, the owl so huge and white, and the sharp-fanged wolf of the Barren; and much superior to Pungyok, the caribou, that had half a dozen dangerous failings.

So now, as she scanned the Barren, Omu's nose was the principal working organ. Black and broad and wet this guardian of her safety quivered with faint movement, telling her that all was well, that the only creatures near were a rabbit and some of her own kind, which last fact her eyes verified; an old bull and a yearling heifer browsing on the side of a slope perhaps two hundred yards away.

Omu was a small musk-ox, measuring only fifty-two inches from fore heels to hump; and this with the hair erect. From her two inch tail to her black, wet nose was seven feet of sturdy, stocky body covered with long, straight brownish black hair overlaying a woolly second coat, nearly two inches thick, and fine as that of a Kashmir Goat, a garment of wondrous warmth, a veritable mattress that defied the icy blasts that blew full nine months in the year in this region so close about the pole. The long, straight top hair hung down from her sides so far, its tips at times touched the grass, a sort of serrated curtain draping her legs so thick and so very short. In appearance Omu, like all her species, was exceedingly clumsy, resembling more than anything in the world an abnormally elongated barrel supported by staves ridiculously short. Yet, despite the shortness of her limbs and the length of her body, Omu and all her kind could run with a swiftness quite surprising. Her horns were just an inch over two feet long, down curving and dangerously pointed, so sharp and so strong of bone that with a blow she could split a two-inch wide dwarf spruce. And in front of these horns for a distance of twelve inches was an armor plate of bone, double the thickness of the ox of civilization, while behind the horns, reaching well down the neck was a ring of fat two inches deep beneath two inches of fur, all forming a shield invulnerable to any charging wolf, an armor to turn the strongest and longest fang or claw of any animal enemy of the Barren.

ON this tenth day of June, nineteen hundred and twelve, Omu was uncomfortable as she stood looking and scenting for possible danger. Satisfied no enemy was in her neighborhood she walked slowly a little distance farther from her calves to where stood a small dead spruce. Her discomfort was not mental, but arose from that woolly mattress of under hair, so thick, ball-like and clinging. This was for days of cold, and unsuited to hot June weather. So she moved to the dead spruce. Already the stiff, leafless lower limbs of this were broken short by her rubbings on previous days during the last week, and the protruding foot-long remaining pieces of the limbs were festooned with great chunks of the soft wool, that too lay scattered on the ground about. Pounds of it there was; wool of a fibre, fineness and strength of texture that would have made it valuable to the looms of the white man could he have gathered it in quantity. In the short Arctic summer the rocks and trees are yearly loaded in the Barrens by this wool which the musk-ox sheds to make way for the new coat that comes at the end of August.

Completing her rubbing, Omu, much relieved, went back and paid renewed attention to her family.

In the warm June days that followed, Umingmuk and Muktu, for all they were twin calves, thrived, grew stockier and longer. Bull calves they were, with natures pugilistic before the month of eggs was ended.

When July's first sun looked on the Barrens and mosquito and bot-fly had made their dread appearance, Umingmuk and Muktu daily ran about the Barren beyond the sheltered rock at the foot of which they first had seen sunlight and shadow and their round-eyed mother.

Perhaps a quarter of a mile from the rock, to which nightly they always returned, was another one some fifteen feet in height. Unlike the home-rock, which sheered straight up on all four sides, this one was rounded, its sides sloping gradually to the top where was a flat space of perhaps five feet. In shape the rock resembled strikingly an Iglu, the Eskimo winter home of snow, except that the slope was not nearly so steep as an Iglu's walls. The rock lay a few yards removed from a tiny, slough-like lake, one of countless similar ones which dotted the Barren. To this lake Omu came daily to drink, the water being much easier of reaching than that of the river where the banks sloped sufficiently to make approaching awkward, and where in many places the footing was soft. Every day Umingmuk and Muktu scamperingly accompanied her.

But though they passed the Iglu rock daily for weeks and played in the vicinity, it was not until the middle of July that one warm afternoon, while the mother drank, Umingmuk came to climb it quite unintentionally. He was running a race with Muktu from the lake edge to the rock's foot. Galloping clumsily neck and neck they came, two ludicrous bobbing figures very awkward of appearance, but which belied their speed and skilful covering of the uneven ground. Umingmuk was the longer and taller by a good three inches, and fleetest of foot. So fast he came that, the rock's foot reached, he could not in time check his momentum, and went scrambling on with clattering hoofs up the sloping uneven granite for half a dozen feet.

This accidental happening mothered the idea of further ascending, so he went

on to the top and stood on the tiny flat plateau some five feet in area. Quite proudly he faced about, gazed down upon his defeated rival, the slower Muktu, who, beaten by a length, had more successfully halted at the foot of the Iglu rock.

As Umingmuk stood upon this mountain peak in miniature, a queer thrill filled his being: that strange something which wells up strongly in man and beast and bird in moments of supremacy over one or more of their kind. And Umingmuk was a bull calf! In him the battling spirit was instinctive. So in the following moment he blew through his nostrils a baby "woof" quite comical, but most expressive of his developing nature.

Staring up, and hearing, Muktu too was moved by feeling similar. He also was masculine of nature; his blood quick answering to the challenge to do battle.

With a leap he sprang up the rock face, the sloping side of which was much marked with tiny flat spots and indentations gouged by the glacier action in dim earth-young times. But even with these aids to footing the ascent was no easy matter. Thus Muktu came up sliding-footed and uncertain, but still quite resolutely ready to do battle, and bravely eager to oust his brother from his point of vantage.

Umingmuk, at the first upward movement of his brother, felt his muscles quiver and quicken with combat's inhiation. This glorious thrill of impending struggle was a feeling new, one innate, yet unknown until this accident had waked it into throbbing life. In answer to its call, Umingmuk slightly shifted his stocky limbs, planting hoofs more firmly, his body tense and waiting to give impetus to his head, now down on a level with his knees, the nose turned in. In his eyes grew a glow that was near to anger, and thrice he snuffed quick little "woofs" of excited infant defiance and scornful challenge to his brother; and with snorts as loud, Muktu replied, a foolish lack of breath-conservation in an attacking climber.

Within a foot of his firmer standing brother, Muktu paused for breath and to gather his limbs and body for the so difficult attack. Then up he launched himself. Head met head. A whack resounded with a loudness indicative how earnest was the conflict. But everything favored Umingmuk—position, pounds a half a dozen more in weight, and footing firm and even. Muktu recoiled from the impact, went sliding awkwardly down fully three feet.

Thrice he scaled the height to the tiny plateau's edge, only to be hurled back, each time sent slipping farther. From the last, recoiling more dazed and uncertain of foot than ever, Muktu misstepped badly. His body swung half around, remained titubating there broadside on—a target most inviting to his fresh and well placed rival.

And again, just as the running part way up the Iglu rock had fostered in Umingmuk the idea to complete ascension, his now gazing on his brother's broad, furry side, suggested his next action. Down he came an animated avalanche of hairy ferocity. His head struck Muktu fairly in the midriff, swept him completely off his feet, and he went over, and rolling down to the surface of the Barren. But Umingmuk too suffered from his charge, was carried on by his own momentum, came sliding head foremost in his brother's wake, and piled a top of him.

Breathing hard,

they scrambled up, quite shaken by the fall, and minus each some scraps of skin and hair scraped off by parts of the rock face where tiny edges protruded sharply.

For a moment the calves faced each other, half inclined to renew the conflict here on the level. Then calmness came. The heat of battle passed. They turned and scampered to their mother; with bunting heads of affection pummelled her hairy sides, and in a moment forgot their ill-feeling in dining with vigorous headshakings side by side.

This game of "defend the rock," so accidentally learned, was not forgotten. Almost daily they renewed it. And Muktu, though inferior in size and speed of limb, was slier than his brother. He it was that in the future manoeuvred to first gain the top. Yet even with this advantage over Umingmuk, Muktu frequently was defeated. For Umingmuk was born superior in strength and stamina. His the mold of championship and leadership. Even in the first months of his life this quality showed in his larger body and his fleetier limbs, that so easily outdid his brother.

With the heat of July had come the mosquito and the warble or bot-fly. But to these the Musk-ox were indifferent, their hairy sides so thick foiling the mosquito. As for the bot-fly, with his deadly inch-long stinger—it had other prey. The bot-fly is the scourge of Pungyok, the Barren land caribou. During July it attacks these animals upon the back, where it lays its eggs, that quickly mature into maggots and eat holes in the animal's hide. So great is the irritation caused by the bot-fly, the caribou during the last weeks in July go actually crazy. Maddened by pain they rush about the tundra, galloping wildly here and there in blind and blundering fashion, as if in motion hoping to find relief. At such times when bereft of their senses the caribou leap into water, charge trees, dash head on into each other in such ludicrous fashion, one so contrary to their normal actions, as to point strongly to the conclusion their eyesight is affected by their pain.

ON the twenty-eighth day of July, Umingmuk, after successfully wrestling the crest of Iglu Rock from Muktu, wandered a little apart. Perhaps a hundred feet from where his mother was feeding with Muktu by her side, Umingmuk came to a halt some distance from the edge of the tiny lake which bordered the narrow confines of his little world.

For days he had viewed with interest the caribou now moving in great numbers, but scatteredly, about the nearby Barren. Once or twice stirred by curiosity, a

trait very strong in musk-ox, he had started to go closer to the nearest caribou which were dashing about quite erratically, and would have but for the summing call of his more experienced mother.

To-day, however, his mother's head was turned the other way, so presently, after standing a moment hesitating, Umingmuk went on a couple of hundred yards toward where a band of caribou, fifty odd in number, were passing northward in loose formation. The caribou were trotting fast, shaking their heads with frenzy, their tongues lolling out, their eyes pain filled and wild. Suddenly, as Umingmuk gazed in wonderment upon them, a yearling bull detached himself from the rest and made straight for the water of the tiny lake.

On he came, faster galloping now, as if the sight of the water had filled him with some great idea unknown to his brother deer. And Umingmuk was directly in his path. But Umingmuk had no instinctive knowledge, or actual experience to guide him and give warning that at such times the caribou is driven to a state bordering on blindness by the bot-fly, or at least is so blundering as to ram any object in its path. So Umingmuk stood wide-eyed watching the young bull's rapid approach, expecting every moment the caribou would swerve.

Nearer came the bull, his head low, his tongue writhing, his eyes unseeing. Still expecting him to turn aside, Umingmuk remained gazing, his muscles relaxed, his body in attitude of careless repose. And so down upon him came the caribou. His head held low, its six inches of stubby horns of budding "velvet," four months yet short of maturity, struck Umingmuk a glancing glow upon the face, one rounded horn end just missing his right eye, the other striking him a stunning blow back of the ear. He reeled, went down, remained for a star-falling space of time thrown to his knees. Before he could arise, the caribou, doubly enraged, struck out with one foreleg, a downward driving hoof blow that struck glancingly on Umingmuk's shoulder and brought from him a bleat of pain.

Yet calf though he was, pugnacity and bravery were inherent and quickly to the fore. He regained his feet, stood braced to fend another charge, his big eyes glowing his baby pain and wrath. But Pungyok wanted no fight. His recent action was but instinctive, arising out of surprise. Now he plunged on past Umingmuk, actually brushing the calf's nose with his flank.

But even before Umingmuk had given voice to his single bleat of pain, Omu

had chanced to turn, and, seeing the caribou's advance, had started hastily towards Umingmuk, her heart filled with maternal anxiety. Too slow she was to prevent the calf's bowling over. But in the succeeding instant, made terrible now by her offspring's cry of pain, Omu descended on the poor caribou, so pain sticken and blundering and wholly without evil intention. Her terrible right horn, as sharp as a lance and backed by five hundred pounds of furious mother-body, met and penetrated the gaunt frame of the bull; was withdrawn with a ripping sidelong lunge that tore away a pair of ribs in its releasing. Bellowing and craven the caribou dashed away, with Omu, carried by her rage, in close pursuit. Only a few yards, however, did she run, then turned back to her offspring, and began licking the bruise upon his shoulder where the caribou's hoof had struck.

Wild animals, those of the Barrens in particular, receive and recover from the most terrible wounds. Thus the bull caribou lived, but always bore a long scar in token of the mother musk-ox's rage.

Chapter II

The Great Disaster

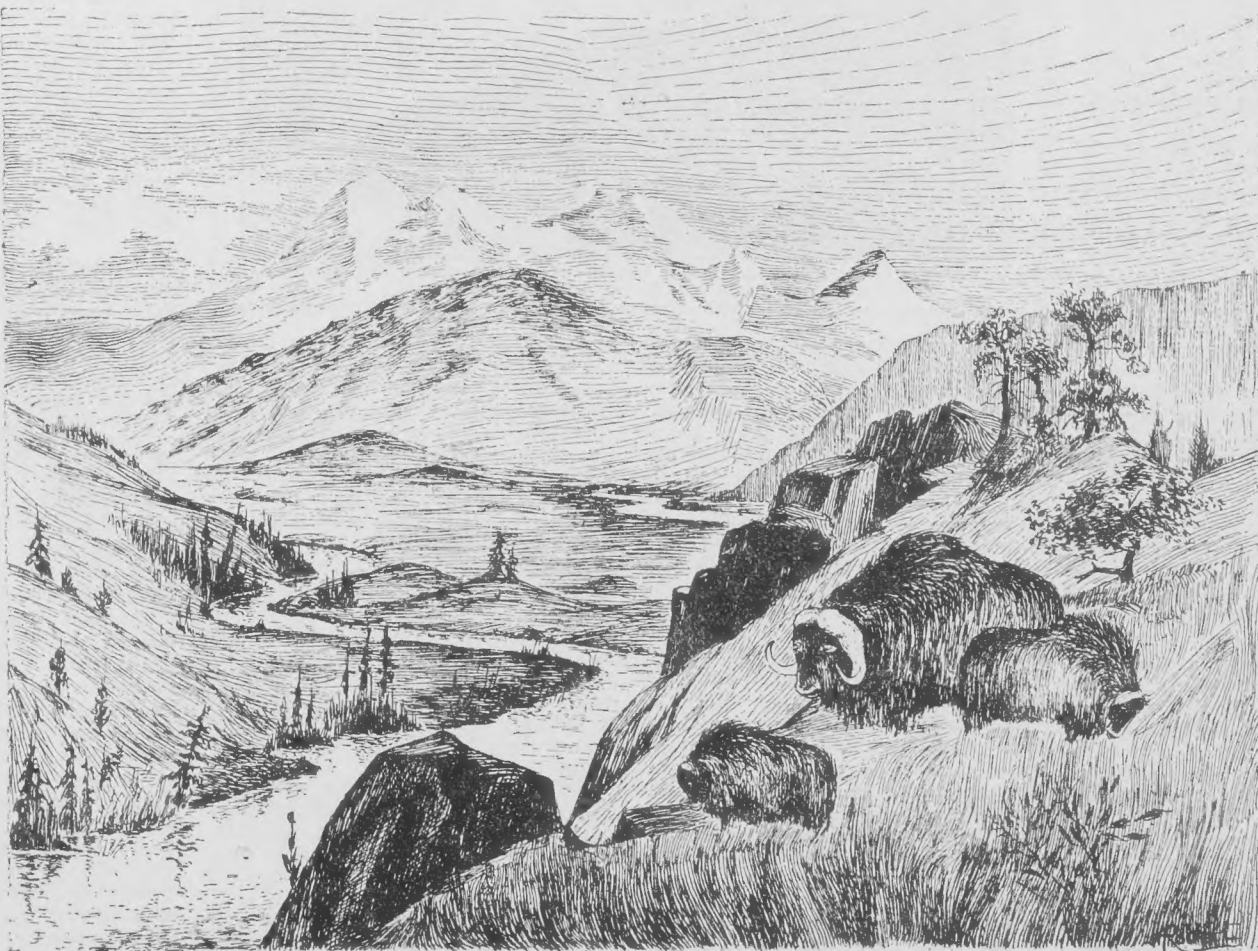
MR. BUFFALO SMITH, lean and tall, long-haired, dark, hardy of limb, and muscular, was a man of strange occupation. He had chased and captured lions and big monkeys in Africa, lassoed cougars in British Columbia, polar bears off Herschell Island, and trapped elephants in Ceylon. In fact, there was hardly a big game animal he had not hunted in one way or another.

Buffalo Smith was in his own peculiar fashion an artist in that he did everything a little better than his fellows. He sought perfection in everything he did; and he was always seeking for something more difficult of accomplishing, which is the surest mark of an artistic soul.

Thus, in the year 1910, he had gone to the Arctic Barrens, via the Canadian city of Edmonton. From there down the Athabasca, the Slave and Mackenzie Rivers to Fort Norman, a distance of thirteen hundred miles. North and westward of this far post was musk-ox ground. Into this region he penetrated with two white men and twenty Dog Rib Indians, and actually succeeded in finally lassoing and taking alive six musk-oxen, an accomplishment his artistic soul had for many years been set upon. But his idea went still farther: he had planned nothing less than transporting these beasts so wild and shaggy, not one of which weighed under five hundred pounds, to the City of London, England.

The successful capture of the six musk-oxen, difficult as the feat had been, was the easiest and least time consuming part of the undertaking. There then lay a matter of one thousand three hundred miles of wilderness way to be covered before Edmonton and railroads to the outside world would be available. Much of this way was possible by water, for in the Canadian northland, Dame Nature, as it moved by consideration for man's needs, has laid out a marvellously connected chain of waters, lakes and rivers scattered with a prodigality and connection that makes the vast sub-arctic region the most easily accessible of any wilderness portion of earth.

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The twins were unusual, but as strong as any musk-ox ever born beside this quietly flowing stream.

THE FOWL SUPPER

By Marion Wathen Fox

IT was a busy week in Stanton. Mrs. Maxstead even put aside her Monday's washing, and that was a thing never before heard of in the history of Stanton. Indeed it was a common saying that Mrs. Maxstead never gave up washing on Monday except in case of a funeral, and that of a very near relative. But she did it for the Fowl Supper.

Of course the Fowl Supper was no mean affair. It was the event of the season in Stanton. It was "Under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid," as the weekly paper remarked in reporting it.

The Ladies' Aid was not large in Stanton. But what the membership lacked in numbers it made up in pluck. It was not nearly so large as the Aid in Millerville—the "other part of the circuit." The Aid in Millerville always had a Fowl Supper, and did well at it. It had always been the height of ambition with the Stanton Aid to equal or excel the Fowl Supper at Millerville. But they had not as yet done so. And, considering their numbers and means it was scarcely to be expected they would.

Talk about the problems that had to be faced in building the Panama Canal or the Transcontinental Railway! These seemed just a bit insignificant as compared with the weighty problems that had to be settled the week before the Supper in Stanton:

Where was the Supper to be held?
How much were they to charge?
Who was to sell the tickets?
Who was to wash the dishes?
and numerous other questions of like portent agitated the minds of the people, to say nothing of the all-important ones:

What shall we have besides Fowl?
How many Fowl shall we need?
Each of these momentous questions was faced and settled until it came to the last: How many Fowl shall we need? At the last "special meeting" of the Aid held in connection with the Supper Mrs. Hollingshead, wife of the Superintendent of the Sunday School, one of the leading families in the church—struck a strong note at the very outset of the meeting, declaring in most emphatic tones.

"Richard thinks that we'd better buy at least twenty-five fowl. We'll need that many to be sure of things."

Immediately there arose a great clamour amongst the Ladies.

"Twenty-five!" almost shrieked the President.

"Good land! That'd eat up all the profit at one swoop! We want to keep down expenses. I never thought for a minute we'd need more'n half a dozen boughten ones!" excitedly added the Secretary, Miss Davis.

Then Mrs. Buchanan, who always followed the lead of the Hollingsheads, took it up. Her usually plaintive voice was now even more plaintive. It was indeed tragic.

"Well, I agree with Mrs. Hollingshead, we'll have to buy at leastwise twenty-five fowl, besides what we give. We can't run no risks. Think of what an everlastin' disgrace it would be to our Aid if some of the Millerville Aid come and we had no fowl to give'em—Just think a' that, ladies!"

A solemn hush followed this tragic appeal. It was finally broken by the hesitating, or rather, deliberating tones of old Mrs. Newbury, "I wonder—how many—did—the—Millerville folk buy for theirs! Does anyone know?"

As she said it she looked over her glasses at the various ladies with a wise air suggesting—It certainly took a shrewd person like myself to think of the like and it's a point worth looking into.

"We've nothing whatever to do with Millerville!" snapped back the President.

And then with an air of great decision added,

"There's no use talkin' about hams. Hams is as dear as fowl now-a-days. And I say if it's goin' to be a Fowl Supper let it be—fowl."

"Hear! Hear!" excitedly responded many.

Then the meeting broke loose. Order was forgotten. Every woman present had her "say" there and then. But finally the shrill voice of the President was heard shrieking above the hub-bub: "Ladies! Ladies! Come to order, please!"

After a bit they did. Then Miss Davis hurriedly jumped to her feet and in a firm tone, said.

"I move we buy one dozen head of fowl, besides what we give!"

"I second that," at once responded Mrs. Livingstone in her most decisive tones.

At last the night of the supper arrived. The weather was good. The crowd

She wore a huge white apron. It mattered not who came down-stairs or who went up Mrs. Livingstone rarely raised her eyes from the dish-pan. She splashed away in the dish-water, which was gradually becoming of the consistency of good cream with colouring matter of various descriptions, and jerked out her plates and spoons, cups and knives for a good two hours as though she were some machine demonstrating at an exhibition—a machine advertised to turn out so many washed dishes inside of ten minutes and go for several hours without winding up.

Another interesting feature of the kitchen was Mrs. McAvity, President of the Aid. She was the principal carver. At first she carved scientifically

"There's a good hundred more upstairs still to be fed and they're coming yet."

The carvers began to quake.

"It will never pan out! It will—never pan out," gasped Mrs. Hollingshead who was assisting Mrs. McAvity. "It's got to," snapped the President.

"Here's the last turkey for you to carve. The last turkey," announced Mrs. Buchanan in an awed and somewhat scared-to-death-tone.

Mrs. McAvity had scarcely removed the wings from this when Mr. Hollingshead again appeared on the scene and looked terribly excited, in fact he was pale.

"Mrs. McAvity!" he said, "Guess what! I've—I've just got word that there are thirty more about leaving Millerville—the Ladies' Aid coming in a body—they're a little late but could not help it—phoned over to know if you'd give them supper about nine or thereabouts."

"Of course we can," immediately and decidedly answered the President.

"But the fowl! Mrs. McAvity—the fowl will be all gone then—nothing but scraps left," groaned Mrs. Hollingshead.

It was then that Mrs. Livingstone laid down her dish-towel.

She said something in an undertone to the President. The President stood and looked a minute. Then she threw down "the carcass," wiped her hands on a near-by towel that had come to be almost as much turkey as towel and in a somewhat sepulchral voice answered:

"All right. We'll try it."

Then she turned to her assistant and gave her strict instructions about serving the rest of the fowl and slung out a plate, gave her dishwater a whirl and with a snap said,

"Here, Miss Smithers, you keep on at this dish-washing. I've something else to attend to."

In a few minutes Mrs. McAvity and Mrs. Livingstone were on the outside of the Hall.

They ran, straight through the field to Mrs. Livingstone's house.

"We ought to have four anyhow," gasped Mrs. McAvity as she ran.

"We'll never do that many—it's beyond human strength," gasped back Mrs. Livingstone.

"Well—we've got to have fowl to feed the Ladies' Aid of Millerville, if it can be done. We cannot let 'em have it to say that we run out of fowl; as though we was too mean to give enough or not fore-handed enough, or with foresight to plan for the crowd that might come," kept on the President.

"I think the quickest way would be to chop their heads off—I can put my hand right on the axe—good thing there's a bit of a moon, saves time from lighting a lantern," said Mrs. Livingstone as she dexterously climbed the last fence.

"Oh, Mrs. Livingstone, I'm ashamed to confess it but I've—I've never been able to cut the head of fowl or go near when anything like that is being done," confessed the President.

"Well, you'll have to hold 'em to-night. I'll do the choppin'"—and Mrs. Livingstone closed her lips with a snap.

The two women had by this time reached the Livingstone back yard. It was the work of a very few minutes for Mrs. Livingstone to find the axe and—the turkeys.

Poor Mrs. McAvity!—She had to come to it, hold the struggling noisy turkey while Mrs. Livingstone chopped off its head. It was only the thought of the Millerville Aid that made her brave. But the head had scarcely dropped before Mrs. Livingstone grabbed another turkey and assigned it, too, to the President while with an air of determination and a steady blow with the axe she chopped off another head. This program was gone through four times.

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Nand Nelson, Champion Amateur Ski Jumper, at the Winter Carnival, Banff, 1923

exceeded even the most sanguine expectations of the Aid. The people kept coming and coming, not only from Stanton but all the near-by communities. As they arrived they bought their tickets at the door, ascended outside stairs to the upper part of the hall. The supper was served in the lower part. When everything was in readiness the tables were filled from the upper room. The people came down a back stair, the minister standing on these steps and herding back the hungry crowd, allowing only enough to pass down to fill the tables.

The kitchen-end was just at the foot of these stairs. It was an interesting place. Each woman stood nobly at her post. There was the woman who put the potatoes on the plates. The woman who put on the fowl. The woman who mashed the potatoes. The women who washed the dishes. The women who carved the fowls. Each of these went about her work with a look of determination, suggesting,

"Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die."

At one end of the table stood Mrs. Livingstone, one of the dishwashers: her sleeves were rolled up to the elbow.

and carefully. But when she reached the tenth or twelfth fowl she gradually began to do some "tearing apart." Fortunately she was "up to date" and wore short sleeves. Soon she was grease to the elbows. But she waded in, elbow deep. By the time she reached the twentieth fowl she had given up all regard as to what on-lookers might say and slashed away with her hands or knife or whatever came handiest, disregarding all forks for lifting up the carved pieces but flung them with her hands into the platters and pans placed to receive them. She kept at it for a good hour, snapping bones as easily and deftly as most women would a thread. She, too, looked like a demonstrator worked by electricity, or something of the kind.

But there came a time when both Mrs. Livingstone and Mrs. McAvity left their posts. Of course it was a matter of great importance that brought about this change—very great importance. It happened like this: They had fed a good hundred and fifty people and there were seventy-five more being placed at the table. Just then Mr. Hollingshead came to the kitchen and almost threw the ladies into a panic by announcing:



The SOLDIER'S HERITAGE

A Tribute, by Rev. James J. Gordon, D. D.

In the autobiography of Jean Jacques Rousseau—page 207 of the edition which I possess—I find three words printed in italics: "I Have Lived"



JULIUS CAESAR lived to see the foundation laid of the world's greatest empire. **Socrates** lived to see the young men of Athens aroused. **Savonarola** lived to see the city of Florence revived. **Columbus** lived to see a new world revealed in prophetic possibility. **Joan of Arc** lived to see the armies of France victorious. **John Wesley** lived to see England cleansed and purified. **John Bright** lived to see the corn laws of England repealed. **Abraham Lincoln** lived to see the emancipation of four million slaves. **Theodore Roosevelt** lived to see two oceans brought into living intercourse through the Panama Canal. **Florence Nightingale** lived to see the angel form of womanhood hovering over the blood-stained battlefields of Europe. **John Bunyan** lived to catch a glimpse of the Holy City and to behold ten thousand pilgrims thronging the shining way—"I have lived!" What weighty words!

President Eliot of Harvard University, has coined a phrase which seems to be solid with meaning: "The durable satisfactions of life." This is a veteran's phrase. The words fall naturally from the lips of one who has grown gray in the service of humanity. When the hair has silvered, when we have passed over the hill of life's meridian, when the afternoon shadows begin to lengthen, when our faces are turned toward the shekinah glories of that one "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns," then we begin to meditate upon "the durable satisfactions of life."

Richard Baxter exclaimed, at the close of an eventful career, during which he had found time to write a wonderful volume—"The Saints' Everlasting Rest"—"I have been a pen in God's hand." **George MacDonald** mused in his declined years: "If I have put the rosy touch of the sunset into the lives of a few, I have not lived in vain." **Ira D. Sankey** remarked to a friend, a year before his death: "I am old and sick and blind, but they are singing my songs in India, China, Japan, and Egypt." **Russell Sage**, having lived to the beginning of his eighth decade, affirmed: "I have built great railroads—great continental railroads." **Theodore L. Cuyler**, the Grand Old Man of American Presbyterianism, wrote in his "Recollections of a Long Life: "Looking back over a long ministry, I can honestly say that I have never courted the rich, or knowingly, neglected the poor." **John A. Andrews**, the "war governor" of Massachusetts, in his last farewell message to the world, said: "I know not what sins I must answer for on the other side, but I know I have never despised a man because he was poor, ignorant, or black." **James Chambers**, in reviewing a missionary career of twenty-one years, exultingly exclaimed: "Give me back all its experiences, all its shipwrecks, all its dangers, all its hunger and thirst, all its savage attacks, all its wounds—and I will be your missionary."

We live in deeds, not years;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs.
He lives most who thinks most,
Feels the noblest and acts the best.

Thus we speak, thus we muse, thus we sing, and thus we write—concerning "the durable satisfactions of life." Shall we not, in the same retrospective spirit, review the past and peer into the future, as we consider "the durable satisfactions of war," and pay a well-earned tribute to our wounded heroes?

Consider the satisfaction of having fought in a great cause. The Great War was humanity's battle for humanity. That human liberty might be preserved! That universal freedom might be perpetuated! That democracy of the world might be safeguarded! That

Christianity might survive! That the world's last and best civilization should not break down! The Great War was a world war. It was the first conflict in which two great hemispheres clashed. Ten million dead! Twenty-five million wounded! Great provinces blighted and splendid cities laid low. History affords no parallel. To have had the most insignificant part in such a struggle were enough "honor for mortal." "I WAS THERE" were the three words

Consider the satisfaction of a Great Decision—"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide." My boy, you will never be ashamed of the hour when you decided that, somewhere, on the sea, in the air, or on the bomb-torn battlefield, you would have a hand in the great conflict. You will never regret that decision. Like **John Huss**, at the stake, when called on to recant, our noble men were ready to respond: "I am here to suffer death!"

of the rising sun kindles the horizon of the daybreak: "Behold the sun of Austerlitz!" Listen to **Henry of Navarre**, at the battle of Ivry (he wore three white plumes). Hear him as he exclaims, in the heat of battle: "If the standard should fail, keep my plumes in sight!" The memory of a great leader never dies. The enemies of Imperial Rome assassinated **Julius Caesar**, but in the hour of his death he seemed to be more alive than ever. Alive! Near! Impending! Enthroned! Glorified—and about to appear. The name of the leader never dies and those who were led shall sleep, forever, beneath the folds of the flag which they loved and fought for.

'Tis but an old piece of hunting,
'Tis but a fluttering rag—
But thousands have died for its honor
And shed their best blood for the flag."

Consider the satisfaction of having passed through a great crisis. What can equal the crisis, the supreme crisis, in the life of a soldier in "going over the top"—up and over the ladder of death. One hero who had taken that perilous leap remarked: "I knew I was running, but I could feel no motion below the waist." Said another: "I was afraid of being afraid, but I was not afraid."... Who shall gather up the dying utterances of the brave men who fell in No-man's Land? Can the soldier ever forget his comrade's piercing cry as he fell? The words were these: "Oh, God!—Mother!"—"Comrade!" That was a great crisis. The memory of it will be with you till your dying day. How you waited for the order to advance. The shaking paralysis of a fear which was more physical than mental swept through you. Then there transpired the confusion of a forward stampede! The rattle of musketry and thunder of distant artillery! Then, there came to you the vision of strange faces, seen for a moment and suddenly lost in mist and smoke. The scene has burned itself into your brain. It lives forever in your imagination. Ever and anon it comes back to you in your dreams. The fact that you lived through it is the miracle of your existence. This is one of the durable satisfactions of war—the memory of a great crisis.

Consider the satisfaction of honorable wounds. It is given to few men to have the history of their country written by sword and bullet on the tender parchment of their own flesh. That piece of lead which the surgeon was unable to remove is one of the honorable punctuation points of history. That vacant sleeve of your side is more eloquent than the most finished paragraph of the greatest orator. The crutch which you carry, or which helps carry you, is more honorable than medal bestowed by king, queen, or prince. The pathetic limp of the wounded soldier is the most graceful action to be seen on stage, platform, or street. I heard **General Beaver** of Pennsylvania, afterward governor of his own state, exclaim, as he stood on the platform in a great political meeting and held aloft the crutch on which he had been leaning: "I won this at Chancellorsville!"

Consider the satisfaction of a Great Victory. The Spartan general who passed away in the very moment of victory wrote on the rock nearby, in his own blood, three words: "Sparta has conquered!" There is no satisfaction which equals that of a great victory, rightly achieved. Such an achievement is an eternal fact which finds itself in harmony with every natural law and fundamental principle. Right is right as God is God. Wrong has the minutes. Right has the milleniums. But the generation which lives to see the survival of the world's last and best civilization may well exclaim: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that saith unto Zion, 'THY GOD REIGNETH.'"



Bronze memorial that stands in the square at the C.P.R. Station, Winnipeg. The tablet reads:

TO COMMEMORATE THOSE IN THE SERVICE OF
THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY,
WHO, AT THE CALL OF KING AND COUNTRY,
LEFT ALL THAT WAS DEAR TO THEM, ENDURED
HARDSHIP, FACED DANGER, AND FINALLY PASSED
OUT OF SIGHT OF MEN BY THE PATH OF DUTY
AND SELF SACRIFICE, GIVING THEIR OWN LIVES
THAT OTHERS MIGHT LIVE IN FREEDOM.
LET THOSE WHO COME AFTER SEE TO IT THAT
THEIR NAMES BE NOT FORGOTTEN.
1914-1918

which **Napoleon** inscribed on the reverse side of a medal on which was inscribed the main facts of a great victory. Let there be no whine, no groan, no complaint, no regret, no sober second-thought. Blunders were committed and mistakes were made, but here is glory enough to cover all. Tyranny was defeated and barbarism rebuked. What satisfaction should be ours!

Consider the satisfaction of having served in the greatest army of history. The armies of the Allies represented everything heroic in history and geography. There had never been such a massing of men in battle array. The nations of the earth stood in solid phalanx for Democracy. They fought, too, according to the time-honored rules and standards of war, honor, and chivalry; and that, in face of an enemy who prostituted the achievements of science to ends and for purposes which were mean, low, and despicable. To serve in such an army were an everlasting honor. The comrades in this war shall stand forever in the historic limelight of an imperishable glory.

Till your dying day you will thank God for that decision.

"Had **Moses** failed to go, had God Granted his prayer, there would have been

For him no leadership to win.
No pillared fire, no magic rod,
No wonders in the land of Zin,
No smiting of the seas, no tears,
Ecstatic shed on Sinai steep,
No **Nebo**, with a God to keep
His burial; only forty years
Of desert, watching with his sheep."

Consider the satisfaction of Great Comradeship. **Tennyson** sings of **Wellington**: "He stood four square to all the winds that blew"—"The foremost captain of his time." But what poet, eloquent and musical, shall tell of the heroism of **Haig**, **Kitchener**, **Allenby**, **Pershing** and **Foch**? Their names, and the names of those who served under them, shall be immortalized in an everlasting memorial. It is something to have fought under a great leader. I can imagine **Napoleon** at **Austerlitz**; the battle begins just as the golden disc

DR. GENE'S CONQUEST

By Sidney Bertram

THE young Dr. Gene Douglas tilted back comfortably in his swivel chair, crossed his feet on the paper strewn top of his desk, and gazed reflectively at the panelled design on the ceiling, chewing savagely at a toothpick the while. He was unusually perturbed about something. The office girl and several other unfortunates who had come within range of his withering tongue, were agreed on that. Not that the Doctor was unjust in unloading a bit of righteous anger but somehow, he did not, at the present time, reveal that hearty good nature that made him a general favorite and was such a definite asset in quelling the gloom of the sick room and elsewhere.

Not only was the Doctor decidedly out of sorts but he was also much in a seemingly hopeless quandary. It was not over the mysterious advances of some strange disease or the perplexities incidental to instilling in erstwhile honest folk a wholesome respect for his "please remit" slips. It was something vastly more baffling. He admitted to himself as his jaws crunched into unoffending toothpicks that Sylvia Mondell had him on the run, absolutely and completely. Hence the precarious state of his feelings.

Coming from a metropolitan university to a small town in the middle West, Dr. Gene had brought with him an overbearing sense of his own importance and an exaggerated opinion of easy conquests to be made among the rural maidens. His ego had decreased considerably in size, however, since the rainy morning a few days after his arrival, when, coming down the street behind a team of prancing bays, he had attempted to turn too abruptly at the corner. The carriage had capsized and had spilled him ignominiously into the mud while the horses had scampered off down the road, converting the carriage into a shapeless wreck and making a terrific onslaught on the unlucky Doctor's pocketbook. To make matters worse, he had looked up from his embarrassing position into the eyes of the prettiest girl he had ever seen and—she was laughing at him.

He had received many rebuffs since that time. His superior, debonair air had lost much of its sprightliness and had been superseded by a much more manly air of competent efficiency. The change told in his manner of dress. His flashy red tie had long since been discarded. Reason? She did not like it. (The Doctor had an effective way of discovering her likes and dislikes, by the way.) The bow ties had travelled the same way as the red one and for the same reason, treading close upon its heels.

Dr. Gene entertained a profound respect for Sylvia Mondell and the type of girl she represented. Just out of her teens, she was adorable. Rather large, candid brown eyes, beautifully set off by luxuriant lashes and even brows, nose a trifle saucily formed and a mouth, which, the Doctor averred, could not be equalled save in an artist's most speculative fancies, were but part of the picture which pretty hair, an intelligent forehead and plump, clear complexioned cheeks, consummated. And her ideals were just as high as her appearance suggested. This the Doctor had discovered when he had tried to slip his arm around her. His ardor had been suddenly extinguished by her gentle, yet firm, remonstrance. Then she told him that she was saving herself and her caresses for the right man, providing he ever put in appearance. At which the Doctor had resolved to be that right man.

Dr. Gene had conducted his conquest to date with every possible forethought and precaution, but to no avail. Sylvia was seemingly just as remote upon the horizon of his pleasant, realizable anticipations as is the sun—at midnight. The Doctor was painfully aware of this as he gazed moodily at the ceiling. Then too, Cornell Gibson, Cornie for short,

complicated matters and he was, so the Doctor reasoned, and rightly, a formidable rival and much more of a ladies' man than he.

There was an indication of unwonted determination in the set of his jaw when he finally turned to the telephone and snapped out a number. He waited impatiently until a soft feminine voice answered the peremptory ring. It was Sylvia.

"Hello, Sylvia? Dr. Gene speaking. Would you like to ride with me this afternoon? I'm going north about ten miles. Can you be ready at two o'clock? Thanks. I'll see you then."

The Doctor brought his feet to the floor with a satisfied bang. The day would decide, one way or the other. He would cross his Rubicon; he would brave a possible Waterloo and so forth and so on. He sauntered over to a mirror, adjusted his tie to taste and smiled approvingly at the rather handsome young

beautiful and harmonious, when they started for home. At his suggestion, they chose a different road, up hill and down, through woods and out again upon the broad expanse of prairie. Now they drove slowly past a little white schoolhouse and then the car, which had been gradually slackening speed, came to a stop where stocky, gnarled oaks flanked the road. Sylvia eyed her companion wonderingly, then with uneasiness as light dawned upon her.

Dr. Gene has always maintained that "speech-making" is out of his sphere and he certainly manifested it at this time. The words and sentences which he had scrupulously rehearsed, slipped from his memory, leaving him, for the moment, absolutely speechless. The silence became embarrassing and almost unbearable. He stifled the inclination to start the car and leave procrastination in undisputed possession of the field and then he turned to the girl, his deep blush

it is ever possible for you to be. Please don't—"

But the Doctor was insistent now. He swallowed hard.

"I'm sorry, Sylvia, very sorry. Perhaps your objections are capable of being removed. Would you mind telling me just what it is that hinders, that—" Again he floundered helplessly.

The car glided swiftly through the town and stopped at the Mondell stoop. Sylvia stepped out and then leaned over the closed door, looking very much distressed.

"I had not intended to tell you, Gene, but perhaps it is just as well that I do. The reason is yourself. You are nice enough and all that but don't you think, Gene, that you are very egotistic and selfish? And then you seem to have the idea that we girls who have never lived in the big city, are, well, easy. That is what I have against you and I detest it in anybody, and especially in you. Won't you come in?"

Dr. Gene excused himself and drove off, disconsolate indeed, the more so because he realized the truth of Sylvia's objections. To press the matter now would be useless, he knew, and so he contented himself with wondering how her objections could be overcome. There were two things that must be done. He must dethrone selfishness and reveal a more charitable spirit toward those with whom he came in contact, and then, he must convince Sylvia that objections on the grounds of selfishness and egotism were no longer valid. At the thought, the spark of hope, which had almost been quenched, took on new life and glowed with vigorous intensity.

HE saw very little of Sylvia in the weeks that followed. An epidemic broke out and he was busy night and day. For days at a time, he never removed his clothes. As for sleep and rest, what little he did enjoy was obtained while the chauffeur, especially hired for the time, guided the car from place to place. But even after the scourge had expended its strength and work descended to a more normal plane, the two did not spend much time together. Sylvia seemed to avoid him and when the two did ride out, never allowed the conversation to serve as a means for Dr. Gene to express his feeling and longings. Still, he was hopeful, and that despite the fact that Cornie Gibson, to himself, of course, boasting claimed the victory.

During these weeks, Dr. Gene waged relentless warfare upon himself. Outbursts of exasperation became fewer and less violent, while the time spent before the mirror in doting admiration, was eliminated. The opinions and desires of others occupied a prominent place in his thinking, sometimes to the ruinous contemplation of purely selfish plans and ambitions. The results were immediately apparent. His popularity, already widespread, became even greater until, in spite of his youth, he was reckoned as the best doctor in the community, which reputation the older doctors conceded and avowed.

Dr. Gene was far removed from that state of torpor called satisfaction, however. A victory won merely paved the way to another, and, so he hoped, to ultimate victory as concerned Sylvia.

He was sitting in his office late one night, feet crossed on the top of the desk, comfortably relaxed after a hard and trying day, allowing his mind to feed on suppressed dreams and hopes, when the telephone introduced its discordant clamor.

"Dr. Douglas' office." Then surprised, "You, Sylvia! What! Is Cornie hurt? How about yourself? Good! Auto accident, eh? I'll be right over."

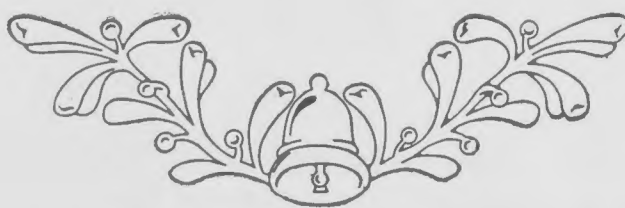
He hurriedly gathered his instruments together and raced over to the Mondell home. At the corner, he almost ran into the battered wreck of Cornie's car.

Continued on page 38

THE NEW YEAR

By Dudley H. Anderson

'Neath thy white hands, like one who bears
The Season's solemn thoughts, Earth hides her face
In lowly worship; how my spirit shares
Her sober mood, and in this holy place,
God's richer, whiter raiment fondly wears
Of mercy sweet, whose sparkling folds efface
My grey dismantled world of bygone years
In those rich drifts of Love's divine embrace;
So my old Self in newness shall appear,
As this white Earth uplifts her buried brow
With frozen eye and furrowed cheek aglow
With life's new song and beauty far and near,—
What sweeter spring my raptured soul shall know,
Wrapt in the mercy of this Glad New Year!



man who smiled back at him. Success seemed almost within his grasp, at least, so he thought.

Promptly at two o'clock, Dr. Gene announced his arrival by a shrill blast from his auto siren. Sylvia was ready, she was always on time, and the two started out. The day was brightly beautiful, the monotony of blue sky broken by fleecy white clouds that floated lazily overhead. A refreshing breeze was blowing, which, added to the rush of air that flowed incessantly into the car as it sped along, cooled them delightfully and drifted Sylvia's pretty hair into irresponsible curls.

Notwithstanding his firm resolve, Dr. Gene completely lost his courage. It was much easier to determine and to plan in the comfortable security of his office than to carry out the plans, now that the opportunity was his. He started to speak several times and each time decided to put it off a little longer. Sylvia looked at him in inquiring surprise and wondered why he was so preoccupied and so glum, but when she tactfully broached the subject, the Doctor affirmed that nothing was wrong, and then immediately apologized for his lack of sociability. Thus the ten miles out were covered and upon their completion, Dr. Gene was no nearer his objective than when Sylvia entered the car.

The sun was sinking in the West, tinting the horizon with color exquisitely

rivalling the glow of the setting sun. He laughed nervously.

"To tell the truth, Sylvia, I'm absolutely at sea. There are many things I want to tell you but, really, I don't know how. I—I love you, Sylvia. Ever since the time you told me that you were saving yourself and your caresses for the right man, I have determined to be that man. I—I, Oh Sylvia, can't you understand?" The Doctor stopped hopelessly.

There is "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Just then the sound of an approaching car sounded from around the bend, some rods ahead. There was nothing to do but to get out of the road. With a muttered imprecation, decidedly uncomplimentary, Dr. Gene stepped on the clutch pedal and jerked the gears into mesh. The car rolled off smoothly and passed the oncoming car, perilously near the ditch. It was again slackening speed when Gene felt a soft touch on his arm and heard Sylvia's voice, reminding him that they could talk just as well while the car was in motion, concluding by indicating the gathering twilight.

There was silence again, a silence broken only by the whirring hum of the powerful motor and the whistling of the wind. Sylvia was troubled; the passive look in her eyes revealed that.

"Don't you see Gene, it is the impossible you ask. You have been a good friend but, as far as I can see, that is all

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Look at the Wild Geese in Nova Scotia You Prairie Hunters

By Bonnycastle Dale.

It must seem to the men who hunt the big Canada Geese, and the little ones too, on the great stubble fields of your prairies, that all the geese breed and fly down your line of flight. I do not blame you, for the biggest flocks on the continent do certainly pass over Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

But there is a host of big Canadas and a few little ones (Hutchin's) which breed along lower James Bay, and the bogs and lowlands of the northern Ungava and Labrador, and the islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

This host starts south as soon as the September weather compels them. They pass down the Labrador coast to the St. Lawrence, feed

there awhile, then along Prince Edward Island and down Nova Scotia shores, and then along towards the feeding places in the New England States. Others cross the neck of land into the Bay of Fundy and go still further south to the Gulf of Mexico. From ten to twenty thousand use three bays along Nova Scotia's shore. The one we are in Port Joli, Port La Herbert and Sable River to the west—and a big flock of eagles winter and live upon the poor wild geese, killing them before our eyes and feasting on them. On nights when the weather is extremely cold hardly a sound comes from the great flock of geese sitting in front of our home, but let the night be warm or the weather changing to milder, and the whole crowd is in full chorus, and the variety of notes is astounding.

Today, December the twenty-first, is very cold, about ten above zero; and the majority

of the flock is sitting on the ice with their big black feet comfortably tucked up into their downy coverts. As the water is many degrees warmer, the Atlantic being somewhere nearer 45 degrees in these harbours, one would think that the geese would sit in the water out at sea—as we know they perish if they cannot find open water.

It has taken thirty-six hours for the flock to work back to where seven of them were killed. They flew off into other harbours (also like this, protected ones, unless the geese approach the shores) and they were saluted from the high ground as they passed over the hills. This hill shooting leads to quarrelling and jealousy. One man owns most of the land and has a small shanty on it. Here gunners from Halifax and Liverpool, etc., come for a week's shooting. Opposite to the shanty is a large bungalow, empty, and a barn, the latter is used as a camping place by all comers. The men station themselves at every open spot, along the road as well as in the cleared up bit of ground. The geese

always tell they are coming by their honking, and the chap who thinks he is not on the line of flight promptly starts a footrace to get there, with much crushing of branches and rattle of underbrush and scattering of dead leaves, he speeds towards the spot where the more fortunate hunter is situated. Of course, the geese spy this movement and sail off, but still numbers go right over; and the hail of big shot flies upwards and down goes a goose. Now the most excitable loud mouthed claimant has the best chance for that goose, and he often gets it as no one can prove who really hit it.

But the pity of it—the ten thousand

dipped the paddle in and out. The tide swept them down a bit. Now the dark line of the flat is seen for the first time. On its upper line appears dim shapes, ghostlike forms of geese,—hundreds, if not thousands, are within range of that seven drams and the handful of shot as big as pebbles—every last whimper and call of the huge flock dies away as the hint of danger spreads. Then—bang! bang! bang! Three streams of lead hurtles through the devoted flock and the uninjured ones rise calling wildly, while the dying flap and cry.

The greatest number killed here in one shot, at ducks and geese, is forty black ducks and two geese, killed as they

crushes under his feet and he stands motionless. Now he sinks to one knee to see if he can make out the dark forms of the geese.

"Honk-onk-onk," sounds from a sentinel gander. In a minute more he grunts out his approval that all is well.

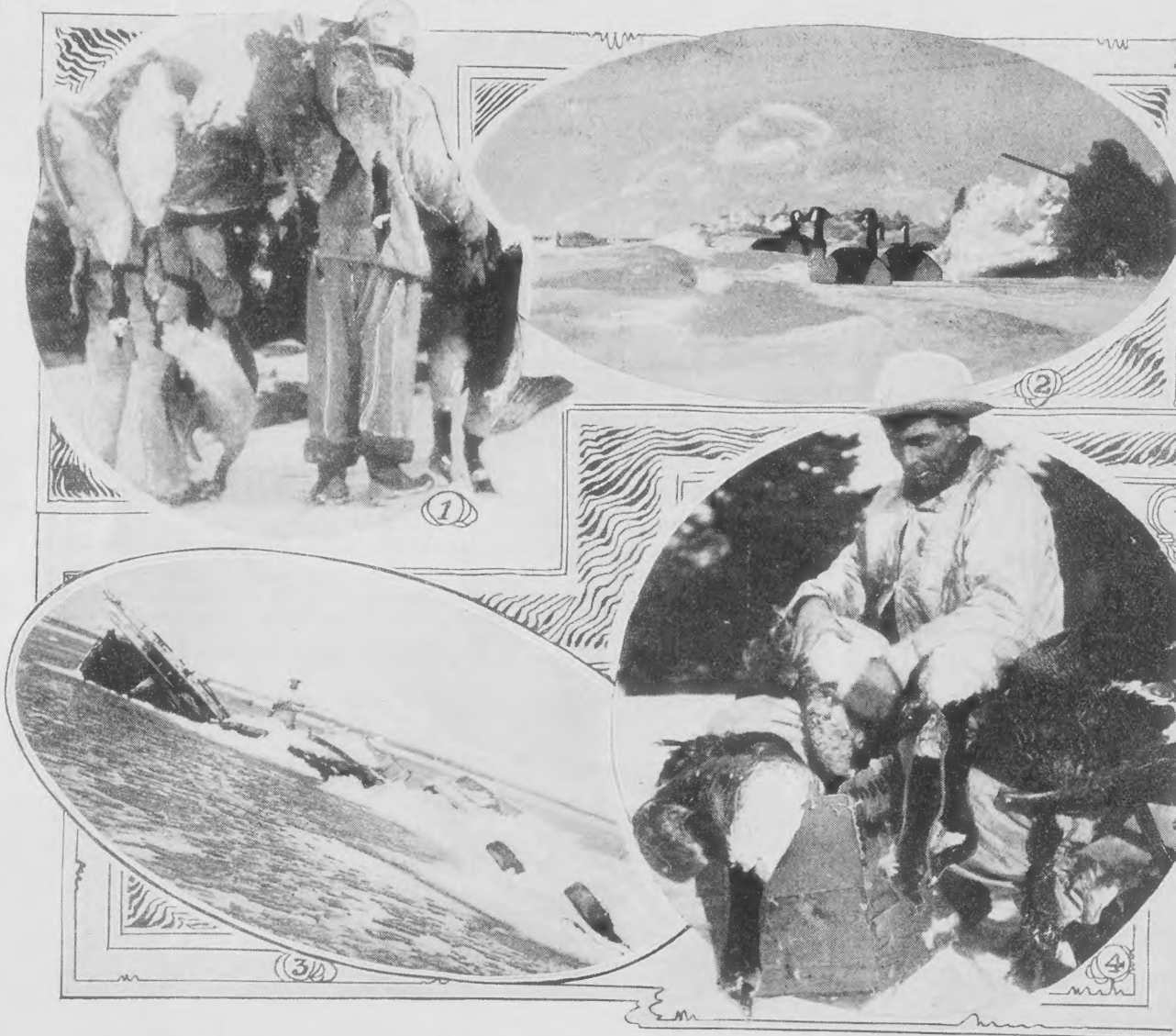
The dark figure stands motionless within two hundred yards of the now silent flock. Some inward monitor tells them that all is not as it should be. A step at a time the dark figure approaches the devoted flock. Thirty paces made as silently as shadows pass and he halts again. Slowly the gun is raised to the shoulder and out on the silent night bursts the awful blare of the gun and the

wild cry of the alarmed flock. Up they leap and wing wildly off. But not all. Half a dozen dark objects are bounding about in wild contortions on the sand. The dark figure rushes in and finishes his work, for sport it cannot be called. The birds are not scored as a half dozen to his gun. No, they count at so much a pound for meat, usually 35 cents. No! Neither Laddie nor I played that dark figure, and now, thank goodness, the Migratory Birds Act prohibits all night shooting.

There is an element of hardship for the wild geese when the thermometer hovers above zero. Laddie just crept through the woods and down behind the pier and then climbed up behind a lot of bait boxes, within about one hundred and twenty-five yards of a flock of geese feeding on the flats, just outside the preserved harbour line. He had a common paper shell with 4 1/8 black powder and the 3A shot (21

of them) replacing the number sixes we had taken out. He tried the right sitting and the left as they rose, knocking one with the latter. Ice was everywhere, temperature just below zero. The goose sat spinning around rapidly—showing it was hit in the head. The boy ran for his canoe and pushed over the ice flats and launched off in the tide stream. As soon as he struck the opposite flats he stepped from his canoe and pulled her along. The goose evidently heard him for it started to flap along in the shallow water. All the shells the boy had were loaded with 3A's, so he had to try and kill it with that big shot. He missed the first shot and evidently hit it with the left, as the effect was to startle or sting the bird and it made a final effort and leaped and flew off into the bay to the east. I asked the lad to give up the chase of it as his feet and hands were perilously near freezing. Poor birds! There are five thousand on the rapidly freezing flats and as they must seek food some-

Continued on page 33



1. wild goose hunters at Sand Beach Cabin, Barrington, N. S.
3. The wreck of the lightship, where a whiteclad hunter stands.

2. Laddie hidden behind the ice cakes.
4. Plucking wild geese.

geese which constitute this wintering flock of Canadas here had missed the food on the flats for one full tide. Twelve hours without ellgrass makes a hungry flock. They had flown away after water and sand but they missed that thousand acre ellgrass tideflat in Port Joli harbour. I watched them slowly swimming in against the ebb at evening time. The sun had set about five and now it was getting dark. Within two hundred yards of my doorstep thousands of them were whimpering and honking.

"They'll get it," whispered Laddie.

But until we went to bed not a shot had been fired. I lay listening for the rending echoes of the number tens. This is how it happened.

At midnight two dark figures stole down the road and slowly and carefully turned a punt over and dragged her over the soft sands to the low tide line. They were now within a hundred and fifty yards of large bunches of the flock, but they wanted to get within actual sight. Slowly the man in the stern

swam in before five gunners. The largest double-barrelled kill I have heard of here is two dozen black ducks, twenty-four at one rally.

Next night the tide would be low at a little after midnight. The sun set in a very cold scene. Ice everywhere save just about the spot where the huge flock of geese swam. I took the little box camera and tried two time exposures towards the sun after sunset.

The thermometer at nine o'clock was ten above. At midnight it was just zero. A door was closed quietly and a dark figure stepped noiselessly down towards the shore. The night was dark and frosty with stars burning brilliantly above. The man held an eight bore loaded with 3A's. Very softly he crept over the inner lagoon, past the sandbank and out on to the tideflats proper. A sleepy grunt from an old gander, or a low musical honk from a goose, told that the flock were "sanding" far out on the flats.

With careful steps the dark figure advanced. Now a dry ripple of ice

A HOME FOR IDA

By Goldy B. Hopkins

JOE and Ida were high school sweet-hearts. Both were from the farm. Ida was that rare combination, both pretty and sensible. Joe was—well he was popular. They never could tell just how they happened to drift together but drifting together was pleasant, so they kept it up.

High school had been over for more than a year. Ida had finished teaching her first school, a country school. Joe had a job in town and managed to have a good time on his very ordinary salary. And still they drifted together. It began to look as if things were very much settled between them. Of course Joe took other girls out now and then. Ida was too far out in the country and besides she didn't dance. But Ida reserved her Sundays for Joe and worked hard on the farm during the week. Sometimes she tried to talk to Joe about the farm, but he only laughed in his good-natured way and said she ought to be in town where things were moving.

Then one Sunday they went to visit Rosalee. Rosalee was Joe's married sister, and she was immensely fond of Ida. Perhaps it was because they agreed so well. Joe himself was more intimate with Rosalee than with anyone else, but they did not agree, not in the least.

Rosalee always made them feel perfectly at home. She shooed Joe off with Ralph her husband, loaned Ida a pretty pink checked apron that brought out the soft apple blossom tints of her face, and instituted a kitchen party. Nothing could have suited Ida more. They stirred and whipped and sliced to their heart's content.

Then abruptly Rosalee stopped and sat down by the window.

"Ida," she said, "Joe thinks a lot of you."

Ida did not reply. She was bending over a bubbling frosting and her face was hidden.

Rosalee continued, "Some day he'll be asking you to marry him—and he's not worth marrying."

Still Ida did not reply.

Rosalee went on, "We've tried to get him settled down, mother and dad and Ralph and I, all of us, but he just won't." She looked out the window as if studying what to say, then slowly, "I know he could make something of himself if he'd just try. He just doesn't seem to have any motive."

Ida's face came up from the frosting. It was very pale. "That's what I have thought so many times. I've tried to talk to him—but he just laughs at me." Her voice ended with a little jerk as if the tears were very near.

"Ida, honey," Rosalee was very earnest, "I believe you can do more than anyone else."

"I don't know, Rosalee, sometimes I think he likes any of the girls as well as me."

"You wouldn't if you were his sister, I know. That's why I'm talking to you so today. I believe honey, when he asks you the important question if you'd set him at some definite task before you tell him 'yes,' that he'd do it and it would be the making of him. Tell him he'd have to have a thousand dollars in the bank, for instance."

Ida was bending over the frosting again, directly she replied in a queer little muffled voice, "I'll try."

Joe was unusually full of spirits that day at dinner and Ida was unusually dainty and sweet. Perhaps it was just the essence of June, or perhaps it was—

They left early. Joe had suggested a ride along the river road before they ran into town. Ida always insisted on going to church and in that Joe humored her. Sometimes, it's true, he only took her to the door, but sometimes, and those were the evenings Ida prized most, he went with her and afterwards drove her home in the little car. To-night he had promised to go with her.

The river road was beautiful in the June sunlight with the green tree canopy overhead, and the sweet June blossoms peeping from the grassy banks on

either side. And it was lonely. Ida instinctively leaned closer against Joe's shoulder and they talked very little. Presently Joe let the little car come to a coasting stop and his arm slid across the back of the seat.

"Ida," he said, "let's get married."

Ida raised her blue eyes straight to his. "Joe, how can we?" she asked quietly.

"Simple," Joe's smile was upsetting and contagious, "Run over to town, get a license, hunt up a preacher, and presto change—"

He drew her closer. She did not resist, but still her eyes sought his seriously, "Yes I know, but the house and the furniture and everything—"

"That's simple too. We won't need much, just you and I, will we. Sweet-heart? I've got a job, and I expect a raise next week. We'll have a jolly time."

Ida was looking very thoughtful but she could not reply.

"Besides I want to get you away from the farm," said Joe, "I'll rent whatever house you say and I can go my credit for the furniture. Come on and say 'yes' like a good girl, I want to kiss you."

Then Ida spoke. Her words came all in a torrent as if she were afraid she wouldn't speak them once she stopped to think. "But Joe you and I wouldn't get along at all. We don't look at things the same; not at anything. I want a home when I marry—a home of my own. One that I can put the best of me into and know that someone isn't going to come along and ask me to move on when I've got it done. I want a little patch of dirt; a place where I can dig and scrape and make things grow. And I want—" a deep flush crept up over her white throat and across her apple blossom face and her eyes drooped, "I want babies," she ended almost in a whisper.

Joe was looking off toward the setting sun. His jaw was very firm and he did not turn toward her. "I guess then," he said strangely, "that I'm dismissed," and without another word started the car.

Neither spoke till they drew up before the church door. Joe retained her hand an instant as he handed her out of the car. "Ida, if we did look at things alike, if—say I had a farm to take you to, could you care?"

"I do care, Joe," she answered simply. "I guess I shan't go in to-night," he said gently, "Good-night."

Two hours later he telephoned Rosalee from the depot; "Hello Rosalee—I'm leaving on the ten twenty, tonight.—No, nothing's the matter. I quit my job—going out to look over those homestead lands dad was talking about.—Tell the folks good-bye—Yes I'll write as soon as I get there."

OVER a year had passed before Ida came again to see Rosalee. It was a scorching July day. Tired and disheveled she drew her horse in at the gate. Rosalee welcomed her with outstretched arms.

"You precious girl!" she cried, "wherever have you kept yourself so long? I was just telling Ralph I believed I missed you as much as Joe."

"I've been so busy," answered Ida, and choked, "I haven't gone any place."

"We thought sure you'd be over to see Betty," said Rosalee.

"Betty?" Ida looked blank.

"The baby, didn't you even know we had a baby? My goodness what you've missed."

She pushed Ida gently through the open door and then skipped ahead to pull a blinking rosy little someone out of her crib and put her up for inspection.

In a half hour when Betty had cooed herself off to sleep, Ida was her own pretty smiling rested self again.

"Now," said Rosalee, tiptoeing back from the next room where she had deposited Betty under a heap of mosquito netting, "I guess we're ready to

Continued on page 41



Teeth Like Pearls

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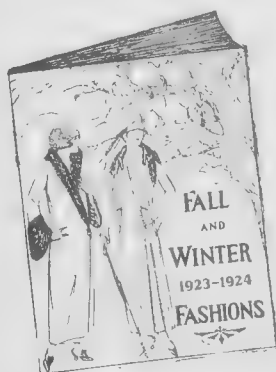
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A Basket of Summer

OWING to unforeseen circumstances, I was compelled to make a break in my Arts course at the University, and take a school in the far West for a year. The change from work which I loved in an atmosphere of youthful gaiety to one of drudging loneliness was not pleasant, however profitable it might prove to be. But I decided to make the best of it.

Mountainside was called a town in the Western fashion, by reason of its containing the school, the church, and one, solitary store. There was no hotel; but travellers and others who drifted into town, were provided with meals and beds at a large house. The trustees of the school had arranged for the teacher to room there also.

The boarding house nestled at the foot of an excrescence on the face of the prairie from which the little town took its name. It was not a mountain—not even a decent sized hill. It was an old mound,—an old Indian burying ground beneath which lay the remains of mighty chiefs and their followers, sleeping the last long sleep before the spirit enters the happy hunting ground.

Sometimes, when the night was still, and the pale moon threw a mantle of silver over the mound, covering it like

and exasperatingly stupid. Wilma always had a fondness for superlatives. I found the children neither dull nor stupid. True, they were slow to get down to work; but they concentrated better than city children. It was easier also, to hold their attention with stories.

How they loved stories! Especially Rose Dale.

Rose's name fitted her like the old fashioned, pink hug-me-tight which she wore every day to school. How I found myself envying her of her wax-like complexion and the contour of her almost perfect face. When brooding over lessons, she looked like a rural Madonna, without all the artificialities with which the great artists have spoiled every Madonna they have ever painted. Her beautiful brown hair matched her eyes, and hung above and around the face like a halo in bronze. Her eyes were like two pools of deep water, which reflected her moods—sometimes dark and gloomy, like the sky on a day when the sun is hidden; but more often, holding the light of the noon-day sun and reflecting every hue and shade. When she smiled, it was like laughter run to liquid. Rose Dale was the bonniest girl that I'd ever seen in my whole life. I found myself studying Rose's face many times during the day. Sometimes



The beautiful Malahat Drive, near Victoria, B. C.

a glistening shroud, I thought over those warriors who had dwelt here with their squaws, unknown and unmolested. They seemed to rise from that sacred circle of the dead, and hold high revel round the mound once more.

It was on such nights I thought of the words of Wilma Cully as we said good-by on the steps of the old university:

"You'll get the blues, my dear: you'll find it easy to believe in Conan Doyle's spirit photographs down there however much you scoff at them here."

Wilma was right. I saw more faces of the dead than the worthy doctor ever thought of. It was on such nights that I slept with a light burning.

The school was not of the old red variety. They have followed the Indian into the past—pushed off the prairie with the march of a better civilization. It was large, and roomy with plenty of light shining on its clean, up-to-date desks, with a coat of cream on the outside, faced with a bright green. It was like a cream puff on a large, brown plate, circled with tall trees. There was nothing dull about the school.

With forty-five pupils, divided into eight grades, I did not find it necessary to count sheep at nights in order to get to sleep. The difficulty lay at the other end of the night. The work was hard; but the labour was lightened by the love and confidence of my pupils—boys and girls ranging from the ages of five to eighteen.

Wilma had also warned me that I'd find the country children deady dull

she looked up and caught me; and then smiled that wonderful smile which was like a burst of light.

Just how she came to be born on a farm with six other girls filled me with amazement. Her resemblance to the other members of her family was that of a tulip in a bed of dandelions. Their hair suggested ringlets of wire, and their complexions oatmeal porridge. I had not met her parents, but I learned that they lived on a farm about a mile outside the town, which had everything on it that right-minded farms should have on it—ducks and hens, turkeys and geese, horses and cows—and a mortgage.

The mortgage was held by Ephraim Tuttle, whose face always reminded me of a lemon—a dry one. He lived on the other side of the mound in a large house with his mother. He owned a big car, a splendid riding horse, and a team of driving horses which were known as the fastest throughout that part of the country. He was a police-magistrate, chairman of the municipality, and school trustee. Mr. Ephraim Tuttle was the big man of the district.

He seemed to be diligent in all his duties, though for some reason which I could not account for, I did not like him. He often came into school, and whenever I saw his lemon-like face, I felt my teeth and mouth oozing with the taste of lemon. One of my greatest temptations when giving plasticine lessons to the children, was to refrain, when they asked what they should make, from

Fruit—By D'Arcy Curwen

saying—"a face of Mr. Tuttle." My impression of him was, that if the milk of human kindness had ever reached his heart, it must have passed through a separator first. I was to learn more of that later.

ROSE was not clever at her lessons. Interrupted study had taken away the zest for scholarship. These interruptions are not uncommon in the country,—was I not suffering from the same thing? Rose had to leave school in hay time to pitch hay; drive a team and wagon at threshing time; do her share of the chores in the house when the mother was crushed with the weight and had to take to her bed, and listen to the father tell the doctor when he came to see her, that he "thought Mum was a li'l tired—she washed yiste'day." Yes! washed for eight persons, cooked twenty-four meals, nursed a sick baby, separated the milk from eight cows, fed six calves, and bore with patience a shiftless man who did little more than suck a pipe all day.

There was no man on the farm; even the father didn't measure up to that standard so mother and the girls had to run things; or, shade of Ephraim Tuttle, they would lose the roof from over their heads.

Rose loved history. She could have lived on a diet of Dumas and Waverley. She loved it so much that she could not pass the simplest examination on it. I understood, and prevented her dying of discouragement.

We cannot dissect that which we love. Our old family doctor, who boasted that he had removed three hundred appendixes, requested his partner to perform that operation on his beloved wife, while he stayed outside the door of the theatre—and prayed.

One day, I sat at my desk and missed something; yet for a long time I failed to discover what it was. At last I discovered, there was something wrong with Rose's face. It was as bereft of brightness as the weather out on the prairie, where the October winds were stripping the trees of their summer foliage as a little girl strips her doll. The sky was as though a gang of celestial plumbers had stretched a sheet of lead across the face of the sun, and then punched holes into it to let the rain through. A wind imp with the breath of coming winter was playing hide-and-seek round the school-house, rattling the doors and windows on one side, then on silent feet running to the other and back again, having the time of his young life. Even the new stove smoked sulkily, and finally went out, leaving us cold and eerie.

Rose was unconscious of these first fairy steps in the Grand March of the coming winter. The liquid laughter of her face had congealed into solid gloom and misery. Even her beloved history, which we were taking at that hour, seemed to have no interest for her. She looked as though she had just learned that Ephraim Tuttle had included her mind in the chattel mortgage which he held in his tight fist.

At noon I asked her to come with me for the mid-day meal. I felt that I couldn't bear that little miserable face another half day without finding out the cause and doing something to remove it.

When we had got settled down to our meal, and the door had been closed I said,—

"Now Rose, you have something on your mind which is preventing your studying. I cannot have you failing again—out with it."

"O, Miss Witherow; I can't study I can't do anything. I want to die," and the beautiful face dropped into her hands and rested on the table, while sobs convulsed her body.

"Rose!" I exclaimed, "don't you know its wicked to wish for death, and you just eighteen years of age?"

"I don't care. I really want to die. I-I can't live if Dad doesn't let up." The tears were trickling through her fingers. I went round to her side of the table.

"What is it that Dad has to let up on? Just tell me and perhaps I can help," and I tried to wipe away the tears.

"Its the mortgage and Mr. Tuttle," she sobbed.

"Oh, that's it, is it. And what about the mortgage and Mr. Tuttle? Just try and tell me all about it, Rose."

"Dad wants me to marry Mr. Tuttle," and there was horror in the voice of the little girl.

"Child, what are you talking about? You marry Mr. Tuttle?" For a moment I thought she had gone out of her mind.

"Dad's not paid any interest for two years. Mr. Tuttle says that we'll have to pay this year, or leave the farm. But Dad told me last night that if I married Mr. Tuttle, he wouldn't take the farm, we could stay on. He wouldn't bother about the mortgage." And fresh convulsions shook her.

"Has Mr. Tuttle said anything to you?"

"No, but he meets me on the road sometimes, and takes me home."

Now I had noticed this on several occasions. Rather grudgingly I had put it down to the presence of that one redeeming virtue in the heart of every human being, however bad. I had tried to recast my first impression of the man. He could not be so bad, when he took the trouble to pick up the children on their way from school. It might be his way into the kingdom, I had thought.

But now, that fleeting impression had gone. Ephraim Tuttle stood before me as he was. He was—well,—there were not sufficient words in the dictionary to describe his infamy—his calculating rascality. I could have choked Mr. Tuttle right there without the least compunction. It was like a barn owl trying to mate with a humming bird.

"See here, Rose, just put the whole thing out of your mind. I'll think about it and try to find a way out."

I wouldn't let her talk about it anymore.

We both went back to school leaving a half-eaten lunch on the table, some tears and a damp handkerchief. And she did try to study that afternoon.

Just before the final school hour I observed the young, red-headed preacher waiting outside—and pretending not to be. Then when the children left and I was straightening up my desk before leaving, I happened to look out of the window, and what I saw gave me the second shock of the day. Rose and he were walking away from the school as though they had walked together before. There was no awkwardness about it. He shortened his step to match hers as though he had been accustomed to do it. They did not take the road, they took a cut through the trees.

"What in the name of goodness was he walking home with Rose Dale for? Was there—could there—?"

I fell into my arm-chair, and it was twenty minutes later when I discovered that I had not removed my hat, and that my school books were still in my hand. I threw the hat across the room, caring little whether it reached the table or not. It fell on the floor and crumpled. The books dropped themselves.

Here I was, passably good-looking, and I'd never had the semblance of a proposal—though I was twenty-five. Professor Cuthbert did say something in the library one day which might have been worked out on the lines of geometrical progression as a proposal. But then again, he might have been thinking of the Einstein theory. One could never be absolutely certain about the professor. It would have been awkward for both of us if I had fallen into his arms and said: "Oh, Berty, this is so sudden!" and then discovered it was the relativity of the universe he was discussing and not matrimonial relations at all. Oh, well!—and I picked up the crumpled hat and the fallen books from the floor.

AND this was what Wilma had called deadly dull! I wondered if she had found anything half so exciting on the Chautauqua platforms that she intended

Continued on page 35



Youth learns the secret of prolonging youth

NO matter what their actual years, youthful people are always attractive. Vivacious and happy-spirited they are invested with an irresistible charm. Life accords them a full measure of interest and enjoyment.

Only in recent years have we learned that *Time* does not cause the departure of youth and attractiveness, but destructive poisons that originate and remain in the body.

Medical science is today giving its attention to the insidious and deadly poisons that form in sluggish intestines, says a noted health authority. Many bodily and mental ills, he adds, arise from this condition. Dizziness, headache, biliousness and excessive nervousness have their almost certain origin in clogging of the intestine. It is the commonest source of premature old age.

The skin soon registers the effect of intestinal poisoning in pimples, sallow, muddy, roughened or blotched complexion. Still worse conditions make their appearance after a time, and according to eminent physicians, this continual poisoning often results in the gravest diseases of life.

Do not sacrifice your youth and attractiveness by neglect of internal cleanliness. Every headache, bilious attack, or sleepless night leaves its aging mark on your body. They warn that you are subject to faulty elimination.

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says

a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

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For Internal Cleanliness

Canadian Inspiration from Canadian Example



By
E.L. Chicanot

ALMOST all magazines published across the border at the present time have one outstanding feature in common. This is the inspirational article, the story of the poor youth or indigent immigrant who, by virtue of his staunch personal qualities, diligence and unrelenting toil, coupled with the peculiar opportunity the country offered him, endured all hardships and overcame all obstacles to arrive successfully at his goal of prosperity, renown, or influence. In countless such modern histories the youth of the country is shown what tremendous things may be accomplished upon the same road he is travelling and finds so monotonous, is given proof of what heights may be attained from insignificant beginnings.

Few people seem to have stopped to realize that with the extensive circulation of American magazines in Canada, these stories, engrossing to people of all ages and walks in life, might have a rather undesirable effect and a very subtle and unexpected influence. Frequently the writer has been intensely interested and not a little astonished to observe the avidity with which our own Canadians, particularly those immigrants of a few months or years, absorb these modern romances. One might discern at such times in the attitude of the readers a suggestion of doubt and wonder, as if suddenly it had occurred to them to question whether they had chosen the wisest part. One is inclined to wonder if he has not discovered some slight factor in the exodus southward from the Dominion which is now causing some anxiety and alarm.

Naturally one gives voice to the query—has Canada no such stories as yet unwritten? Is the widely advertised Canadian opportunity a myth? Is the loud-voiced promise the Dominion extends to immigrants never fulfilled? Most of us know these things but think too little about them. Too frequently our failures receive newspaper headlines whilst the most enthralling life dramas pass unnoticed in the obituary column. We are insufficiently interested in, or appreciative of the value of, the broadcasting of our country's successes for the inspiration and emulation of our youth and proof to them through continual example that opportunity exists in Canada equal to that of any other country.

There is no dearth of material. For a country so young in history, so brief in development, the annals of every phase of the nation's life are so replete with

stirring and romantic stories of rises to positions of influence, renown and wealth from obscure and discouraging beginnings, that it becomes a very difficult matter to select or discriminate. Let the Canadian who, feeling sorry for himself, is casting his eyes beyond the borders of his own Dominion, look about him into the life of his country today and he will find the realms of agriculture, industry and politics yield the most absorbing and romantic human dramas of success to spur him on to fresh effort and enthuse newcomers into a keener realization of Canadian opportunity.

Few immigrants from the British Isles, leaving the restricted opportunity and cramped outlook of their native land, even harboring the most fantastic dreams of what the new land might hold for them, could be persuaded that despite their poverty and lack of erudition and training the highest political positions within the Dominion were within their reach. Yet in the Western Provinces it would now seem to be an almost necessary qualification for the premiership, to have arrived in Canada a penniless English immigrant for no less than three of the four provincial premiers first saw Canada under the most desperate circumstances possible for any ambitions towards supreme political honors.

John Oliver, the premier of British Columbia, is now 67 years of age and for many years has been one of the most influential and respected men of the province. At the age of 12 he was engaged in hauling ore from a Derbyshire mine where his father was employed. The circumstances which hemmed him in permitted him little ambition beyond that of becoming a superior kind of miner and the probability is that the world would never have heard of John Oliver had his father, because he was out of work, not decided to emigrate and come to Ontario, in 1870.

For seven years John worked on the farm in the summer time and spent his winters in the bush, acquiring a variety of trades and accumulating a valuable store of knowledge in his spare time. In 1877 he went West, and after working as an axeman on the Canadian Pacific Railway in British Columbia during the summer, he took a homestead in the fall. After that he never looked back, and, had he accomplished nothing else, his record as a successful farmer is outstanding. A natural inclination took him into politics, however, to become,

first, Minister of Agriculture, and later Premier. Of his five sons four are university graduates practicing professions in the province, whilst the fifth manages the old homestead, now a very prosperous farm.

How many countries would take a poor mine lad and raise him to such heights? Despite Mr. Oliver's outstanding qualities the circumscribed circumstances of English life would almost inevitably have defeated him: and one can picture a very different lot for his family had John's father not decided to emigrate.

A somewhat similar case is that of Herbert Greenfield, who presides over the destinies of the adjoining province across the mountains. He was born in Winchester, England, and came to Canada at the age of 23. His financial condition at one time can be judged from the fact that not long ago, talking to a Scottish visitor, he said: "the immigration laws of today wouldn't let me in." He went to work on an Ontario farm and when he thought he had capital and experience enough went West and took a homestead in Alberta. No one ever heard of him up to 1921, though when he was not running his farm he was sitting on municipal councils or furthering the cause of the United Farmers of Alberta. In that year a fresh and entirely inexperienced legislative body thought he was the best choice for premier. It couldn't happen anywhere else but in Western Canada.

Another man of marked and unusual ability of an executive and legislative nature whose undoubted brilliant qualities would have been completely stilled in his native England and wasted in the engineering office where he started life as a clerk is Charles Dunning. Could anything more like an Arabian Nights tale be conceived than a penniless English boy of 17 arriving in Canada as recently as 1902 to be, at the age of 36, governing the province in which he worked as a farm hand at ten dollars a month—the youngest premier Canada has ever known. Charles Dunning's sensational rise has been meteoric. From his homestead his local reputation made him a director of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company and later its secretary and then general manager. The provincial government marked him and seized him for its treasurer. He became in turn Minister of Public Works, Minister of Labor and Industries, and Provincial Secretary. The next logical step was the premiership, which he occupied

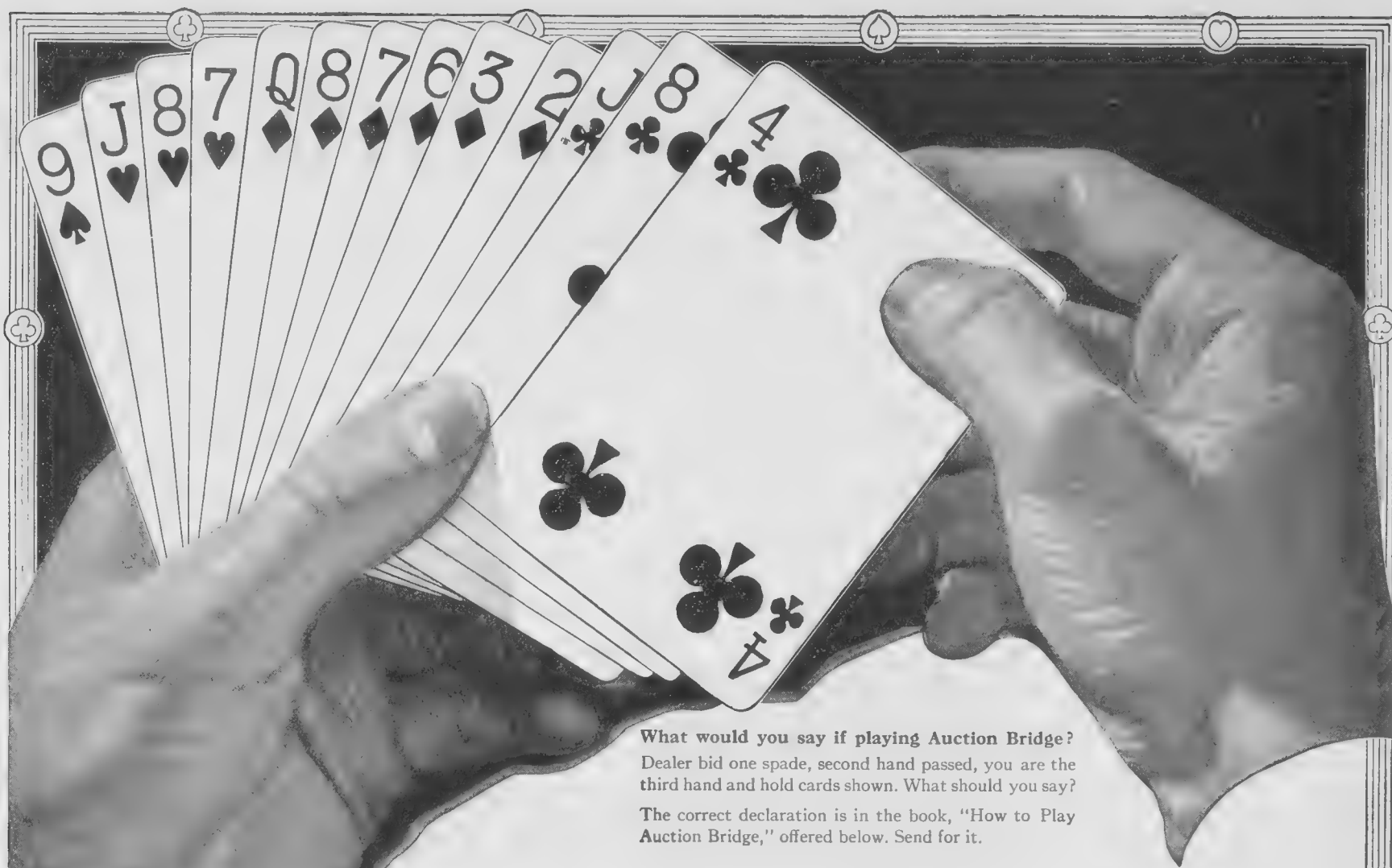
after less than twenty years in the country—surely a glowing tribute to Canadian opportunity.

The West is full of such men and one is only afraid of being accused of discrimination in selecting a few of other outstanding government members to further illustrate what can be accomplished from the most discouraging of beginnings in Canada. George Hoadley came to Canada from England with absolutely nothing and started in as a broncho buster on an Alberta ranch, to emerge with one of the finest farms in the West and portfolio of the Alberta Ministry of Agriculture. George Langley, who occupied the same important position in the Saskatchewan cabinet and long a powerful figure in provincial politics, arrived at such an ambitious goal via a steerage passage and a Western homestead. There can be scarcely any doubt but that the eloquence of Michael Clarke, admittedly one of Canada's finest orators and a prominent politician, would never have been heard in a legislative chamber had he not decided to transfer his activities from the north of England to a central Alberta farm.

It is not absolutely necessary to be a poor immigrant to aspire to a premiership in Canada, as a glance over the Dominion's other first ministers will show, but it does seem to be a great aid to have been a poor farm lad. The boy on the Canadian farm whose ambitions lie in a political direction should derive great inspiration from the romance of John H. Bell, who at the age of 76 is guiding the helm in Prince Edward Island and expects to do so for years to come. He worked on his father's farm with the simple laborious tools of the time, and went to the country school. He won a scholarship which took him to college and he later took himself to the university. There he crowded four years study into two, and secured his B.A. and M.A. without any financial help from outside sources. He studied law in Toronto and practiced in Summerside, Manitoba and at Ottawa. He became a member of the Provincial Legislature, then the Federal, and again the Provincial, and has for four years been the premier of the province.

IF one commences enumerating farming successes, where is he going to end? The agricultural expanses of the Dominion, more especially the Canadian West,

Continued on page 42



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ESTHER May had a puzzled expression on her face as she looked at the two photographs on the table in front of her. One picture represented a tall, broad-shouldered young man with fair hair, a firm chin and a general air of self-confidence. One could guess his eyes were blue: they seemed the kind of eyes that would search out problems and be always looking for new worlds to conquer.

Esther sighed as she gazed at his picture. "You're too used to getting your own way, Mark Harris," she said, then her eyes fell on the other portrait. It was that of a man of average height and he wore a soldier's uniform. His hair was thick and dark, his lips rather sensitive and his eyes were those of a dreamer of dreams.

"You'll never get anywhere, Charlie King," remarked Esther. "You're too lazy; but oh, how much more pleasant life would be with you. I can't marry you both," she went on, "but why did I promise you to give you your answers to-night?"

Esther herself was pretty, her full, red, shapely mouth would have elicited admiration anywhere, her eyes were brown like darkest pansies sometimes are, her skin was soft as velvet and her hands were dainty and well-shaped.

Jumping up suddenly, she turned from her contemplation of the pictures, saying:—"I'll never be able to make up my mind—never!"

She heard a knock at the door and a minute later a young man had caught her hands and was bending over her, taking in the beauty of those pansy-like eyes.

"Charlie," she remonstrated. "This isn't fair. Didn't you both promise to leave me to my thoughts to-day?"

"All is fair in love," answered the young man, impetuously.

"Mark would have kept his promise," said the woman.

"Mark," replied the other contemptuously. "What does Mark know of love?"

Esther sat down in a deep Chesterfield chair and motioned her visitor to a seat opposite.

"I do love comforts," she remarked. "Hasn't it ever struck you that Mark could give me everything: automobiles, luxuries, winters at Palm Beach and all a woman enjoys? It's not that he's any richer than you really, only he's so safe. He sticks to his work, rising all the time. I'd never know want with him."

"You wouldn't with me either," responded Charles King. "I can't get to the top as quickly as a business man. Art is Art, and I've got to work when inspiration comes. Once I had you, I'd work my fingers to the bone."

"And we should get rich—when?"

"Some day," promised the man vaguely.

"You ought to be at work now," persisted Esther.

"To-day's a legal holiday," said the other.

"I expect Mark is at work all the same," objected Esther.

"Probably he is," agreed the man.

"Don't you see," went on Esther. "If you go on like this we'll get nowhere, until we're old? I want to be rich now, as soon as possible; before the roses all have left my cheeks and what is more, I will be, too."

"You can hardly love a cold-blooded fellow like Mark Harris," protested Charles King.

"He's the kind of man one could get on with forever," declared Esther. "As for you, when your passion once had fled, how would you class me? A little higher than your horse, a trifle dearer than your dog?"

"Don't be sarcastic," said Charles King. "It doesn't suit you. Love like ours lasts forever."

"There's nothing lasting under the sun," remarked the girl; but she smiled as if she doubted her own words.

"When you smile like that, I could paint you at once," exclaimed the man. "I could make such a painting that it would give me a fortune, then I'd give you everything—better things than cars and tame winters at Palm Beach. We'd rove over the world together, seeing strange sights and wild picturesque scenery."

ESTHER'S CHOICE

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

"Then we'd come back and starve in a garret," added Esther, breaking in on his dream. "I know what life would be like with you. One day we'd be as rich as Croesus, one day poorer than Diogenes."

"What would that matter, so long as we were together," asked the Artist.

"Could we be happy if we were poor? That's the question," said the girl. "I'm not so sure that I believe in love in a cottage. I've been used to having things."

"But things would not make us happy," persisted the man. "My pension would always keep us from starving. Why want luxuries when the sky above us is so blue, the grass so green, the mountains so magnificent, and all this free? When we get tired of one place we can move to another. Life would be always new, and love would rule over all." He gazed at her as if she were just a picture, fitting into his scheme. "I'd make you famous too," he added. "Your picture would be everywhere!"

Esther could not help laughing. She knew he meant every word he said, but

"DO YOU like my costume," asked Esther of Mark Harris as they sat out a dance.

Mark looked at her critically and shook his head.

"What?" cried the girl. "Why don't you like it?"

"It seems some kind of a peasant thing," answered the man. "I thought you would have chosen a Historic character."

"It's not a peasant thing," replied the woman. "Don't you see it's a Gypsy costume?"

"Well, Gypsies are peasants," affirmed the man.

"You don't understand," retorted Esther.

"Costume is of no importance for the moment," went on Mark. "You promised to answer a certain question to-night, and I brought you here on purpose."

"I never said I would answer at the beginning of the dance," said Esther trying to evade the question. "Let's have a little fun first."

"That's just it," said the man. "I can't stay out the dance. I have a

have forgotten all about it! I wonder if I should choose. Would it be worth while?"

"My Gypsy Queen," cried a voice that made her jump to her feet as Charles King approached.

"O Charlie," she exclaimed. "You gave me such a fright; but tell me, do you like my costume?"

"Like it," he echoed. "You couldn't have chosen a better one. Where did you get the idea?"

"From you, of course, when you said I'd look well as an Italian peasant, Shall we dance now?"

"Dance, yes," agreed the man, "but not here. Do you think a crowded ballroom is any place for a Gypsy Queen? I know a green sward where fairies might dance. Shall we go there? It isn't far." He was all eagerness, and Esther shared his excitement. They joined hands and ran like happy children until they came to the smooth green grass, and there they danced and danced until at last, exhausted, they threw themselves down upon the grass.

"It was glorious," she cried, her face flushed with excitement.

"Shall we go through life like this together, avoiding the crowd?" asked the man. "You know I love you and I should like to take you away from all artificial luxuries. I can make you happy, you know. Say the word quickly and we'll be married to-morrow."

"You are impetuous," laughed Esther. Suddenly Charles turned serious. "Where's Mark," he asked. "Didn't he come to the dance?"

"He came alright," replied Esther, "but he had to go to the town on business. He told me that if he succeeded, we could be rich for ever."

"We," echoed the man. "You haven't—you couldn't have consented to marry him?"

"I told him I should write my answer and he will get it to-morrow."

"And he was content to wait?" asked Charles King.

"He had to be," was the reply.

"I wouldn't be," said Charles. "When you write to him,—no, you needn't write to him, you can wire—tell him we're married. See here," he smiled as he produced a piece of paper.

"What's that?" asked the woman. "Have you come in for a fortune?"

"You are my fortune," explained the man. "This is a Marriage Licence. We can't live without each other," he went on. "Life with all it has to offer, must be lived together. You know that. Why waste time? Let's go at once. There's my car at the back. Your maid is in it. She will be one witness. She's got your wraps. I have been busy to-night, I can tell you."

Esther laughed, a delicious carefree laugh. "If my face is to be your fortune," she said. "You'll have to work hard."

"I will," promised the man, kissing her. "We'll have glorious times between. Come, we'll just reach the town in time to wake up the Rev. James Clarke. He won't be surprised. After that, we'll go to the Rocky Mountains for our inspiration and our honeymoon. Can't you imagine us there?"

"I don't think Mark will like his answer," said Esther as demurely as she could.

The Passing Day

Low in the west one crimson bar
Sways in a crimson sea,
And white clouds piled mountain high,
Lie wrapped in mystery.

The dark clouds march across the sky
Like hooded friars gray,
And tell their beads of silvery rain
At passing of the day.

And hark! From out the cloister old,
The chant of voices swell,
As incense sweet of prayers ascend,
While rings the Vesper Bell.

The cirrus sail their fairy fleets
Into the glowing west,
And the sun, as tho' a-weary grown,
Sinks slowly down to rest.

The white mists weave from lake and stream
A scarf of filmy white,
And Afterglow, just o'er the hill,
Awaits her mother, Night.

H. H. Fariss.



Spirit Lake Falls, Alberni, Vancouver Island, B.C.

she added, a trifle bitterly:—"What if you should fail?"

"Fail," echoed Charles. "A true artist never fails—permanently."

"How shall we live while you are climbing the heights," demanded the woman.

"We'll live," answered the man. "Haven't I a pension? Why want more than is necessary to keep alive? You can't eat six dinners a day. Ours would be a healthy life, nearer to Nature. We'd be strong and we'd live long. Eve didn't want a Mansion in Paradise."

"That's true," answered the girl. "I wonder if I should look pretty in rags?"

"You won't have to wear rags, I've told you," persisted Charles. "You would look pretty even if you were dressed as a peasant. Raphael took many of his models from Italian peasants. I could paint you as a Gypsy Queen."

"You should be going," observed Esther, rising. "It isn't fair to Mark to keep you here dreaming. You must go now. I've got an idea and I'm going to be busy. Au revoir till this evening." She ran to the door and he rushed after her, holding her tightly in his arms for one minute.

"Let me go," she cried. "You have no right to detain me—yet!"

"Shall I have to-night?" he asked releasing her.

"I don't know," she laughed. "I don't know anything."

She broke away from him and rushed upstairs, leaving him gazing after her dreamily in the hall.

"I wonder if I have a chance," he muttered, as he left the house.

chance to do a bit of business and I must go at once. Should I succeed, it would mean everything to me. I'd be in a position to offer you the assurance of permanent comfort, even luxury. Come Esther, I know you're the wife for me. Why hesitate? There are not many men of my age could offer you all I can."

Esther looked at him as if she were weighing his words, then she said petulantly:—"I don't like being rushed." "Rushed," echoed Mark. "You've known for the past six months that I wanted you to marry me."

This was true, and the girl could only bite her lip. She knew how the other girls would envy her and yet she hesitated.

"We've always got on well together," resumed the man. "We're very good friends."

Friends! Yes, that was it; but Esther demanded more of a man than friendship before she consented to marry him.

"I'm afraid I can't wait very long," stated Mark. "I have to catch a train. Come, give me my answer."

"I'll write it," replied the woman. "O dear, dear! How can I make up my mind like this! I never meant to decide until the dance was over."

"Very well," agreed Mark. "We'll leave it like this. Good-bye. I'll look for your letter during the day. I'll wire you if I succeed about that business."

"Did he hold this out as a bait," asked Esther of herself as she gazed after him for a few minutes, then half whispering to herself she went on:—"He never mentioned love. He must

WILLIAM BEYNON, co-author of this story, is in charge of the Canadian Government's Ethnological Research work among the Indians of Northern British Columbia, to which field he has devoted the last ten years. Himself a member of the Wolf Clan, of one of the leading houses of the Tsimshyan group, and being also a graduate of Columbia University, Mr. Beynon brings a greater sympathy and understanding to the work than any investigator of purely white origin, no matter how pre-eminent the latter might be in Ethnological search, as Mr. Beynon works without the handicap of having to gather his information through an interpreter. Speaking the Tsimshyan tongue from childhood, and in latter years having mastered no fewer than eight other Northern Indian languages, Mr. Beynon is perhaps the most thoroughly informed man on the ethnology of the Indians of northern British Columbia and Alaska in the world. In addition to speaking the various languages he is psychologically in tune with the people, while at the same time retaining the viewpoint of the modern white man.

Outside of a few Ethnological works, books of strictly technical nature and of no interest to the average reader, the Tsimshyan people have never been dealt with. In the following tales from the Tsimshyan, the writers have tried to place in interesting form for the first time the most striking of these Northern stories, which in their entirety are more voluminous than the "Thousand Nights" and "A Night of Old Arabia"; believing as they do that it is in this form the legends and traditions of a people have widest appeal. Owing to the wide difference between the Tsimshyan and English form of speech, the stories are, of course, not in any way literal translations, thought the text in all cases has been as rigidly adhered to as languages so widely at variance in their form and idiom will permit.

(The arrival of the first white mariners on the north-west coast of North America, on what is now Pitt Island, British Columbia, translated from the Tsimshyan Indian language as told by Tsibese ("Eyes-Closed-By-Day"), the chief of the Kitkatla tribe living on Pitt Island probably toward the latter part of the sixteenth century.)

ALL the men of the village were fishing halibut about a mile from shore. In my boat I had with me my favorite slave, Lthgooks. My boat was tied to keep farther out than any of the others. I was fishing with my favorite hook, Na, the good fisher. I had been fishing for about an hour, talking my best to Na, and to the halibut, and was catching many fish, when suddenly Lthgooks yelled out. I looked up and saw him pointing out to sea. I turned my eyes and saw a Hagwelok.

The First Explorer

By Francis Dickie

(Translated from the Tsimshyan by William Beynon)

This monster of the deep was greater than any supernatural monster anyone of the Tsimshyan people had ever seen. I was greatly frightened, but also I was very proud, for there was great rivalry among the people as to who would first sight such a monster; and, as I was in the boat farthest out, I felt sure I was the first to sight it. So the great honor would be mine.

The Hagwelok was very long and high, with vast white wings, and coming toward us very fast. Then suddenly, when not very far from us, it folded its wings, one after another, but oh, so quickly. Then there came from over the side of the Hagwelok one of its children and dropped into the water. It had many arms. In the child were a number of Naknuks. These supernatural beings moved the arms of the Hagwelok's child, and the child came toward us very fast.

I was more frightened now, and Lthgooks and I began paddling to shore as fast as we could. All the other boats had started before us and were nearly to shore. We paddled very fast, but still the Hagwelok's child drew nearer. It was close behind when our canoe came to shore. We jumped out and started to run from the canoe to the woods here close to the shore, but in my fright and hurry I had forgotten to untie my life preserver cedar rope from around my waist, so as I took my third step it jerked tight and threw me face down, and my head struck one of the rocks of the beach.

When I opened my eyes all the supernatural beings had come from the Hagwelok's child and were standing around me. The Naknuks had white faces and queer things on their heads, different from any ceremonial head-dress any of the Tsimshyans were, and were looking at me with their big blue eyes. I undid the cedar rope from around my waist, and stood trembling among them.

Then one of them held out his hand to me in which he had one of the halibut he had taken out of my boat. He pointed to it, then to his mouth. I was anxious to please these supernatural beings, so I set about gathering sticks for a fire. As they did not seem angry, I decided they would not hurt any of my people. So I called loudly for Lthgooks to come to me. As I thought, he was hiding in the woods not far away, and after I called several times, he came to me. I got from him, Kean, the firesticks, and as I was anxious to please the supernatural beings by quickly cooking a meal, I took some of

the wax out of my ear and put it on the point of the drill to make the fire come faster. But just after I had started, one of the Naknuks took some of my moss and striking together two things he had in his hands he made fire at once.

I sent Lthgooks to the village a short distance away to bring my cedar cooking box full of fresh water to boil the fish, and while he was away I began gathering many stones and placing them in the fire so there would be soon many hot to drop in the cooking box and quickly boil the fish. But when he came back, one of the Naknuks brought from the Hagwelok's child a cooking dish. It was round and not nearly so deep as my cooking box, and this dish he set right upon the flames. Then when Lthgooks had cleaned the halibut, the Naknuk put it in his dish, and the fish was cooked so quickly I could hardly believe it until I tasted it and found it was so.

By this time many of the people, seeing no harm was done to me and my slave, began coming out of the woods nearby where they had been hiding. When the Naknuks had eaten the halibut they did much ligianon, and I understood by this sign talk that they wanted me to get into the child of the Hagwelok. I did not want to go alone, so I chose from among the people four of my headmen, Neesoise, Pala, Meins and Gumayan. We sat down in the child of the Hagwelok and the Naknuks moved the arms which I now saw were somewhat like our paddles.

We came to the side of the Hagwelok and climbed up on its back. Then from out the bowels of the Hagwelok there came a Naknuk with a long beard. He walked with us upon the back of it. We saw now near at hand the monster's great wings folded up, and the great arms. There were many skulls of men hanging upon these arms. Through these were long white lines somewhat like our cedar rope. And when the Hagwelok's arms moved a little in the breeze the skulls of the dead people cried out in pain.

Presently the Naknuk with the long beard led the way into the bowels of the monster and he and a few of the other Naknuks sat down to their skun. It was not like our table, but was raised from the ground and had a white mat upon it. They made hand talk for us to sit down. We did. Then one of the lesser Naknuks brought in some dishes filled with white maggots, and another dish filled with black oil. As these were

supernatural beings, I knew this black oil was from dead people. On the table were several other dishes filled with adagun. These great white fungus which my people had seen grow on the spruce trees for centuries had never been eaten by any of the Tsimshyan people, but these supernatural beings seemed to use them as part of their regular food, for there were several dishes upon the table, from which the Naknuks all ate heartily. They also ate the white maggots in great quantities, pouring the oil of dead people over them. We watched them eat but could not bring ourselves to touch any of the terrible food though they offered it to us.

When the Naknuks had finished eating, some of them took us ashore. I gave them all the halibut from my boat.

The next day, as the Hagwelok still remained, I prepared a great feast and sent a boat with Neesoise and Meins to invite the Naknuks. The bearded one and some of his followers came. At the feast I gave to the bearded Naknuk my name, and this supernatural being gave me his, the name of Hale, and my dancers shook out of their headpieces swansdown upon us as sign of peace and goodwill. So all the descendants of Tsibese will command greater prestige than the neighboring tribes, for never before has any member of the Tsimshyan people had bestowed upon them a name by so great a Naknuk as this bearded one who came in this greatest of all Hagweloks.

Extracts from the log of the sailing ship Petrel, as written by Captain John Hale in the year A.D. 1580. The events here set forth are an exact transcription from the log now in the museum of Marine Antiquities, Sheepshead, England, with the exception that the old form of "f" for "s" has been dropped to make easier the perusal by modern readers.

April 15th.
Wind this a.m. about six miles per hour, S.W. Observation by dead reckoning: Lat. 130 degrees 40 minutes N. Long. 130 degrees 10 minutes W. Land sighted at twelve noon. Bearing N.E. Shortened sail at three p.m. on catching sight of about twenty boats. Each held two men apparently fishing. We were then about two miles offshore. At once hove to and sent first officer Cook with eight men to visit these people, as they are the first human beings sighted since our voyage up this coast.

As the ship's boat drew near, however, the natives paddled hastily for shore, by their actions evidently afraid of us. Only for a fortunate and very odd happening we would not have got in touch with these people. One canoe was much farther out than the others and Cook and his men had almost overtaken it when the canoe landed. One of the

Continued on page 44



Dr. J. B. Collip



Dr. J. J. R. Macleod



Dr. F. G. Banting



Dr. C. H. Best

Doctors Macleod and Banting were jointly awarded the \$30,000 Nobel prize for the discovery of insulin. Dr. Macleod promptly divided his share with Dr. Collip of Alberta University; while Dr. Banting telegraphed to his colleague, Dr. Best, "You are with me in my share always."

THE FOUR CANADIAN SCIENTISTS WHO SHARE THE GLORY AND THE PRIZE FOR DISCOVERING INSULIN

The Royal Bank of Canada

GENERAL STATEMENT



30th NOVEMBER, 1923

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Paid up.....		\$20,400,000.00	\$20,400,000.00
Reserve Fund.....	\$20,400,000.00	1,085,830.67	
Balance of Profits carried forward.....			
	21,485,830.67	8,283.34	
Dividends Unclaimed.....			
Dividend No. 145 (at 12 per cent. per annum), payable 1st December, 1923.....	612,000.00		
Bonus of 2%, payable 1st December, 1923.....	408,000.00		
		22,514,114.01	
Deposits not bearing interest.....	\$109,575,137.96		\$42,914,114.01
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement.....	311,759,127.18		
Total Deposits.....	421,334,265.14		
Notes of the Bank in Circulation.....	31,226,541.74		
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....	856,886.55		
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	14,055,924.38		
Bills Payable.....	4,744,757.90		
Letters of Credit Outstanding.....		472,218,375.71	
		23,226,065.17	
		\$538,358,554.89	

ASSETS

Current Coin.....	\$16,946,169.28		
Dominion Notes.....	29,446,597.25		
United States and other Foreign Currencies.....	23,711,772.49		
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves.....	11,500,000.00		
	81,604,539.02		
Notes of other Canadian Banks.....	2,750,470.11		
Cheques on other Banks.....	24,987,366.06		
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	22,290,159.04		
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, (not exceeding market value).....	28,783,050.46		
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, (not exceeding market value).....	15,900,363.08		
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, (not exceeding market value).....	10,436,951.81		
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover.....	16,307,367.43		
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover.....	30,065,207.61		
Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.....	157,738,785.51		\$233,125,474.62
Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.....	104,487,764.09		
Non-Current Loans, estimated loss provided for.....	2,496,418.34		
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off.....	264,722,967.94		
Real Estate other than Bank Premises.....	13,560,168.21		
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank.....	1,734,512.43		
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra.....	387,890.79		
Shares of and Loans to Controlled Companies.....	23,226,065.17		
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund.....	252,346.00		
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.....	1,020,000.00		
	329,129.73		
		\$538,358,554.89	

NOTE:—The Royal Bank of Canada (France) has been incorporated under the laws of France to conduct the business of the Bank in Paris. As the entire capital stock of The Royal Bank of Canada (France) is owned by The Royal Bank of Canada, the assets and liabilities of the former are included in the above General Statement.

H. S. HOLT,
President

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

We Report to the Shareholders of The Royal Bank of Canada:
That we have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office at 30th November, 1923, as well as at another time, and we also during the year checked the cash and verified the securities at the principal branches.
That we have obtained all the information and explanations required by us.
That in our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank.
That the above Statement has been compared by us with the books at the Chief Office and with the certified returns from the Branches, and in our opinion it is properly drawn up so as to disclose the true condition of the Bank as at 30th November, 1923, and is as shown by the books of the Bank.

S. ROGER MITCHELL, C.A.,
W. GARTH THOMSON, C.A.,
of Marwick, Mitchell and Co.,
JAMES G. ROSS, C.A., of P. S. Ross & Sons. } Auditors.

Montreal, Canada, 26th December, 1923.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1922.....	\$1,007,514.19		
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management, accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unmatured bills.....	3,909,316.48		
		\$4,916,830.67	
APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:			
Dividends Nos. 142, 143, 144 and 145, at 12% per annum.....	\$2,448,000.00		
Bonus of 2 per cent. to Shareholders.....	408,000.00		
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund.....	100,000.00		
Appropriation for Bank Premises.....	400,000.00		
Reserve for Dominion Government Taxes including War Tax on Bank Note Circulation.....	475,000.00		
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward.....	1,085,830.67		
		\$4,916,830.67	

H. S. HOLT,
President
Montreal, 26th December, 1923.

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager

BARCLAY'S BABY

By Hew MacLaine

The Shortening

"WELL, George," said Mrs. Barclay to her husband, "I hope you remembered baby's soother when in town today?"

"I remmbered it all right, but I felt a positive ass when I couldn't tell the chemist what size I wanted. I've promised to take the measurement of baby's mouth to the chemist tomorrow."

"Strange, I never thought of that, George, but how are we to manage?"

"Manage? I'll easily manager that," and a moment later George had cut to the exact size of baby's mouth a piece of twine which he took to the smiling apprentice in the Apothecary Hall the following day, and in exchange received the desired soother. The pacified baby of the next week, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay were convinced, indicated how minutely the measurement had been taken, and how accurately the chemist had "fitted" the correct size. The baby lay in her crib, with the soother between her puckered lips, a picture of happy contentment. Mrs. Barclay looked up from a book she had been eagerly scanning—"George," she said, "I can't find anything in this book that our neighbors don't know about shortening baby."

"Awfully well," answered Mr. and Mrs. Barclay in unison.

"Glad to hear she's thriving. What a size she's getting. It will be no time till she's on the tennis court—ha, ha," laughed Mr. Macleod, and the Barclays laughed with him. "But what about yourself for the bowls?" continued the visitor, "I'm sure Mrs. Barclay must think it is time you were having a game again, and I just looked in to see if you'd manage over to the rink game tonight. What do you say, Mrs. Barclay?"

"Quite right, it doesn't do for a man to be too much indoors, and I'm pleased you've thought of urging George to accompany you. Off you go, George, and remember, Mr. Macleod, if you lose never look in here again, not even to ask for baby, ha! ha!"

"That was well managed," said George to Mr. Macleod as they made their way to the bowling green. "I don't think the wife suspected that your calling was an arranged affair. Awfully good of you, old chap, awfully good of you."

Throughout the play there was no mistaking the brilliant play of Barclay and Macleod, but the other members of the



Ice gate at Banff Avenue, Banff

"I hope not," George replied laughingly, "we haven't had her so very long—and yet the longer we have her the more reluctant I'd be to dream of shortening her. Baby is big for her age, but it is unnatural to think of the shortening operation; but have your own way, Jessie, have your own way."

"It's not an operation, George, and I wish you wouldn't use that word. It suggests doctors and all that sort of thing, and I can't stand it. You know it is just a question of putting shorter clothes on the darling."

"Well, I don't approve, but you can do what you like with it."

"Please don't call baby 'it'; how often have I to tell you?"

"I mean you can do what you like with the dress—or dresses. The rain's off. I'm going out."

"Where to?"

"The bowling green. Rink night, you know, Jessie. Bye-bye!"

"George, you're simply awful! Surely you could wait at home a night like this: if you can't help with the suggestions, you can surely listen to mine. We certainly must have baby shortened before Aunt Mary comes next month, and I thought it would be lovely to take the evening, just to speak of the darling and her clothes. George, George, don't you care for her?"

"Care for her? Of course I do—but don't let us get short tempered over baby's long clothes."

The door bell rang, and shortly Mr. Macleod was admitted. "How's baby?" he asked.

club made the mistake of attributing their breezy good humor to their successful playing.

"I THOUGHT you were never coming," said Mrs. Barclay to Mrs. Macleod, who from behind her window curtains had watched her husband and Mr. Barclay crossing to the bowling green.

"Awfully funny, isn't it?" continued Mrs. Barclay, "I'm quite certain Mr. Macleod and George went away in the belief that they had tricked me into giving consent to George's going."

"I'm sure of it," said Mrs. Macleod, "just as I'm sure my husband has no recollection of telling me Mr. Barclay had asked him to call. Men are such strange creatures; but what about baby's frock?"

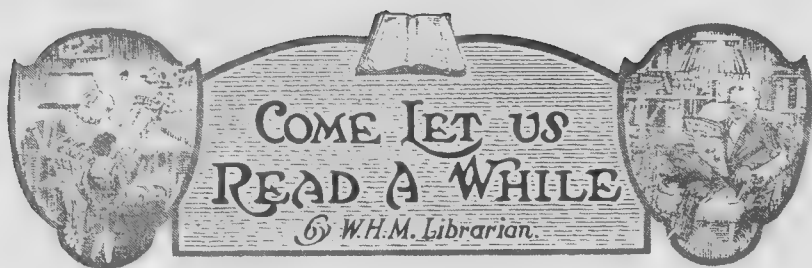
"You'll have a cup of tea first, Mrs. Macleod?"

"Not at all, not at all, thank you!"

"But it's infused and you can't refuse."

With the cups and cakes before them, baby's wardrobe was discussed and eventually the correct attire for the coming visit of Aunt Mary was decided.

When George returned from the bowling green, flushed with his exertion and success, it was to hear of Mrs. Macleod's unexpected visit and to see baby in the short frock that was to please and charm Aunt Mary. As he took the child in his arms to kiss her "good night" he was conscious that already baby was growing older, and he went off to sleep with the vision of the infant blossoming, stage by stage, through all the years of girlhood right on to beautiful womanhood.



HAPPY New Year to all my readers and may they make friends through 1924 with a delightful host of books. I was thinking the other day of what I should say to you, my readers, this month. I had a wistful wish that instead of talking to you through the medium of my typewriter, we could for a change, sit around the fire and chat about the newest publications. As it is, it is always rather a one-sided kind of conversation that I have with you each month. There is nothing like a book to provoke argument. I love to find myself among a little crowd of eager people, all of whom have read at least some of the books with which I am acquainted. It is so interesting to note how a book affects different minds; often, one person thoroughly enjoys a book that another person cannot even "get through," to use the reader's slang expression. Then again, a book will be dubbed as "perfectly impossible" by one, and so "true to life," by another. Was there ever a novel like "This Freedom" for arousing long and heated discussions throughout an Empire! And it's these



Madge MacBeth

discussions that I love. They help one to clarify one's own ideas. But when I write to you, I have my say, but I cannot hear yours. That is why I was longing for the open fire. It would be so interesting for me to hear what the readers of the Western Home Monthly think of this and that book. Right now, the thought comes to me, that it might be possible to light up the year 1924 with an imaginary fire around which once a month you and I could sit, and disagree about books.

A Fireside Reading Circle

LET us inaugurate a Fireside Reading Circle this very minute; see how easily it could be done. For instance, in a few minutes I shall be telling you of certain books I have read during the past three weeks. You read my views; then some of you, decide to read one of the books mentioned, some of you another; you read, and you entirely disagree with my opinions. Immediately you sit down and write to me, care of The Western Home Monthly, expressing your views. These views will be published, and the discussion is started for all the world to hear. Thus will we sit around the fire, month by month, until it is time to say "Happy New Year" again. Who will be the first to throw a log on the fire of inspiration?

A Lost Lady

I THINK I did mention in a casual kind of way, this new novel, *A Lost Lady*, by Willa Cather (The Macmillan's in Canada, Toronto). But, I am quite

sure I did not do justice to this book which I consider a most exquisitely told story. An unusual subject too. I cannot at present bring to mind any other novel dealing with just such a theme. The *Lost Lady* is the beautiful Maudy Forrester; in what way is she lost? So delicately has Willa Cather written this story that there is only a hint of Mrs. Forrester's downfall, just an implication that beneath the beauty there is a speck such as at times brings about decay of a fruit outwardly perfect. At the beginning of the story, I pitied young Mrs. Forrester whose gaiety seemed always under the shadow of her elderly husband's staidness and sternness. He was like a great oak tree and she a brightly colored flower. But just as trees can be leant against for support and offer protection when the heat of the day is too severe, so we realize later on in the story, Mr. Forrester's solidity and solemnity were sources of support and protection to his irresponsible young wife. When Mr. Forrester suddenly collapsed, Maudy had neither support for her frail body nor shade for her giddy head, then indeed, she is *A Lost Lady*. The feeling that was uppermost in me when I closed this book was not depression, nor exhilaration, for the story's sake, but gratitude to Willa Cather for having used her beautiful gifts of words to give us this exquisite piece of portraiture.

An Interesting Canadian Author

MADGE MACBETH, whose second novel, *The Patterson Limit* (Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto), has just been published, is one of the most compelling personalities among Canadian authors of today. In a delightful biographical sketch, Madge Macbeth speaks of her literary beginnings. She says seriously, necessity drove her to writing as a means of livelihood. She had two babies to support and one of them was too delicate to be left to the care of hirelings. So her occupation had to be something that could be done at home. Also it had to be something that required no training. She simply seized a pen and wrote—three short stories—which she sent to Street & Smith. They were all accepted, and she confessed to feeling this business of making a living had been grossly exaggerated by women whose diaries she had read. It had been very simple to acquire a generous cheque, and the labor was rose-tinted by the pleasure in writing. She dipped her pen in ink and wrote some more—and more—and still more. She wrote for a year without selling a line, and by that time her spirit was sufficiently humbled and she sold a story for \$12.00 and was thankful to get it. Many other interesting things Mrs. MacBeth tells us about herself, all of which explain the vivacity and courage of her stories.

The Poems of Robert Stead

HODDER & STOUGHTON of Toronto, have brought out a new edition of Mr. Stead's virile verses under the title *The Empire Builders*. Those who like to read easy flowing verse embodying the spirit of the prairie, or touching upon the universal theme in a simple direct manner will be pleased to get this little volume into their hands.

Here is a stanza of a poem called *The Plow*: in which Mr. Stead reveals his kinship with Canadian soil:

What power is this that stands behind the steel?
A homely implement of blade and wheel
Neglected by the margin of the way,
And flashing back the blaze of dying day;

Or dragging slow along the yellow field
By faith and works assuring future yield,
It marks the pace of innocence and toil,
And taps the boundless treasure of the soil.

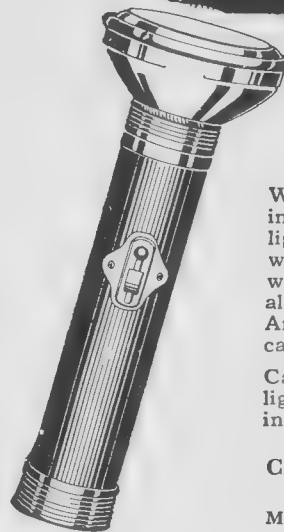
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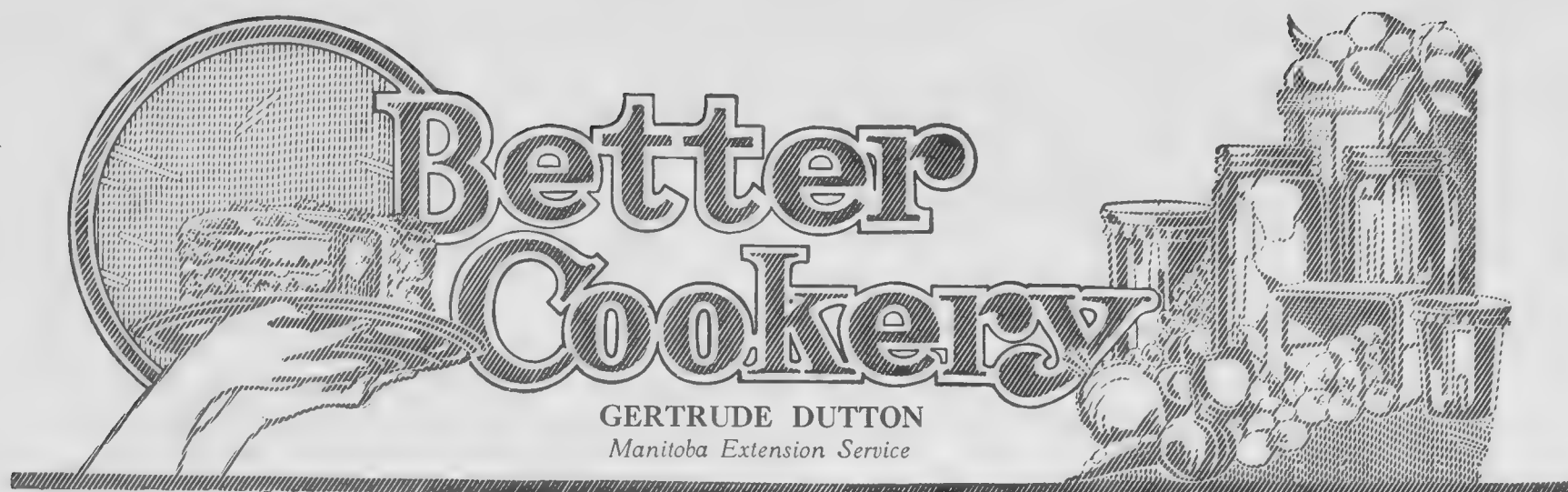
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THE ECONOMICAL USE OF MEAT

OUR cold winters permit a greater use of meat in the diet, than during the summer and spring and fall. When there is a good fire in the range all day it is wise to use methods of cooking that require longer time than in the summer. It is a good time to experiment with the tougher cuts, which are just as nutritious as the tender ones, and when properly cooked, just as well-flavored.

How to Know Good Meat

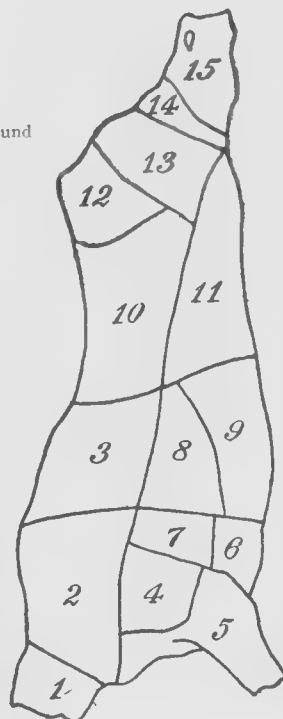
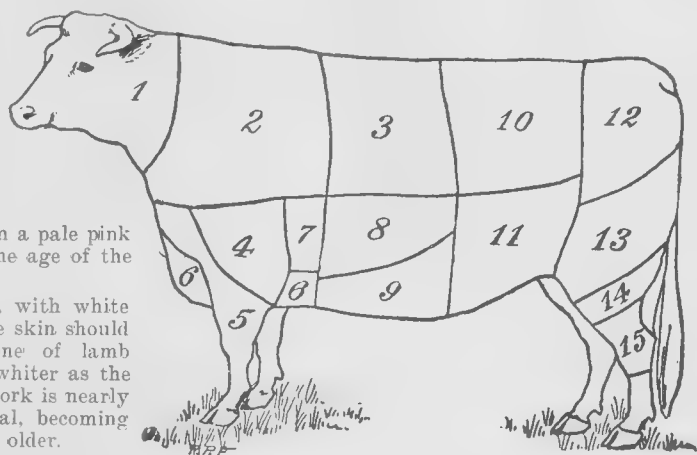
Beef, when first cut, is a bluish red, but on exposure to the air for a few minutes loses the blue tinge, and becomes a bright red. It should be marbled with a firm, clean, creamy white fat. The best veal is a dull pink, although it varies from a pale pink to light red, according to the age of the calf.

Mutton is a bright pink, with white hard, flaky fat. The outside skin should come off easily. The bone of lamb is red, gradually becoming whiter as the animal grows older. Lean pork is nearly white, from a young animal, becoming pinker as the animal grows older.

When meat is bought it should be taken at once from the paper, which absorbs some of the juice, and occasionally gives an unpleasant flavor to the meat, and put it in a cool place till ready to cook. Wipe with a piece of cheese cloth wrung out of cold water, but do not wash in water, or flavors will be extracted.

Beef

- | | | |
|-------------------|----------------|----------------------|
| 1. Neck. | 6. Brisket. | 11. Flank. |
| 2. Chuck. | 7. Cross Ribs. | 12. Rump. |
| 3. Ribs. | 8. Plate. | 13. Round. |
| 4. Shoulder Clod. | 9. Navel. | 14. Second cut Round |
| 5. Fore Shank. | 10. Loin. | 15. Hind Shank. |



Cuts of Meat

Beef

The cuts vary slightly in different localities. The carcass is cut down the backbone, in two sides of beef, each weighing about 450 pounds. In each side the "hind quarter" and "fore quarter".

The hind quarter contains the loin, flank, rump, round, second round, and the shank. In the fore quarter are the neck, chuck, ribs, brisket, shoulder clod, fore shank, plate, navel.

Veal

In a side of veal we have the neck, chuck, shoulder fore shank, breast, ribs, loin, flank, leg and hind shank.

Lamb and Mutton

A side of lamb or mutton is cut into the neck, chuck, shoulder, flank, loin and leg. The chuck and flank or ribs, is sometimes called the rack of lamb.

Pork

As there is so much fat in a dressed pig, the method of cutting the carcass differs considerably from that of other animals. A side of pork gives us the head, shoulder, back, middle cut, belly, ribs, ham and loin.

How the Cuts are Cooked

Beef

The neck is used for Hamburg Steak. The chuck and ribs are used for steaks and roasts. The shoulder for boiling, corning, mince meat or stews. The fore shank for soups, stocks and stews. The brisket for corning. The plate and navel for stews and corning. The loin for steaks and roasts. The rump for steaks, roasts and stews. The round for steaks, hamburg steak, stews, braising and boiling. The flank for braising, boiling or corning.

In addition to these cuts, there are other portions of the animal which are excellent for food such as the tongue, heart, liver, kidney tail and the tripe.

Veal

The loin and ribs may be used as roasts or chops. The shoulder as a roast. The leg as cutlets, veal steak or a roast. The shoulder bone is often removed, and the roast stuffed with dressing.

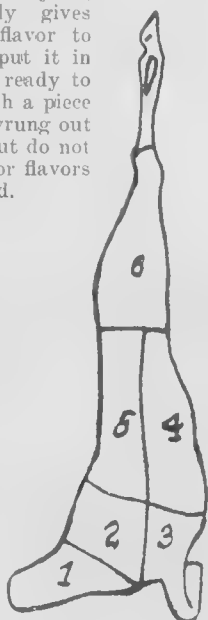
Mutton or Lamb

The leg of mutton is usually boiled or roasted. For a saddle of mutton the loin is removed whole before the carcass is split into halves. The chops are pieces cut for frying or broiling, from the loin.

CUTS OF MEAT

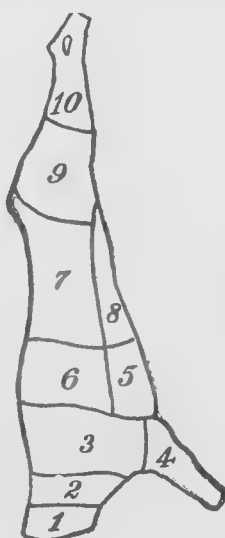
Veal

1. Neck
2. Chuck.
3. Shoulder.
4. Fore Shank
5. Breast.
6. Ribs.
7. Loin.
8. Flank.
9. Leg
10. Hind Shank.



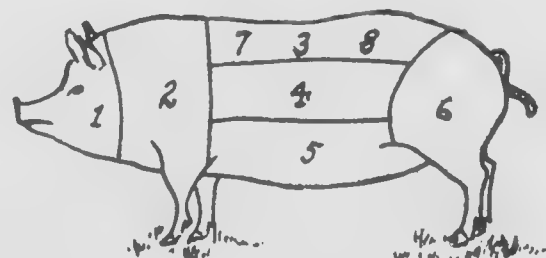
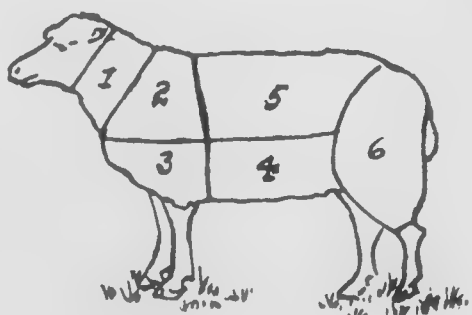
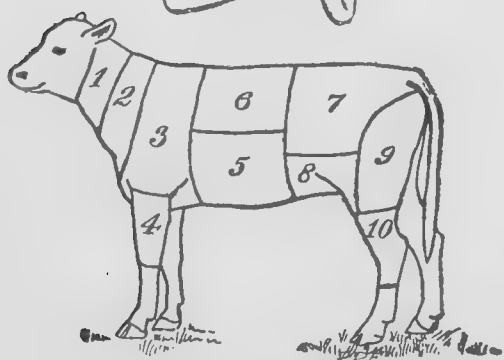
Mutton

1. Neck.
2. Chuck.
3. Shoulder.
4. Flank.
5. Loin.
6. Leg.
- 2 & 5. Sometimes called "Rack."



Pork

1. Head.
2. Shoulder.
3. Back.
4. Middle Cut.
5. Belly.
6. Ham.
7. Ribs.
8. Loin.



BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 20

ribs, chuck, or shoulder, being one rib thick. The rack, and loin are roasted, if not cut into chops. The breast and flank are used for stews and soup stock.

Pork

The head is boiled and used in head-cheese. The loin is used for roasts and steaks. The hind legs are cured for hams, and are boiled, baked or fried. The shoulders are corned or cured, and fried or boiled. The flank is used as bacon. The lean meat along the back is frequently used as chops.

THE PRESERVATION OF MEATS

MEAT which is used fresh is more nutritious and palatable than that which has been cured. During the winter months, in our country, the matter of keeping meat and poultry by freezing it, is a very simple one. Very little flavor is lost if the quantity of meat wanted, is thawed out slowly in a rather cool room. Before freezing, the carcass should be cut into steaks, chops, roasts, boiling pieces, etc. and all trimmings done before the meat is frozen. The meat should be so placed outside for freezing, that no two pieces will touch each other. A large clean box may have a layer of clean dry snow put in the bottom. Cover with a layer of pieces of meat, a layer of snow, etc., till the meat has all been disposed of. The box should be kept in a place where the temperature is likely to remain fairly equable.

Fresh pork is sometimes sliced, and fried till a little more than half done, and packed in clean jars. Hot lard is poured over to exclude the air. When

the meat, after the third rubbing, in a barrel or box for about 10 days in a cool moist place, when it is ready to be smoked.

Salt Pork

Rub each piece of pork with fine salt, and let it stand overnight. For each 100 pounds of pork, use 10 pounds of salt and 2 ounces of saltpetre dissolved in 4 gallons of boiling water. When cold, pour the brine over the pork, cover, and weight it down. The meat is most convenient when cut in 6 inch squares.

Sugar Cured Hams and Bacons

THE flavor of sugar cured meat is better than dry cured or plain salt meat. For 100 pounds of meat use:

- 8 pounds salt
- 2 pounds brown sugar
- 2 ounces of saltpetre
- 4 gallons of boiling water

Cool the mixture thoroughly before pouring it over the meat. Bacon should remain in the liquid from 4 to 6 weeks, and hams from 6 to 8 weeks. The meat may then be smoked.

Corned Beef

Considerable of the nourishment of meat is lost in corning. For this reason it is better to use the brisket, plate, etc., and to reserve the more tender portions for roasts, steaks, boiling, etc. The meat is cut in pieces about 6-inches square. There should be a considerable portion of fat in the meat.

If the meat has been frozen, it must be completely thawed before the corning process is commenced.



Leg of pork, stuffed and roasted

wanted for use the slices required are taken from the jar and the cooking completed. It is often well to reseal the jar with a fresh supply of hot lard.

Curing Meat

Meat must be thoroughly cooled before curing. If the animal's heat is not all out, the shrinking of the muscles causes injurious gases to be retained, which gives the meat an objectionable odor. If the meat is frozen, the salt cannot penetrate it properly. Tainted meat should never be cured. Salting should be done about twenty-four or thirty-six hours after slaughtering.

Salt and sugar or molasses are the preservatives in most general use. There are certain chemicals, such as borax, etc., sometimes recommended, but there is so much danger of injuring the health of the consumer, that they should be avoided. Neither should any of the proprietary preparations on the market be used, for the same reason.

Salt being astringent, if used alone, makes the meat hard and dry. Saltpetre is harmful to the health so should be used very sparingly. It is used to preserve the natural color of the meat. Sugar or molasses soften the muscle of the meat helping to counteract the hardening process of the salt. A little baking soda prevents the brine from spoilage. In hot weather the brine should be watched for spoilage. A cool, moist cellar is the best place in which to keep it.

Dry Curing is More Trouble than Brining**To Dry Cure Pork**

For 100 pounds of pork, use 6 pounds of salt, 2½ pounds of granulated sugar, and 2 ounces of saltpetre. Mix well. Rub 1/3 of the mixture into the meat. Repeat the second and third days—leave

To 100 pounds of beef use 8 pounds of salt. In the bottom of a barrel, sprinkle a layer of salt, about ¼-inch thick. On this put a layer 5 or 6-inches thick of meat, then a layer of salt alternating them till the meat and salt are used up, having a layer of salt on top. Let stand over night. The next day, to every 100 pounds of meat, add.

- 4 pounds of sugar
- 2 ounces of baking soda
- 4 ounces of saltpetre
- 4 gallons of water.

Dissolve the sugar, soda and saltpetre in the water, and cool it before pouring over the meat. In summer it is wise to boil the brine. Press the meat down with a clean board and weight with a clean stone. None of the meat must project above the brine, or it will cause it all to spoil.

The meat will be ready for use in from thirty or forty days. In warm weather, the brine should be carefully watched as the sugar is apt to cause fermentation.

Dried Beef

For drying, the round is preferred. The meat is cut lengthwise in convenient pieces. A water-tight keg or large crocks are required. To 100 pounds of meat, use 5 pounds salt, 3 pounds granulated sugar, 2 ounces saltpetre. Mix well.

Thoroughly rub all surfaces of the meat with 1/3 of the mixture, and pack tightly in the keg. Let it stand 3 days and rub with another 1/3 of the mixture. Let stand again 3 days, rub with the remainder of the mixture, and allow to stand another 3 days. Do not remove the pickle from the keg when rubbing the meat. The meat is then smoked and hung in a dry attic to evaporate the moisture.

Continued on page 22



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BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 21

Smoking of Meats

Cured and pickled meats are smoked for two reasons—to give them flavor, and to help in their preservation.

A good size for a smoke house is 6-feet by 8-feet by 8-feet high. Small openings near the top, or a chimney in the roof will carry off the warm air, which would otherwise heat the meat. The meat is hung from the ceiling, and the fire made on the floor of the house, with a metal sheet between the fire and the meat. The smoke passes up and around the meat, then outside through the chimney or ventilating holes.

Brick or stone or lumber are used in building the houses. The best fuel for smoking meat is green hickory or maple smothered with sawdust. Hardwood is better than soft. Resinous woods produce a bad flavor in the meat so should never be used. Corn cobs are good.

Before smoking, the meat is taken from the brine, washed in clean lukewarm water, and scrubbed till clean, then hung to drain for two or three days. When dry, it is hung in the smoke house so that no two pieces touch and all are hung below the ventilators, in order to get all the benefit of the smoke.

A slow fire is started, so that the meat will warm gradually. In winter a steady, slow fire is kept up till the meat is sufficiently smoked, which will be in from 24 to 36 hours. In warm weather, one small fire may be started every other day for two weeks. The house should be protected from flies. After smoking,

in hot sterilized jars, add 1 tb. salt to a quart, partially seal, and process 3 hours. Seal at once.

No. 3. Dress the chicken. Put in boiling water and simmer till the meat can be removed from the bones. Pack the meat in sterilized jars, add 1 t. salt to each quart, and fill the jars with hot chicken broth. Partially seal and process in hot water bath for 3 hours.

Beef

Beef may be cut in pieces, carefully trimmed and canned by the same methods as chicken.

Pork

Pork may be roasted, cut in pieces and packed in sterilized jars. Fill the jars with the liquid from the roasting pan, add 1 t. salt to each quart, partially seal and process 3 hours.

Sausage

2-lbs. lean pork, chopped

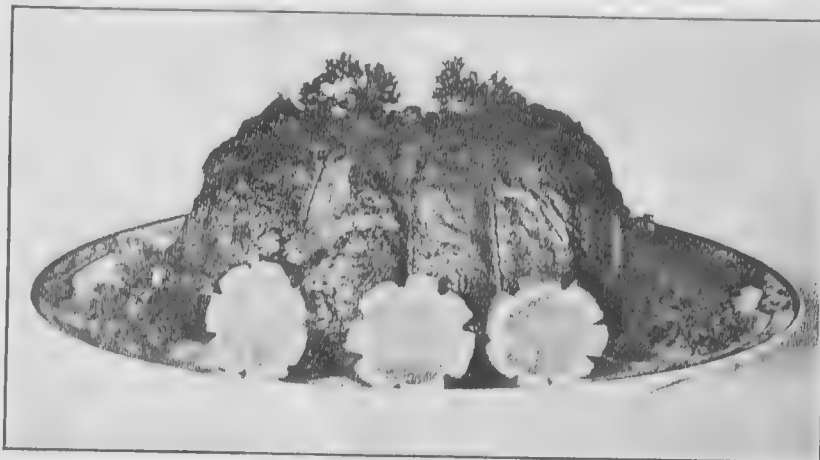
1-lb. fat, chopped

1-lb. lean beef, chopped.

Mix thoroughly—spread thinly and season with 1-oz. fine salt, ½-oz. black pepper, ½-oz. pure powdered sage leaf. Mix thoroughly—form into cakes.

Head Cheese

Clean the pig's head, soak in water to remove the blood and dirt. When thoroughly cleaned, cover with water and boil till the meat will separate from the bones. Chop the meat, and return to the kettle with enough liquor to cover the meat. Boil for 15 minutes. Season



Stuffed shoulder of Lamb

when the meat is quite cool, it may be kept in a cool, dry cellar. It must be protected from flies. It is frequently wrapped in paper, then in canvas or burlap. If it is to be kept a long time, a yellow wash is sometimes put on the outside of the canvas, with a brush.

Yellow Wash

3 pounds barium sulphate

.06 pounds glue

.08 pounds lead chromate

.04 pounds flour.

Stir the flour into half a pail of water, taking care to have it free from lumps. Dissolve the lead chromate in 1 quart of flour and water. Bring to a boil, and add water, and add it and the glue to the barium sulphate slowly. Let stand till next day.

To Can Meat and Poultry

Many women who have successfully canned fruit and vegetables have hesitated to attempt the canning of meat and poultry. If a few important points are remembered, there should be little difficulty encountered.

1. Be sure the meat is in absolutely perfect condition.

2. Test the jars, to be sure they are tight.

3. Sterilize the jars.

4. Use new rubbers.

5. Process the meat the full time required.

Chicken

No. 1. Dress the chicken, cut in pieces. Pack closely in a hot sterilized jar. Add 1 t. salt to each quart jar. Fill the jar with hot water, partially seal and process in water bath for 3 hours, counting only the time while the water in the bath is actually boiling. Remove from the water and seal at once.

No. 2. Dress the chicken, cut in pieces, brown in hot fat in a frying pan. Pack

to taste with salt and pepper. Pack in shallow dishes to mould. To serve, cut in thin slices and serve cold.

Stuffed Pork Tenderloin

Split a tenderloin, and stuff with a dressing made of 3 cups fine stale bread crumbs, melted butter to moisten, and seasonings, salt and pepper, onion juice and a little summer savoury. Fasten the meat with tooth picks. Bake in a moderate oven one hour. Two slices of bacon may be laid on top of the meat.

Boned Shoulder of Mutton, Stuffed

Stuffing

3 cups fine bread crumbs

Salt, pepper, ½ t. powdered sage

Salt pork fat to moisten.

Rub the meat inside and out with salt and pepper, stuff and fasten with tooth picks. Bake in a hot oven, allowing 15 minutes to heat the meat, and 15 minutes to each pound.

Meat and Tomato Pie

Put a layer of tomato—either sliced ripe ones, or the solid part of canned tomatoes, in a baking dish, then a layer of cooked meat cut in pieces. Dredge with flour, salt and pepper. Repeat these layers till the dish is nearly full. Cover with a crust, and bake till done.

Mock Duck

On a piece of round steak spread a stuffing of well seasoned bread crumbs. Roll up and tie with a string in several places. Roast in the oven till done. If the steak is tough, it may be cooked in a covered roaster with one or two cups of water or soup stock in the pan.

Veal Birds

Individual servings of veal are prepared in the same way as mock duck. Frequently the "birds" are browned in a little fat, then simmered, closely covered, till tender.



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**Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg**

BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 22**Stuffed Heart**

Wash the heart, stuff it, and sew up the opening. Cover with water and simmer till tender. About half an hour before serving, remove from the liquid, dredge with salt and pepper, and bake till brown.

Meat Loaf

- 2 c. chopped cooked meat
- 2 c. meat stock
- 2 c. dry bread crumbs
- 3 eggs
- 1 t. salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ t. pepper.

Mix the meat, crumbs, and hot stock, add the well-beaten eggs and seasonings. Put in a bake dish, and set in a pan of water in the oven. Bake till firm.

Meat Cakes

Finely chop lean beef, season with salt and pepper, and if liked, a little onion

juice or very finely chopped onion. Shape in small flat cakes, handling as little as possible. Cook on a frying pan. Handle as lightly as possible, because if packed too compactly, the cakes will be solid and unpalatable. A slightly beaten egg may be mixed with the meat to bind it together.

Brown Stew

Cut lean beef in cubes—the tougher portions will do. Dredge with flour seasoned with salt and pepper, and brown on all sides in a frying pan, using enough suet to keep the meat from sticking. Add enough hot water to cover the meat, bring to a boil, then simmer for three hours. An hour before serving add any vegetables desired. Cut in cubes potatoes should not be added till twenty minutes before serving.

Light Pastries

Light Pastries

PUFF paste, which to many seems so difficult of preparation, is rarely attempted by any except professionals. As a matter of fact, one who has never handled a rolling-pin is less liable to fail, under the guidance of a good teacher, than an old cook, who finds it difficult to overcome the bad habit of using too much force in rolling. It is necessary to work rapidly and with a light touch. A cold room is of great advantage.

For making pastry, pastry flour and the best shortenings, thoroughly chilled, are essential. Its lightness depends on the amount of air enclosed and expansion of that air in baking. The flakiness depends upon kind and amount of shortening used. Lard makes more tender crust than butter, but lacks flavor which butter gives. Puff paste is usually shortened with butter, though some chefs prefer beef suet. If butter is used, it should be washed, so as to remove salt and buttermilk, thus making it of a waxy consistency, easy to handle.

To wash butter, scald and chill an earthen bowl. Heat palms of hands in hot water, and chill in cold water. By following these instructions, butter will not adhere to bowl nor to hands. Wash butter in bowl by squeezing with hands until soft and waxy, placing bowl under a cold-water faucet and allowing water to run. A small amount of butter may be washed by using a wooden spoon in place of the hands.

Puff paste should be used for vol-au-vents, patties, rissoles, bouchées, cheese straws, tarts, etc. It may be used for rims and upper crusts of pies, but never for lower crusts. Plain paste may be used where pastry is needed, except for vol-au-vents and patties.

Puff Paste

- 1 lb. butter
- 1 lb. pastry flour or
- Cold water
- 14 ozs. bread flour

Wash the butter, put and fold until no water flies. Reserve two tablespoons of butter, and shape remainder into a circular piece one-half inch thick, and put on floured board. Work two tablespoons of butter into flour with the tips of fingers of the right hand. Moisten to a dough with cold water, turn on slightly floured board, and knead five minutes. Cover with towel, and let stand five minutes.

Put and roll one-fourth inch thick, keeping paste a little wider than long, and corners square. If this cannot be accomplished with rolling-pin, draw into shape with fingers. Place butter on centre of lower half of paste. Cover butter by folding upper half of paste over it. Press edges firmly, to enclose as much air as possible.

Fold right side of paste over enclosed butter, the left side under enclosed butter. Turn paste half-way round, cover, and let stand five minutes. Put, and roll one-fourth inch thick, having paste longer than wide, lifting often to prevent paste from sticking, and dredging board slightly with flour when necessary. Fold from ends toward centre, making three layers. Cover, and let stand five minutes. Repeat twice, turning paste half-way round each time before rolling. After fourth rolling fold,

from ends to centre, and double, making four layers. Put in cold place to chill; if outside temperature is not sufficiently cold, fold paste in a towel, put in a dripping-pan, and place between dripping pans of crushed ice. If paste is to be kept for several days, wrap in a napkin, put in tin pail and cover tightly, then put in cold place; if in ice box, do not allow pail to come in direct contact with ice.

To Bake Puff Paste

Baking of puff paste requires as much care and judgment as making. After shaping, chill thoroughly before baking. Puff paste requires a hot oven, greatest heat coming from the bottom, that the paste may properly rise. While rising it is often necessary to decrease the heat by lifting covers or opening the check to stove. Turn frequently, that it may rise evenly. When it has risen its full height, slip a pan under the sheet on which paste is baking to prevent burning on the bottom. Puff paste should be baked on a tin sheet covered with a double thickness of brown paper, or dripping-pan may be used, lined with brown paper. The temperature for baking of patties should be about the same as for raised biscuit; vol-au-vents require less heat, and are covered for first half-hour to prevent scorching on top.

Patty Shells

Roll puff paste one-quarter inch thick, shape with a patty cutter, first dipped in flour; remove centres from one-half the rounds with smaller cutter. Brush over with cold water the larger pieces near the edge, and fit on rings, pressing lightly. Place in towel between pans of crushed ice, and chill until paste is stiff; if cold weather, chill out of doors. Place on iron or tin sheet covered with brown paper, and bake twenty-five minutes in hot oven. The shells should rise their full height and begin to brown in twelve to fifteen minutes; continue browning, and finish baking in twenty-five minutes. Pieces cut from centre of rings of patties may be baked and cut for unders. Trimming from puff paste should be carefully laid on top of each other, patted and rolled out.

Vol-au-vents

Roll puff paste one-third inch thick, mark an oval on paste with cutter or mould, and cut out with a sharp knife, first dipped in flour. Brush over near the edge with cold water, put on a rim three-fourths inch wide, press lightly, chill, and bake. Vol-au-vents require for baking forty-five minutes to one hour. During the first half-hour they should be covered, watched carefully, and frequently turned. The paste cut from centre of rim should be rolled one-quarter inch thick, shaped same size as before rolling, chilled, baked, and used for cover to the vol-au-vent.

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The Indianapolis Cancer Hospital, Indianapolis, Indiana, has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. A valuable guide in the management of any case. Write today, mentioning this paper.



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Many men came and went in her life

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

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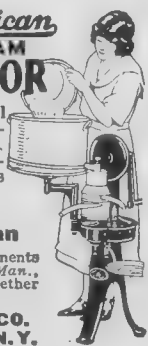
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HOME DOCTOR

How Bacteria Grow

BACTERIA have to have food just as we do, and without this food they cannot thrive and multiply. They all require a form of nitrogen of which they can make use. Albuminous material which is in a liquid form and capable of passing through thin, membranous tissues, is especially favorable to their development.

They require organic matter to feed upon. If bacteria are put in perfectly pure, distilled water, they will die. If they continue to live, it is a proof that there is some organic material remaining in the water for them to feed upon.

Many of the disease-producing bacteria only live in the fluids taken from animal tissues. From the very nature of the cells of which the bacteria masses are made up, they require water to grow. So moisture, even if only a little of it, is needed to nourish them. Some bacteria are killed by drying, and others can be dried for a long, long time and still be very lively.

We often see signs which forbid people to expectorate on the street or sidewalk. This is because the germs of some diseases, and tuberculosis among the rest, are not killed by drying. A little wind comes along, picks up the dust, and blows it into the faces and on the lips of passing people—and they become victims possibly, of the disease. To expectorate on the street is not obeying the Golden Rule.

Bacteria are different in their relation to temperature. Some will stand large amounts of heat, and others can be frozen without being killed. Most of the disease-producing bacteria grow best at the temperature of the human body. This is the reason that we refrigerate our food, to arrest in large measure, the formation of disease bacteria. It is the reason also that we cook much of it to make it palatable and wholesome, through the destruction by high temperatures of heat, of harmful bacteria.

The germs of diphtheria and of typhoid are very stubborn, and will stand much cold and much heat without being killed. So any precautions taken to sterilize, or to make food or dressings for wounds sterile, must be thoroughly done or it might as well not be done at all.

Bacteria grow best where it is either dark or shady, and this is the reason that sunshine and fresh air are called valuable antiseptics.

Certain substances have been found to destroy bacteria. These chemicals are called "disinfectants" or "germicides," and are usually of a poisonous character and to be handled with caution.

There are other chemicals which prevent further growth of bacteria, and these are called "antiseptics." Salt is a familiar antiseptic. The gargles we use in case of sore throat, and pure soaps, are antiseptic in character.

The regular cleaning of the teeth; the proper care of the hair and nails; the use of clean linen and well-brushed clothing; the maintenance of orderly and well-cared-for homes; having the teeth attended to regularly; and early attention to any symptom of disease, are all signs of both intelligence and refinement. We have no right to neglect ourselves, and certainly no right to expose other people.

Backbone

WE sometimes hear people say of a person who shows himself weak in his dealings with his fellow men that "he has not enough backbone." That is, his moral nature stoops because it has not the strength to stand upright.

When we see some one sitting or walking all slumped over instead of erect we do not say he has not enough backbone, but we are quite sure he has a weak one or a badly used one. Indeed, the terms are interchangeable, for a backbone that is not made to do its work of supporting the frame in an erect position soon becomes weak; there is no part of the body so intolerant of its appointed task as is the spinal column that has been permitted to acquire bad habits.

The backbone is not one bone, but a lot of small bones piled one on another. It is designed to be held erect and to support the weight of other parts of the frame. If any of those little bones be-

come diseased and crumble and break down, of course the spine cannot do its work, but it falls and bends, and thus produces what is known as a humpback.

When the ligaments that bind together all the small bones of which the spine is made up become weak or relaxed for any reason, we have lateral curvature of the spine, which always means a weak spine.

When the spine is growing out of shape because it is suffering from some disease that is destroying the bones, such as tuberculosis, the treatment that it needs is exactly the opposite from that needed when lateral curvature from general weakness or improper postures is beginning to show itself. For the spine that is weakened by disease, absolute rest is necessary, with every type of tonic and constitutional treatment that can be devised, combined with most careful nursing. A moment's thought will show the cruelty of adjuring a child to sit straight who is suffering from some disease of the backbone that forbids it to do so. But when a child is otherwise well, too much insistence can hardly be made upon an erect carriage, because this great gift can be won by most of us with a little persistence in good habits.

If there is debility, it must be treated, as it is very hard for a feeble person at any age to keep a flat back. Wrong ways of sitting and standing must be corrected even at the expense of some nagging, and if chairs and desks are wrong they must be corrected. Children, moreover, should not be permitted to slouch over a storybook in playtime after having been obliged to sit up during school hours.

Cataract

A cataract is an opaque condition of the crystalline lens of the eye, that part through which all the rays of light entering the pupil must pass to be focused on the retina at the back of the eyeball. The name comes from the Greek word meaning a trapdoor or portcullis, something let down from above, as the ancients thought of it as a veil that dropped down behind the pupil.

When the trouble is in the substance of the lens itself, it is called lenticular cataract; when it is in its capsule, it is called capsular cataract. The first indication of trouble that the patient notices is often a slight dimness of vision or a troublesome blurring, as if the spectacle glasses needed wiping; but, on the other hand, there may be an apparent improvement in vision, and the person sometimes gets a "second sight," as it were, and is able early in the course of the affection to lay aside his reading glasses. Sometimes there are specks or dark lines before the eyes, and in certain cases there is multiple or double vision, especially when the patient looks at a small bright point, such as a star or a distant light.

When the cataract is moderately advanced, it can be seen as a whitish background when you look through the pupil of the sufferer's eye. The physician diagnoses it with greater accuracy by means of the ophthalmoscope and by examining it through a lens by lateral illumination. Oculists distinguish various forms of cataract according to the part of the lens or its capsule that is affected; but these distinctions are of little interest except to the physician.

From time to time some remedy is said to have been found that will cause a cataract to clear up without an operation, but none of the medical methods of curing it has thus far stood the test of time, and the treatment therefore is surgical.

The vision in cases of cataract has been restored in three ways; by couching, or turning the lens over on its side, so as to get it out of the line of vision; by dissection or needling—breaking up the substance of the lens and securing its absorption; and by extraction. At the present time extraction is the usual operation when the sufferer is advanced in years; but needling may be used to cure so-called soft cataracts that occur in the young. Formerly great stress was laid upon the importance of waiting until the cataract was ripe, or fully developed, before operating; but now many oculists advise removing it earlier, which spares the patient a long period of waiting with steadily decreasing vision.



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Try this Recipe and write for the Free Carnation Recipe Book containing many others just as delicious.

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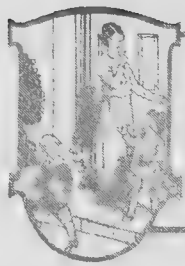
"From Contented
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TRY THESE DELICIOUS RECIPES

Rice Pudding.—2½ cups water, 1½ cups Carnation Milk, 1/3 cup rice, ½ teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar. Wash rice, mix ingredients, and pour into a buttered baking dish. Bake two and a half hours in a very slow oven, stirring every twenty minutes the first hour of baking to prevent rice from settling.

Fig Pudding.—2 cups figs, 2/3 cup suet, ¼ cup Carnation Milk, ¼ cup water, 2¼ cups stale bread crumbs, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 cup sugar. Chop suet in small pieces and add finely-chopped figs. Soak bread crumbs in milk diluted with water, add eggs well beaten, sugar and salt. Combine mixtures, turn into a buttered mould and steam two and one-half to three hours. This recipe will serve six people.

In the Carnation Cook Book you'll find recipes for several delicious desserts, as well as other good things to eat. Write the Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited, Aylmer, Ont., for a free copy.



MOTHER'S PAGE



Making Money at Home

By Irene Jameson

ONLY recently I discovered an old couple making money in a way, that, I think would appeal to many people who have practically retired from active life or who, for various reasons cannot or do not care to participate actively in business.

This couple had been farmers and in their sixties had retired to the village nearby, their numerous family having scattered to all parts of the globe.

The old gentleman was always very fond of gardening and had had a good deal of practical experience during his farming activities. He acquired a large piece of land, adjoining the village, for a song, because it was considered poor, but by experimentation he has succeeded in bringing every inch of it under cultivation and takes pride in trying out various crops and fertilizers to secure the greatest production. In thus amusing himself he soon found that he was carrying on intensive cultivation and was producing more and more.

At first he used to feed most of the surplus production to a couple of cows and his poultry, but the villagers gradually came to know that what had proved a failure in their own gardens could be procured at Connor's, and soon a market was established. Small fruits always sold readily and the earlier vegetables, but as most of the people thereabouts had their own gardens and the village was ten miles from a depot there was great waste of late corn, tomatoes, cucumbers and the like.

Mrs. Connor, viewing with dismay all this waste of luscious fruits and vegetables, canned, preserved and pickled. It was a case of:

"Eat what you can
And what you can't, can."

Soon she found that there was much more canned goods in the cellar than they could ever hope to dispose of. One day happening to mention this to the

corner grocer he told her to bring some of the pickles down to the store as he thought he could get a sale for them. As happens so often in the spring, many people had run short of some of these articles and they sold readily. More pickles and some fruits and jellies followed, the sale of which cleared off a grocery bill.

In the autumn of that year Mrs. Connor carefully prepared some jars and made an entry of fruits, jellies and pickles at the township fair where her husband yearly showed his vegetables and fowl in competition with the farmers around. She did not capture all the first prizes, but results were very gratifying and the rush of buyers for the prize articles resulted in substantial orders for goods of the same lot as those shown. Thus the Connors established a name for themselves and the excellence of their productions guarantees a sale for all their goods, and they could sell much more than they are now able to produce.

These people have in this way, added materially to their income, but the interest this work has given them in life is not a fact to be disregarded. They are as enthusiastic as children in trying out new ideas garnered from their reading of magazine articles and books and it's a delight to visit them at their home; to hear them explain their methods and see their garden and appetizing rows of canned things.

In this day of motor trucks, when no place is far from a city; of people busy in offices with no time for house-keeping, I think, when I see this old couple doing things in their leisurely way, what a chance there would be for a young couple or for women of limited means to enlarge on this work. There is such a demand for homemade things now-a-days that this idea presents unlimited possibilities.

Pansies for Thoughts

By Reba Ray

A YOUNG woman lay ill in a hospital ward, following an unsuccessful operation, performed in the full hope of restoring health and strength, after weary years of suffering. In the home a beloved invalid waited anxiously for her return.

And now—

How was it possible to take up the burden again, less fit than before? Could she face the grief and disappointment of the patient little mother, and give her the cheer she so much needed, when it required every atom of strength and will-power to supply the physical requirements? Could she conceal the truth from her, for a time at least?

In such agony of suffering the soul must fight its battle alone, isolated even from those dearest.

What a joy it would have been to just pass out, if only the helpless one were not left behind!

In bitterness of heart she thought of those who should have shared the burden, but were selfishly indifferent, while she who was willing was so cruelly afflicted, and unmercifully denied the strength. In the black midnight of despair the tortured soul cried: "Why? . . . why? . . . why?"

And there was no answer.

In a stupor of physical pain and mental anguish, she lay draining the dregs of the wormwood.

A nurse entered the ward. She was a woman of rare understanding; and

perhaps some Divine inspiration prompted her that day. As she stooped over the cot, the sufferer opened lustreless eyes and smiled feebly. She had always schooled her lips to smile, regardless of pain—for the little mother's sake—and it became a habit. Now the nurse smiled in response, laid a single great, purple pansy on the pillowcase cot, and slipped softly away without a word.

The sick one lifted the beautiful flower in languid fingers and pressed her lips against the velvety petals. Here was something that could enter the isolation of her soul without rasping on the bleeding wounds. But the effort to hold it was too great; so she laid it back where she could look into its big, loving face when she opened her eyes, and see its heart of gold peering trustfully through the soft richness surrounding it. There the little blossom whispered to her, soft and low, bringing balm to the despairing heart, as only God's silent messengers can when the soul has touched the depths; ministering to the fainting spirit until it can say, "Not my will, but Thine."

Many years passed; years full of care and suffering almost more than human strength could endure. The dear invalid at last won free, and still the lonely life went on, under fresh burdens from which there seemed no release. But through it all, like a silver thread, ran the precious memory of one

Continued on page 27

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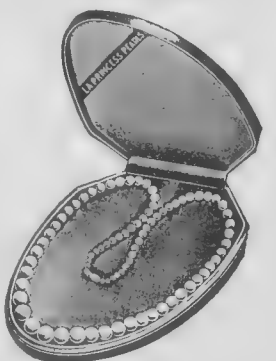
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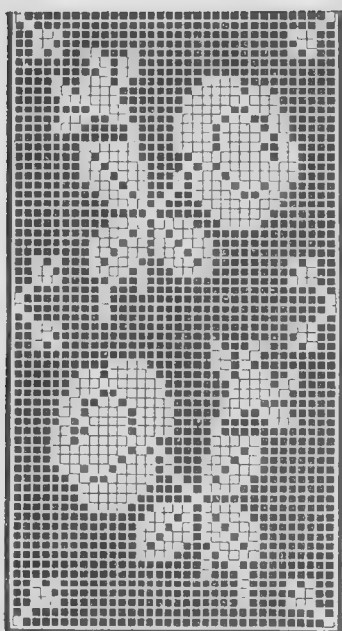




Bedsread Stripes and Blocks

Bedsread Stripes and Blocks

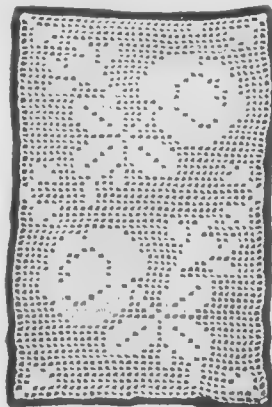
MANY lovely effects in bedsreads, both white and the popular ecru, may be secured by the use of crocheted strips and blocks, combining them with stripes or blocks of linen, unbleached muslin, or with cretonne or chintz with a design of the same flower used in the crochet. For all of them a crochet fringe makes a pretty finish.



Working pattern for Rose Stripe

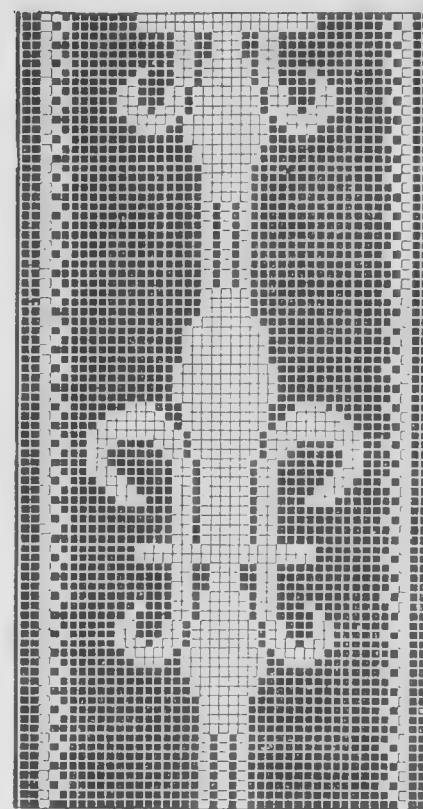
The Rose Stripe

Mercerized Crochet No. 60 and work with Crochet Needle No. 13. Work in crosswise rows. Ch 105, along ch work 1 bl, 32 sp, 1 bl.



The Rose Stripe

2nd row—1 sp, 1 bl, 30 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp.
3rd row—2 sp, 3 bl, 4 sp, 1 bl, 19 sp, 3 bl, 2 sp. Follow block at lower length needed.



Working pattern for Fleur de Lis Stripe

The Fleur de Lis Stripe

For a bedroom done in the modern walnut furniture, nothing could be prettier than a bedsread with stripes of this pattern crocheted in ecru and used alternately with stripes of ecru linen. Use Mercerized Crochet No. 40 and work with Crochet Needle No. 12.

Begin with row at lower edge. Ch 134, and along ch work 2 sp, 1 bl, 16 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 16 sp, 1 bl, 2 sp.
2nd row—2 sp, 2 bl, 15 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 15 sp, 2 bl, 2 sp.
3rd row—2 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 14 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 14 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 2 sp. Follow pattern for length needed, which should be sufficient to reach only to the top of the bed, without allowance for bolster or pillow cover. In joining the stripes of linen and crochet, let the linen form the side edges of the bedsread and finish it with a crochet fringe.

The Thistle Block

This is a particularly good pattern for a bedsread made of stripes of blocks of crochet and blocks of unbleached muslin used alternately, and between these stripes narrower stripes of the muslin worked in cross-stitch in some simple thistle design. Use Mercerized Crochet No. 60 and work with a Crochet Needle No. 12.

2nd row—14 sp, 1 bl, 3 sp, 1 bl, 4 sp, 1 bl, 8 sp, 1 bl, 4 sp, 1 bl, 3 sp, 1 bl, 14 sp.
3rd row—2 sp, 2 bl, 8 sp, 2 bl, 2 sp, 2 bl, 3 sp, 2 bl, 10 sp, 2 bl, 3 sp, 2 bl, 2 sp, 2 bl, 8 sp, 2 bl, 2 sp. Follow block pattern to complete block.

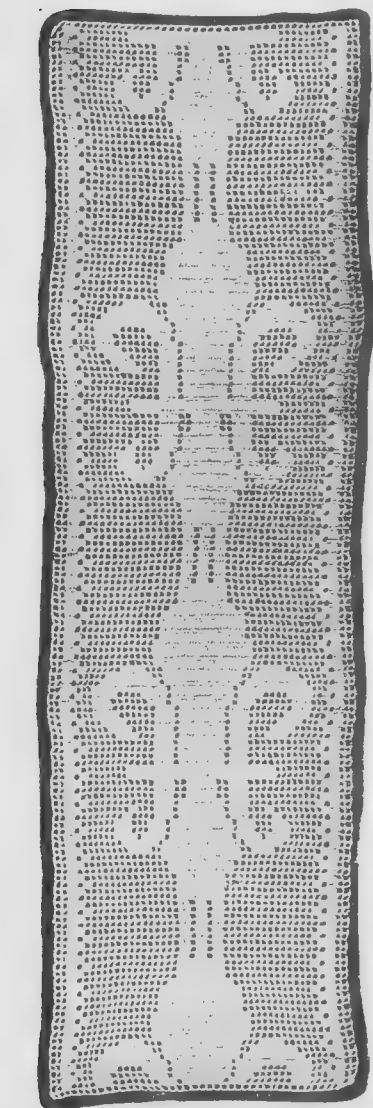
The White Carnation Stripe

Narrow stripes of soft white linen, about 4 inches wide, should be used between stripes of this crochet pattern, for a most unusual and lovely bedsread. The crochet should be done with Mercerized Crochet No. 50 and Crochet Needle No. 12.

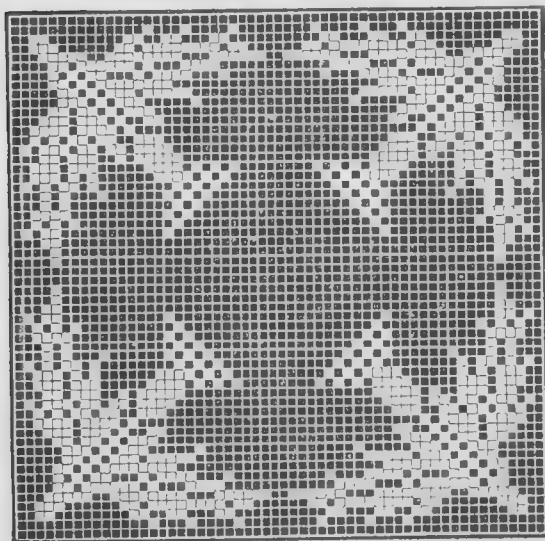
Begin at lower edge of pattern. Ch. 161, and along ch work 6 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 3 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 27 sp, 1 bl, 11 sp.
2nd row—11 sp, 1 bl, 30 sp, 1 bl, 9 sp.
3rd row—12 sp, 1 bl, 10 sp, 2 bl, 15 sp, 1 bl, 11 sp. Follow block pattern for length needed.



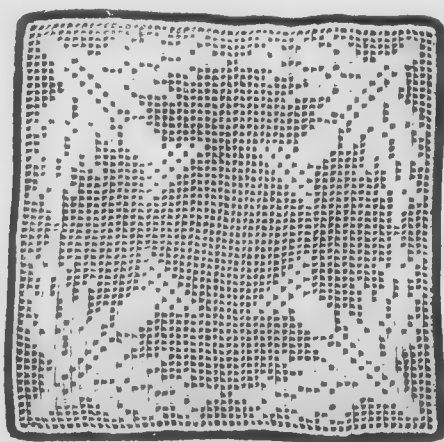
The White Carnation Stripe



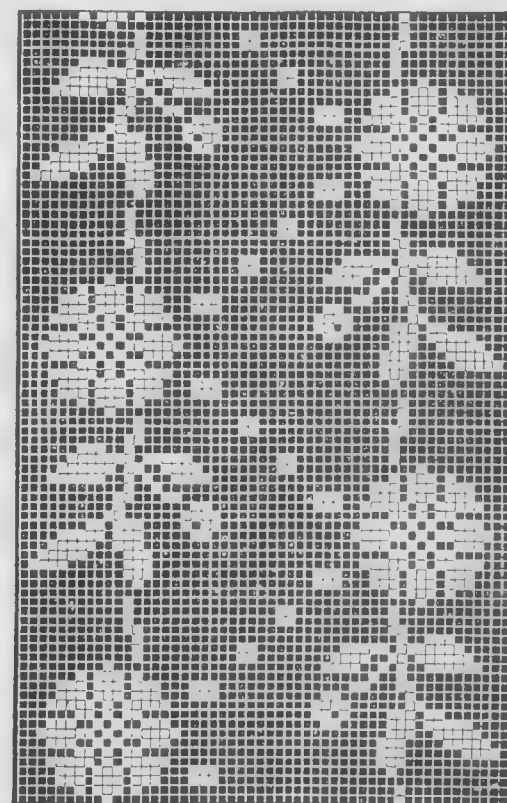
The Fleur de Lis Stripe



Working pattern for Thistle Block



The Thistle Block



Working pattern for White Carnation Stripe

With the Women's Institutes in Manitoba

DURING November, the majority of the Women's Institutes, held their Annual Meetings, which embodied the election of officers, reports of the various committees, and the making of plans for the coming year.

Three new Institutes have been organized: at Endcliffe, which is situated between Russell and Shellmouth; at Cromarty, near Roblin and Tummel; and in Norwood. We appreciate the generous spirit of an Institute which finds the organization of such benefit in that community, that the members help another community to organize one. There are now 136 Institutes in Manitoba.

Hallowe'en parties were reported from Elm Creek, Arnaud, Berton, Melita, La Riviere and Rosser.

Basswood, Dominion City, Elphinstone, Miniota and Morris bought poppies to sell on Armistice Day.

The following Institutes have reported sending bales of clothing or cash donations for the aid of needy women and children on soldier settler farms, and those who suffered from floods, early in the year. Benito, Coulter, Crandall, Decker, Elkhorn, Ellenville, Elphinstone, Elva, Gimli, Lenore, Lundar, Miniota, Minitonas, Oak River, Pipestone, Reston, Rosburn, Rosser, Waskada.

Bazaars have been held by the Institutes in Berton, Beulah, Coulter, Crandall, Deloraine, Ellenville, Elphinstone, Gimli, Inwood, Langruth, Mayfeld, Medora and Roblin.

Decker, Ellenville, Dominion City, Elphinstone, La Riviere, Lenore, Napinka and Whitewater have contributed to the Children's Aid Society.

A number of Societies have undertaken to sell products made by the Blind.

Arizona is continuing the good work of assisting a needy family in their own district.

Arnaud is noted for the very interesting and helpful programs put on by the members. They have given \$75.00 towards the lighting plant of the church and the hall.

Arrow River had an interesting debate at the October meeting.

Austin is still working on their cemetery improvement.

Basswood is planning a membership campaign.

Benito had the Durban Women's Institute as guests in October, when a very interesting program was given, one number being a short play. Dainty refreshments were served. On Nov. 11th, the Women's Institute served hot coffee and sandwiches to the Veterans who came to the Memorial Service.

Berton have the hot school lunch working successfully. Cocoa or postum are served four days a week. Once a week soup is provided from a home and reheated at noon. This has been accomplished through the co-operation of the Livingstone Women's Institute.

Beulah has bought a cook stove to use in the church basement. They have been paying considerable attention to a study of current events.

Birtle served a banquet for the Teacher's Convention. Two interesting papers were given at the October meeting.

Carman has appointed a social committee to provide wholesome amusement, through the winter months. Culross has similar plans.

Charleswood members have been caring for little Laura Ellman, whose pitiful case has caused such widespread sympathy and indignation. Ten dollars was donated for gymnasium equipment for the Tuxis boys. Mr. H. Gerland Wade gave Dickens' "Christmas Carol" under the auspices of the Women's Institute during Children's Book Week.

Coulter "staged" a magnificent Christmas tree.

Decker earned enough money by means of a fowl supper, picture show and meals, at the school fair, to pay \$175.00 on the Memorial Hall. They plan to wipe out the debt entirely this winter.

Deloraine is trying to prevent the establishment of a liquor store in their town. Part of the bazaar proceeds are to be devoted to the hot school-lunch fund.

In Dominion City a demonstration of rag rug making was given.

Durban has been working for the Boys' and Girls' Club.

Edrans is making a special effort to have demonstrations, etc. along domestic lines.

Elkhorn bought a web of flannelette to make up into garments for needy children.

Ellenville made over \$75.00 at their bazaar.

Elm Creek are holding sewing classes for the girls.

Emerson held a "White Elephant" sale. Ten dollars was donated to the Japanese Relief Fund.

The Ewart Women's Institute cares for the Hall for church services.

Flee Island has added forty books to their library.

Foxwarren also had nineteen books presented to their library. At the November meeting, each of the twelve directors took some part in the program. The President of an Ontario Women's Institute was present and extended greetings. Gimli holds a sewing meeting every week.

Gypsumville held a quilting bee.

Hamiota is making plans for a better Agricultural Fair this year. A Flower Show will also be held.

Hartney held an old-fashioned spelling match. Five dollars was sent to the "Save the Children" Fund.

Katrine helped the Community Club with their annual banquet. An emergency committee was appointed for planning assistance to those in need.

Kenton had a most interesting program of "Folk Music" accompanied by piano, gramophone and vocal numbers.

Lake Francis held a carnival in October. Langruth is helping to furnish the new Community Hall.

La Riviere held a popcorn social. The members packed a Christmas box and sent it to the French war orphan whom they still support. At the November meeting each member was called on for a two-minute speech on a given topic.

Lenore held a home cooking sale—they are adding some new books to the library.

Lundar gave \$25.00 to a local sick lady who had to undergo an operation, and \$25.00 to the Japanese Relief Fund.

Makaroff made a supply of clothing for the sick children in a needy family. They bought two shares in the new Community Hall.

Makinak has paid for their piano—three hundred dollars in nine months. They plan to put lights in their Hall at a cost of \$125.00.

Manitou sent \$10.00 and a layette made by their members to the Social Hygiene Association.

Mayfeld has a member over eighty years of age, who knits booties for all the tiny babies of the district.

Melita plans winter sports for the young people.

Miniota are selling their old library books and buying new ones.

Minitonas planned a whist drive. They held a sewing bee to make over old clothing for needy people.

PANSIES FOR THOUGHTS

Continued from page 25

beautiful pansy that brought peace to her soul in its dark hour of Gethsemane.

And did not the Master choose a garden in which to meet the great spiritual crisis of His earthly life? Not in the rugged wilds of the wilderness, where He fought the temptations of His strong, young manhood; not the desert place where He was wont to withdraw from the multitude for rest; but a garden—alone—in the silence of the night.

It was there that His soul found Peace, and the strength to go forth to meet the betrayal of His associate, Judas; the desertion of His friends; the denial of Peter—His own beloved, impulsive, hot-headed Peter—and the final crucifixion of the flesh.

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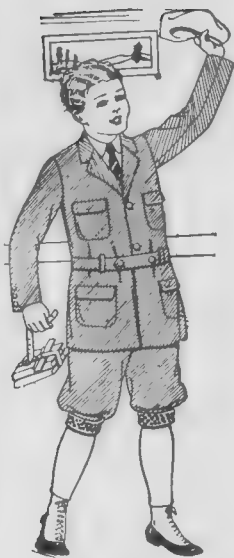
"Have you a little fairy in your home?"



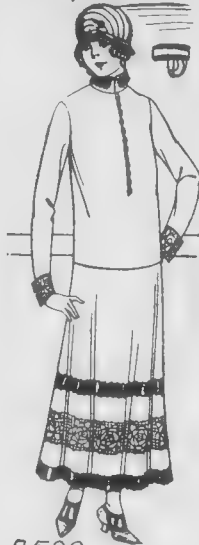
WHAT a pleasant feeling it is to clean your teeth with a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. The tufted bristles reach crevices between the teeth that ordinary flat brushes cannot. A Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush leaves your mouth feeling clean. Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes come in three sizes—adults', youths', and children's; and in three degrees of stiffness—hard, medium, and soft. For sale by all dealers in Canada.

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4600



4592



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OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS-PATTERNS

Flounces, tiers and tunics emphasize the long lines of prevailing fashions.

Many draped effects are seen on dresses and on dressy wraps.

Blouses are longer, as many new models indicate, some reaching quite to the knee. Russian and Chinese ideas are featured, together with others that are novel and attractive. Some of the new blouses are of velvet, metal brocade or novelty satin, and some are beautiful in all-over embroidered silk.

The smartest blouses are made without belts.

Shirrings indicate the newest idea in trimmings.

The revived leg o' mutton sleeve, and the redingote front are like "old friends with new faces."

The "swing" cape now shown on some of the new dresses and coat styles, will appeal to a great number of women. These capes may be prettily lined with contrasting material, or the edges may be finished with picot.

On a suit such a cape may swing from a collar of fur.

It is a season of beautiful rich materials, aside from the velvets and silk that are always classed among beautiful fabrics.

Cloth in kasha weaves is shown in caramel shades, dark brown and black and also in green. Dark blue and Chinese blues are popular, the latter are in so wide a range of shades, that everyone may choose a becoming shade.

The new "Coolie" blouse promises to become very popular, and Pagoda and Mongolian tunics are also evidence of the Chinese influence in dress.

Many of the new coats fasten at the side, then again one sees smart and unique models with the closing directly in front.

Attractive stylish suits of kasha in plaid patterns, and wonderful color combinations, have the skirt nine inches from the ground and the jacket from twenty-seven inches to the new three-quarter length style. The collar is usually of fur.

These plaids are also used for one-piece dresses, made very simply, and finished with collar and cuffs of linen.

Long sleeves and turn-over collars mark the tailored blouse.

The prevailing fashion of long sleeves shows immense variety in form. A very good sleeve is the one fitted plainly into a wide armhole. It is gathered at the wrist, to a circular frill topped by a narrow band of black ribbon. A similar frill may finish the neck edge of a blouse.

Some of the new coats and straight line dresses are made of material that once supplied furniture covering.

For slender figures there is a new short coat of large patterned and bright colored brocade.

A straight band of fur holds the coat at the neck, and the long sleeves in bishop or bell shape are banded with fur. Black grosgrain or satin ribbon binds the edges.

The knee deep flounce is seen on many skirt models.

A very simple, but lovely evening frock may be fashioned of two flounces of lace, attached to a straight long-waisted bodice of colored silk or brocade. It has tiny close fitting short sleeves and the neck edge is in square outline.

A pretty, full straight skirt is trimmed with rows of corded shirring. This is good with a youthful semi-fitted waist or a full blouse.

On indoor dresses one sees graceful uneven hem lines. Detachable apron draperies, large sash bows, decorative belts, frilled and plaited panels and wide sashes are all in vogue.

Gray is much favored for tailored dresses.

Mohair or "alpaca" as it is sometimes called is a material newly revived for tailored suits and frocks. In gray and blue this material will be shown in little sleeveless frocks for wear with dainty lingerie blouses.

A slip-over blouse of broadcloth has a Peter Pan collar, band cuffs and girdle, also the hip bands bound in leather.

A jacket blouse of moire silk is fastened with three bright buttons at the end of a short collar made of faille silk. The bell-shaped sleeve and the collar are trimmed with soutache braid.

A dress of broadcloth is made in wrap around effect, ending in a cascade drapery at the left side.

A suit of plaited tweed has a straight skirt closed at the centre under a long row of buttons. The simple cutaway jacket is closed with a single button at the centre, and reveals a smart blouse of printed velvet.

A dress of satin for a young Miss has a semi-princess front in triple tier arrangement. Narrow plaitings of silk trim the free edges.

Velvet and corduroy are popular for children's dresses.

Two-tone taffeta was used for a slip-over dress for a little girl of 8 years. It is trimmed with embroidery in colors, and pipings of taffeta in a contrasting color.

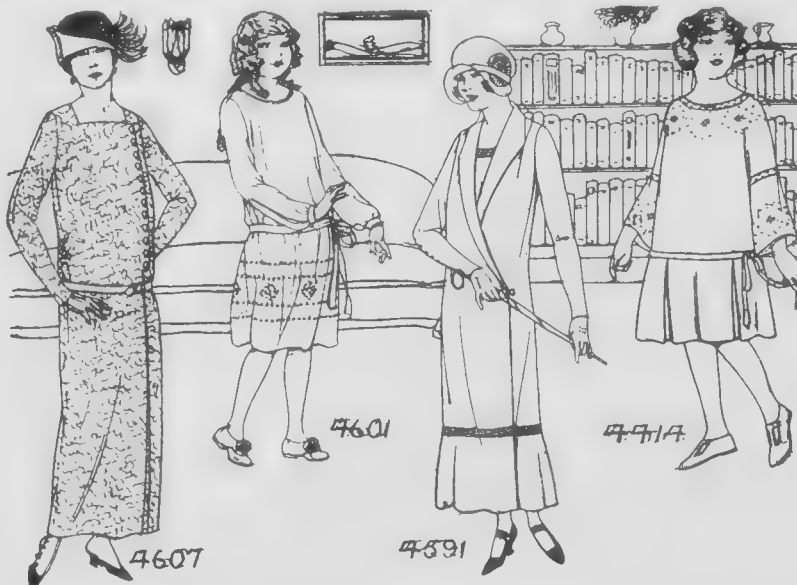
A guimpe of net is pretty and becoming, worn with a velvet or taffeta dress.

A Simple, Stylish Frock—4607. French serge, kasha or jersey weaves are good for this model. It has graceful lines, and becoming plait fulness at the left side of the front. The sleeve features the new fitted model. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The width at the foot with plaits extended is 2 yards. For a medium size 2½ yards of 54-inch material will be required.

A Simple Frock for the Growing Girl—4601. Wool crepe was selected for this model, decorated with cross-stitching in contrasting colors. The lines are simple; the sleeve and neck line are very pleasing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material.

A Good House or Morning Dress—4585. This model is comfortable and practical. It is suitable for a nurse's uniform, or for a house dress. Linen, repp, drill, percale, gingham and flannellette may be used to develop the dress. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. The width at the foot is 2 yards.

A Popular Style with New Features—4583. This is a very pretty model. It is suitable for silk, alpaca, flannel and jersey cloth, as well as for wash materials. The shoulder and sleeve portions are combined. This pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material.



4601

4714

4591

4607



4607 4584

A Unique Style—4414. Butcher's linen is here portrayed, with trimmings of cross-stitching. Taffeta, jersey, ratine or crepe could also be used. The plait effect is formed with inserts, arranged under the slashes in the skirt portions of the dress. The sleeve may be long, with a bell portion, or short, as shown in the smaller view. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 3½ yards of 32-inch material.

A Pretty Play Suit—4580. Figured percale and linene are here combined. The model is also attractive in crepe, pongee, rep and gingham. The "heart-shaped" romper portions are very pleasing and comfortable. Tiny patch-pockets and outstanding side pockets are a feature of this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 2-year size requires 2¼ yards of 27-inch material. To make as illustrated requires ¾-yard of plain material and ¾-yard of figured material 36 inches wide.

A Dainty Frock for a Little Girl—4603. Figured and plain silk are combined in this instance. The model is also attractive for wool rep, or wool crepe, and for all wash materials. Voile and embroidery would be a good combination. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8-year size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. For the godet of contrasting material ¾-yard of 27 inches wide is required, cut crosswise.

A Smart Costume—4606-4594. This comprises a popular short jacket (or coat) and the new cuff skirt. One could use caracul, velvet or other pile fabrics for the jacket and wool plaid lining, twill or heather mixtures for the skirt. The jacket is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. The skirt, which measures 1¾ yards at the foot, is cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. A 29-inch size requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material.

Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Good Work Apron—4588. Here is a model that will give good service. It protects the back as well as the front of a dress, and is easy to adjust. Sateen, gingham, linen, alpaca or percale may be used for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 4 yards of 27-inch material.

A Dainty Set of Sack and Cap—4397. Silk or crepe may be used for both models. Cotton crepe is also nice and inexpensive, with a finish of hemstitching or cross-stitching in a contrasting color. As illustrated, white crepe was used, with embroidery in colors for the sack, and ribbon and lace for the cap trimming. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material for the sack, and ¾-yard for cap.

A Pretty Frock for "Party" or "Best Wear"—4598. Figured silk with facings of crepe in a contrasting color, made this attractive model. One could use taffeta or printed voile. The sleeve may be finished with or without the puff. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 4 yards of one material and 40 inches wide. To trim as illustrated requires ¾-yard of contrasting material.

A Stylish and Popular Model—4591. This youthful style is especially suited to serge, twill or velvet. It has graceful semi-fitted lines and the new close-fitting sleeve. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material. The width at the foot of the flounce is 2¼ yards.

A New and Stylish Frock—4592. This is a model good for satin, velvet, kasha or serge. One may have the very fashionable high collar, or the comfortable and youthful round style. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material. The width at the foot of the skirt is 2¾ yards.

A Popular Suit Style for Growing Boys—4600. Tweed, cheviot, serge, khaki and linen are good materials for this model. The ample pockets will please the boy who has such good use for them. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch material.

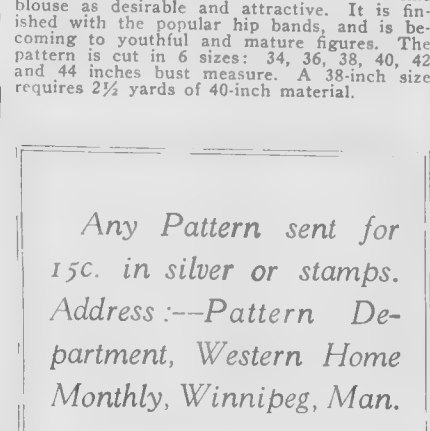
A Practical Undergarment—4587. This pretty model comprises a vest and "step-in" drawers. The vest portion may be finished with "camisole" top or with shaped shoulders. If desired a closing may be effected at the side of the panel. Crepe, crepe de chine or nainsook is suitable for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44 and extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. Panel of embroidery requires ½-yard 9 inches wide.

A Pretty Apron—4584. Comfort and daintiness are expressed in this model. One could use unbleached muslin and trim it with bias banding of cretonne or gingham, or, one could use satin or percale with a contrasting color for binding. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 4¼ yards of 27-inch material.

A Practical Corset Cover—4095. White crepe with hemstitching or embroidery will be nice for this model, or, radium silk with bands of a contrasting color. One may also use lawn, nainsook or cambric. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material.

A New, Smart "Separate" Blouse—4582. Long lines and a stylish collar make this blouse as desirable and attractive. It is finished with the popular hip bands, and is becoming to youthful and mature figures. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material.

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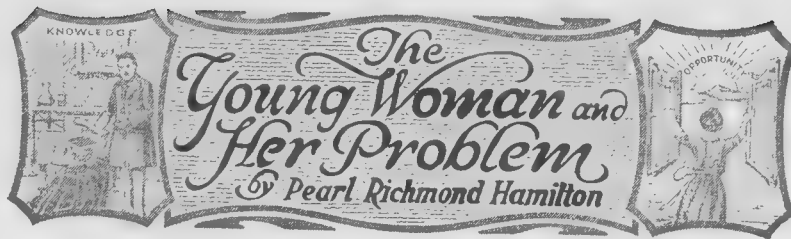
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Happy New Year!
WHAT a blessing to all of us is New Year's Day! Our friends wish us happiness through all the year.

Let us hope every one means it. Let everyone of us try to make our friends happy.

If everyone who reads this page tries to make one person happy each day, during this year 365 human beings will have been made happy. It is true some of us are isolated so we may see only one or two for a month or longer. Then try to make that one happy every day.

I met a friend this week who told me of a successful salesman. His slogan is: "Invest a smile and win an order."

How many know the value of learning a helpful quotation every day?

Perhaps it is only a sentence—it may be a tonic for an entire day and it certainly does train the mind for emergencies.

I am giving you a few for the month of January. They are some I have ready to paste on the wall above my kitchen table to take the drudgery out of washing dishes. "If you want to be happy yourself, make others happy. If you want to make others happy, be first happy yourself." There you have the whole formula.

"The happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts."

"The art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things."

"Be cheerful, give this lonesome world a smile."

We stay at longest but a little while. Hasten we must, or we shall lose the chance.

To give the gentle word, the kindly glance.

Be sweet and tender—that is doing good;

'Tis doing what no other kind deed could."

"Harmony at the center radiates happiness throughout the whole sphere of life."

"One makes one's own happiness only by taking care of the happiness of others."

"The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do."

"That man is the happiest who has the most interesting things to think about."

"There is a beautiful and an ugly way in which to say almost everything, and happiness depends upon which way we take. You can upset a person for the whole day by the harsh way in which you may call him in the morning, or you may give him a beautiful start by the cheeriness of your greeting. So not only in words but in all the little, common courtesies and duties of life think of the beautiful way of doing each."

Where One Finds Hope

LAST month I visited an organization of young people that is one of the strongest I know. The personality of its membership impressed I felt a fine potential power beneath the inspiring activity of the young people. There was evident in the programme—purpose, determination, ambition and definite accomplishment—all possible only through spirituality—for a deep spiritual current charged the atmosphere of that gathering—the stranger carried away an indelible impression of that. The meeting was held after the evening church service. I liked that because there was a strong convincing plea in the sermon that put the young men and women in the right frame of mind for their own service. It was the spirituality of their service

that moved me to admiration of their organization.

When the pastor came in and took his place among the young people, the stranger felt that his influence contributed more to the strength of this society than one may realize. The President of the organization—Clifford Dick—is the type of young man that leads with constructive progressive influence.

This society is the young people's organization in The First Baptist Church of Winnipeg.

To anyone who is losing faith in our young people I would advise a visit to this society of young men and women. I am sure that so long as young men and young women gather for a service such as this organization provides, with a membership of the type of personality as has this society, our future men and women will be citizens loyal and true—genuine in strength of manhood and womanhood.

Investments

WHEN I hear a young woman exclaim, "I do not like Winnipeg," or "I hate Regina," or "I loathe Saskatoon," or "I hope I shall not be long in Calgary," I ask her this question: "What have you put into Winnipeg?" or "How much have you given of yourself to Regina?" or "Saskatoon?" or "Were you a burden to Calgary?" In every city we find the meanest critics among the people who are charity wards of the city.

What do we invest of ourselves in our home community?

We owe to our home place a constructive influence.

We will get out of Canada just what we put into Canada.

We measure values in terms of money too much.

A parasite cannot progress in Canada, because this is a country for people with energy, ambition and loyalty.

We hear people say they are tired of life—they are not tired of life—they are tired of themselves. We are investing our life and we must have confidence in our community because confidence drives out fear and creates constructive energy for undertaking great tasks.

Everyone of us can be a spiritual millionaire. Every girl can be beautiful with Christian cosmetics. These make her happy and if she is happy she progresses. Beautiful thoughts are the only sure recipes for a beautiful face. Investment in these are the only investments that return interest without any fear of failure.

What we invest determines whether we like the place or not. We cannot invest our lives well until we eliminate fear and worry.

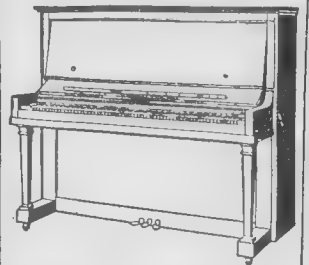
"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and of love and of a sound mind." Then from whence comes fear and worry?

From Self Company Limited. Too many of these companies exist. The soldier eliminates the unnecessary equipment before a march. It is necessary for us to eliminate every thought habit or action that hinders us on our march. The bank of satisfaction has no interest for us until we make a deposit in it of ourselves. The recent discovery of Insulin convinces us of the great investment of a man's mental power in a cause that blesses humanity. The discoverer—Dr. Banting—has honored his home town and all of Canada in the giving of his best to others. There are men in Canada who may leave millions who will be forgotten—but Dr. Banting's investment will be recorded on the pages of Canadian history for all time.

I trust every young woman who reads this page will say at the end of this New Year: "I like Canada—I have given her my best."

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KEEPING WOOD SURFACES LOVELY

Is a Simple Matter for the Housekeeper Who Treats Her Furniture Along Such Lines as These

By Sylvia Sims

OUT-OF-DOORS—a frost-edged gale, sharp as a sword thrust; indoors—the leap of flames, warming, welcoming. Outside, the brilliant glitter of sun-touched snows; within, the soft glow of warm colours and of polished woods.

Such are the contrasts of mid-winter—the contrasts that give to the true home-maker an opportunity to make a real triumph of that moment of the opening door, the moment when someone steps from a coldly brilliant or a dark and stormy world, into the brightness and comfort of a cosy room.

These are the months when our rooms and their furnishings take on their greatest importance. We spend double the time in them. The reading lamp, the phonograph or piano, the low table for work or games, becomes the hub of the family's activities in the long evenings. Our hospitality is practically all of the indoor variety. And so our housekeeping instincts are especially roused to make sure that our homes are at their best, that our rooms are giving us their utmost in comfort and charm.

NOTHING is more important than the appearance of our wood surfaces; our table tops must be smooth, unmarked by ugly blemishes; mahogany, walnut, oak—each has its own claims to beauty and those claims the housekeeper must support. Then, too, there are our painted surfaces—the wood-work trims in our various rooms and the painted furniture which has become so much the vogue recently. It is not difficult to keep all these wood surfaces at their best, if the right methods are used.

Here, let us say, is a bookcase of mahogany; the end that catches the strong light from the window is far from beautiful; it is dull, misted,—streaked with grayish clouds.

Polishing—the best of preparations and the hardest of rubbing—does not hold the solution for this problem. There is a film of soil over the wood which must first be removed.

So we will wash our surfaces first. And because there is a certain amount of grease in that film of soil, we will use clean warm water with a little washing soda in it—just a quarter teaspoonful of soda to a quart and a half of water. A soft old sponge is the very best thing to wash the wood with and if there are beadings or carvings, add a very soft old tooth brush to your equipment. It will get into the very seams and chinks where dust and dirt get the easiest foothold.

Wash a small surface at a time, then dry it off thoroughly with a soft, absorbent cloth. Now you can pour a little of your favorite polish on a soft cloth and you will be amazed to find how little rubbing is required to produce a glowing surface.

This cleansing process is quite safe to follow in caring for your most cherished pieces of furniture—in fact, it offers the only fair treatment for them. It doesn't require any extra time and energy, because the polishing that follows is so quickly and easily done.

To Remove White Spots.

BUT here is a different sort of problem presented by, let us say, a hand-polished walnut dining table. Some careless person has set down a hot plate without an asbestos mat beneath it. The result is a white, unsightly scar, which defaces the entire table.

Can anything be done, short of sending the table away to be refinished?

Why, of course! It will require a little care and patience, but the blemish can be repaired at home and by any member of the family who will do the work carefully and painstakingly.

You must make three special purchases: a little powdered pumice stone, a very little powdered rottenstone and some raw linseed oil.

Put some of the powdered pumice stone in one saucer, some of the raw oil in another and arm yourself with a good sized cork—a new one, please.

Place the saucers conveniently beside the white spot you intend to treat. Dip the tip of the cork into the raw oil, then into the powdered pumice stone, and rub it gently over the disfigured surface. Dip the cork again, first in the oil, then in the pumice stone, and continue to rub the white spot gently. Keep the cork supplied with oil and pumice stone and continue the rubbing until the blemish has disappeared.



Polished surfaces can only mirror other beauties when they themselves are innocent of cloud or blemish.

If there are other white marks caused by heat, move your saucers over and treat them the same way. When you have finished, you will find that the finish is a little thinned on the spots you have treated and their surface a little lower than normal. A little furniture glaze will rectify this. It is made as follows:

Get your druggist to pound two ounces of gum benzoin in a mortar for you. Put it in a bottle, pour over it one-half pint wood alcohol and put it aside for three days, shaking it now and then; the gum will be completely dissolved and the glaze ready for use—excellent for highly-polished furniture.

To apply this glaze to the spots we have been repairing on our dining table, apply it with a small camel hair brush. When the treated surface is on a level with the rest again, clean off the cork, dip it into the oil and then into the powdered rottenstone and gently smooth the renovated surface with it.

Fold a small block of wood in a piece of old flannel and go back and forth over the treated surface until it looks like the rest of the table top. Leave for a few hours, then wash the entire surface off with clean warm water, dry well and polish with a fresh cloth.

Paint Must Look Fresh.

THE vogue for painted furniture has brought back to a position of honour many a discarded piece of furniture. Painted furniture is as much at its ease in living or dining room now, as it has long been in the bedroom! When the old varnish has been removed (this is easiest done with one of the preparations put up by paint houses for the purpose) and two or three coats of paint applied, a battered article can be made really beautiful, if its lines are good.

Merely washing dark painted surfaces with warm water and fine soap or a pinch of washing soda, will keep them clean and a delightful finish is given to a flat painted surface, by applying a little good furniture or floor wax; use the wax very sparingly and rub it in well with a soft cloth.

This trick of rubbing a waxed cloth over dark painted woods is worth using on wood trim, which is painted a dark red or brown. It gives it a rich and well-kept appearance.

Our light painted surfaces must be kept immaculate if they are to have charm. A soiled white window ledge kills the effect of the daintiest curtains; a finger-printed door never invites and the most enchanting ivory fittings on a French grey dressing table, are wasted if the paint is not absolutely fresh.

Here, again, washing with warm water and pure, fine soap, is excellent treatment. If the soil is neither of long standing nor formidable nature, it will yield to

this gentle treatment. Where soot, which is always greasy, has to be combated or where much dust sifts in about the windows and makes stubborn claim upon your white paint, *whiting* will be a useful agent. Just mix some to a paste with a little water and rub it on with your cloth. It acts as a mild abrasive and removes the soil in a satisfactory way. It may be used on grey or other light shades, just as effectively as on white paint. After using whiting, wash off with plenty of clear, clean water.

A Disguise for Ugliness.

JUST a word about polishing cloths and dusters, while we are down to such practical considerations. For one's very fine furniture nothing is so good as a bit of old silk. It is very soft and leaves no lint—two ideal points in its favour. An old silk blouse or frock, with everything in the way of button or hook removed, will start on a new era of usefulness and even a pair of old silk stockings, drawn one inside the other, will be truly helpful.

"But what would you do with such *hopeless* furniture as this of mine?" wailed a beauty-loving woman to me one day, when I had recommended the removal of an ugly fret-work top from an over-mantel which was inoffensive from the shelf down. "It was an inheritance and has been useful, since we could buy no other. But the carved frames on those chairs are ugly beyond the help of polishes and though they need new covers on the seats and backs, I haven't the heart to make them. They are comfortable—but that's all!"

The bitterness was justified.

Good wood had been tortured into the most hideous carvings and the strength given by good workmanship, and the still well-rounded seats and backs which gave evidence of good springs and honest upholstery, could not retrieve the chairs and short sofa from downright homeliness.

But there was a way to get around the difficulty—there always is.

During my visit we made a set of slipcovers to fit over the entire frame—instead of just re-covering the upholstered seats and backs. We chose a gay chintz—its much-patterned surfaces disguised quite effectively the difference in the levels and contours beneath—and bound the edges with plain material. Flounces covered even the unshapely legs. The room, bright and gracious in its atmosphere, set off to advantage the one or two lovely bits it contained; the eye-sore had disappeared forever.

SUCH stratagems are part of the equipment of all who study the art of home-making—either the woman in her own home or the one who has made a business of adding beauty and comfort to the homes of others. We cannot always begin with a clear field and a full purse; there are usually things which we must "make the best of," even when refurnishing is the order of the day.

Old furniture—those fine pieces which were individually made in a day when a craftsman in any line took whatever time and trouble were necessary to evolve an article which would measure up to the standards he held before himself—is in great demand. Fortunate are you who have inherited or acquired some of the fine old chests, the charming pedestal tables, the well-made chairs, of our grandmothers' day. They need, as a rule, no improvement in line and when these old woods have always enjoyed a good home, they will have responded gratefully by holding their good old hand-polish in a miraculous fashion. If they were highly polished, a coat of the "glaze" for which I gave a recipe earlier in this article, will have a most beneficial result. Another excellent preparation to "bring up" a good old finish, is made as follows:

Have your druggist put together $\frac{1}{2}$ pint raw linseed oil, 2 ounces vinegar, 1 ounce spirits of camphor, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce butter of antimony, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce spirits of hartshorn. Shake well before using. Only a very little should be put on a soft cloth, which should be used with long easy strokes. Polish afterwards with a fresh piece of old silk. This is not a preparation for daily use on your dusting cloth—it is, rather, a sort of *reviver*, to bring back the beauty of an old finish, and

Continued on page 44

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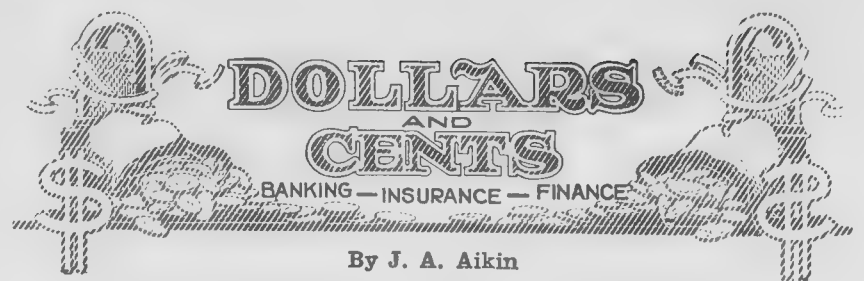
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AGENTS WANTED



By J. A. Aikin

Canadian 1923 Trade Increased

TRADE returns up to the end of November indicates the steady expansion of Canadian foreign trade, both imports and exports. The total volume amounted to \$1,920,721,554 for the 12 months ending November 30, an increase of \$351,320,204 over the same period a year before. Of the total trade imports were \$912,459,278 and exports \$994,436,069, as compared to \$740,261,771 for imports and \$829,139,579 exports in 1922. There was a favorable balance in both periods, the balance for the 12 months ending November 30, 1923, was \$81,976,791, as compared with a balance of \$88,877,808 for the previous 12 months.

When it is considered that exports of wheat for the period reached the high mark total of 226,106,325 bushels as compared with the previous high of 203,162,329 for the same period one year before, it may be seen how large a part in the total national exports is made up by agricultural products.

Of the total wheat exported Great Britain took 43,815,391 bushels; the United States 9,010,143 in spite of 30 cents per bushel duty; Italy 4,013,152; France 1,328,368, and Belgium 1,075,216 bushels, with Germany buying only 129,320 bushels of Canadian wheat directly. It is known that considerable shipments of Canadian wheat, and flour in which Canadian wheat is blended, are shipped over to the continent, especially to Germany, from Great Britain.

Total exports of Canadian wheat and flour for the 12 months ending with the crop year, August 31, 1923, amounted to 279,492,535 bushels. This compares very favorably with 194,003,406 for the year before. For the first three months of the current crop year, beginning with September 1st, wheat and flour exports amounted to 11,927,820 compared with 114,594,355 for the same period a year ago.

Looking over the \$138,087,873 exports for November it is important to note that agricultural products amounted to \$83,742,814, and animals and their products \$14,507,315. This indicates substantial reason for the opinion that agriculture is Canada's chief and most important industry.

Main Causes of the Home Bank Debacle

In his official statement to the shareholders and depositors of the defunct Home Bank, the official liquidator, G. T. Clarkson, drives home the truth expressed at the annual meeting of the Imperial Bank by President Howland that "banks prosper primarily as do other institutions through the character and ability of those who guide and manage them,—qualities that cannot be provided by legislation or guaranteed by supervision."

Mr. Clarkson put the same opinion, based upon the facts secured by him in the inquiry into the Home Bank's affairs this way: "The bank's insolvency is due to the fact that there was no proper fulfilment of the functions for which it was chartered and because of the lack of expert management, disregard of the safeguards by which the business of all efficiently managed banks are protected, and lastly because of the serious losses incurred from loans in which executive officers were interested or loans which were made to companies in which certain of the directors or officers were shareholders."

The first payment of 25 per cent. has been authorized to depositors. The amount of the deposits officially reported in the monthly official report turned into the Minister of Finance for March 31st, 1921, showed the demand deposits of the Home Bank to be \$6,015,107, and time deposits of

\$12,450,094. Since that time the Bank had not gained in total business transacted, and had, indeed, lost some valuable accounts.

The Canadian Bank Statement

The Canadian Bank statement for October, issued December 13th, showed that savings deposits had sharply declined. Demand deposits were up \$27,655,219 for the month, the total demand being \$549,706,081. Time deposits declined \$37,567,227 for the month, standing at a total of \$1,141,136,278. Current loans were \$1,066,859,326.

While this report indicates the period of disturbance caused by the events of the year had passed, the revision of the Bank Act and related debate and parliamentary inquiry, the Merchants Bank affair, the transfer of large sums from reserve accounts by two banks to cover losses, and finally the Home Bank smash, it will not be denied that the series of events have had some effect on deposits. The large amounts withdrawn to meet the new federal loan accounts in part for the fall. It may be taken that with the reports of the annual meetings of the big banks the public will again be restored to normal confidence in the Canadian chartered banks.

The Union Bank's Creditable Report

The 59th annual statement of the Union Bank of Canada shows that institution to be in a secure position, more than holding its own and with interests located to a larger extent in Canada than was the case a year ago. "The fundamental soundness of the Bank" was never more evident than in the report presented last month, following upon the transfer of reserves to meet losses sustained during the post-war period.

As proof of the sound condition of affairs in the Union Bank it should be observed that the liquid assets of the Bank amount to \$55,877,689, or 49.8 per cent. of the total liabilities to the public. In addition to that the Union Bank has loans out with governments and municipalities amounting to \$7,219,529.

The total deposits with the Union Bank November 30th were \$95,621,250, of which \$67,441,490 were savings deposits.

The current loans and discounts in Canada amounted to \$53,488,949 on November 30th, in addition to which there were demand loans in Canada secured by grain of \$9,407,471. The Union Bank also has call and short loans in Canada of \$1,096,036 and has reduced call loans elsewhere than in Canada to \$462,181.

The bank's assets a year ago compared in detail with those of this year, shows a marked increase in the holding of securities, including:

	1922	1923
Dominion and municipal securities ...	\$14,815,487	\$16,194,856
Railway and other public securities ...	6,700,350	7,035,660
Railway and other stocks and banks ..	2,249,844	3,503,471
	\$23,765,681	\$26,735,987

The net profits for the year were \$1,033,432, as compared with \$1,131,060 in 1922. It will be seen from the report that the Union Bank has continued to render the same excellent service to the business and farming interests of Canada as in previous years.

Look to Your Stakes

By Emily F. Murphy (Janey Canuck)
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WHEN Isaiah, the prophet, said "Lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes," he was talking about a tent.

It takes no supersense to understand that the bigger a tent becomes, the stronger should be the staves, and the more surely should they be driven and fixed in the earth. To put it more plainly, when you lengthen a tent you must strengthen it.

In our day and clime, the tent is largely superseded by the house, and the house is enlarged as the family increases. Indeed, in all ages, the family have been so closely identified with their habitation as to be called "the house."

In the Acts of the Apostles we read of Cornelius, who was "a devout man, and one who feared God with all his house."

The responsibility for the continuance and well-being of the family or "house," is one which devolves upon the heads thereof—the father and mother.

No wind of adversity must be allowed to undermine the edifice. It must be foursquare to the storm, with unassailable ropes and stakes.

The heads of the house who have not provided in a monetary way for its continuance are depending on the tent pole alone, and are neglecting the stakes. They are wagering on the weather—that the sunshine wins out always—but there is bound to come a day when the skies will be black.

All provident people are agreed that the best way to prepare for the dark days of disease and death is by means of a life assurance fund.

This is a method whereby a number of "houses," working together, and paying small sums called "premiums," accumulate a large fund, from which an agreed amount is paid to the individual house after a certain number of years, or upon certain eventualities.

In this method of co-operative saving, there is, however, a very special advantage; one not occurring elsewhere, that is to say, after the first payment has been made their object has been secured, should the head of the household die or become disabled.

This method may be clearer to some if we say that by the co-operation of these many houses, the inequalities of life are scientifically averaged so that those who live long, help bear the responsibilities of those who die soon.

This method is so rational, practical, just and benevolent one marvels that so many heads of houses have to be coaxed into the community provided for by life assurance. The trouble is that, as yet, comparatively few have learned the theory, and are so terribly hard to show.

Sometimes, we think that the words used by life assurance men are illy chosen, and convey a wrong impression.

A while ago, an agent asked if we were "carrying" a life policy, suggesting in his question the idea of a burden, whereas assurance actually lifts a burden.

In the same manner, the word "paying," as applied to a premium suggests a debt, whereas the policy holder is really saving for himself.

But hark you, Sirs and Mesdames, whatever words we use or misuse, the idea is to look sharply to our stakes, that we may strengthen our tents as we lengthen them.

Emily F. Murphy.

Bank of Montreal Annual Meeting

Canada's Problems Reviewed.

This year's addresses at the annual meeting of shareholders of the Bank of Montreal by the President, Sir Vincent Meredith, Bart., and the General Manager, Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, were of exceptional interest in view of the unusual developments which have influenced banking history in the past year. Among these were the revision of the Canadian Bank Act at the last session of Parliament, the extraordinary political developments in Europe and the readjustment which has been going on in the financial and business situation throughout Canada.

Revision of Bank Act

Referring to the revised Bank Act Sir Vincent remarked: "The powers and privileges of the banks remain very much as before; neither enlarged or contracted; but provision has been made in the way of wider authority of auditors and heavier responsibility of directors, by which means it is hoped to strengthen the safeguards for depositors and shareholders." He added that however rigid the law the solvency of banks depends upon the integrity, diligence and perspicacity of the management.

Turning to business conditions Sir Vincent said: "I regard the state of trade in Canada as having improved during the year." After mentioning special features, he added: "When the European field is surveyed, there is indeed cause for congratulation that business in Canada has held up so well."

Burden of Taxation

"It has been a trying year for Canadian bankers," remarked Sir Frederick. "Nevertheless, we are better off in this respect than is the case with others in many countries." Pointing to our economic relation to the United States he noted: "Canada cannot progress as she should until our cost of living and our taxation are less than across the line." Furthermore, "Canada's economic position will not be satisfactory until we succeed in balancing our public revenue and expenditure, including railways."

He went on to point out that "Canada has priceless advantages as a place to live in, to work in and to play in. Prosperity in full measure cannot, however, return until agriculture, our chief industry, becomes more profitable."

Speaking generally of trade and commerce he remarked that "while there has been a measure of prosperity in some directions, business on the whole has not been good. This has reacted on the banks with the result that bad debts beyond the normal have been encountered." "But," he added, "no country has escaped post-war banking losses and no banking system has proved invulnerable. The truth indeed is that few countries have come through so well as our own." "Our own bank," he added, "continues in a sound position, with a good earning power and unimpaired standing both in our own country and abroad."

Sir Frederick then dealt in greater detail with the features of the year, balance sheet and the business relations of the Bank abroad. Conditions in the various provinces were dealt with in detail.

Canadian Trade Increasing

Along with the bountiful harvest reaped in many parts of Canada and the consequent betterment in the general condition of many farmers all over the country the trade returns for all Canada continue to show an increase over preceding years. For the first six months of the current fiscal year beginning with April the exports amounted to \$453,769,440, compared with \$388,233,296 for the same period last year. The imports for the term were greater than exports and amounted to \$464,330,317 as compared with \$363,945,763 a year ago. Exports of lumber, wood products and paper

increased from \$107,000,000 to \$140,000,000; iron and its products from \$19,000,000 to \$31,000,000. There was also an increase for the period of agricultural and vegetable products.

In a review of the trade of Canada for the year ending with March 31st, 1923, the figures are interpreted by the department of Trade and Commerce as indicating a trade revival, which is further supported by the returns for the current year. Railway traffic and external trade generally combine to tell a story of better things. It is encouraging to note that the trade for the fiscal year 1923 was not only greater in valuation figures but also in volume, for the deflation in prices below the prices of 1921 and 1922 was considerable. It is pointed out that while wheat exports for the past fiscal year were 215,074,000 bushels, an increase of 66 per cent. over the previous year, the valuation showed a decrease of 19 per cent., from \$311,000,000 to \$252,000,000. Bacon exports showed an increase in 1923 fiscal year of three per cent. over 1921, while the value shrunk 28 per cent. Cattle also showed an increase of three per cent. over previous returns and the valuation went down 56 per cent. From these returns it may be concluded the farmers and stockmen are industriously employed increasing production notwithstanding the uninviting prospects, and are consequently adding to the wealth and exports of the country and, let it be hoped, improving their own position, though at a slower pace than was possible three to five years ago. This is a real test of courage and confidence.

LOOK AT THE WILD GEESE IN NOVA SCOTIA YOU PRAIRIE HUNTERS

Continued from page 10

where they fly off for water and gravel on the ebb of the tide, using the next two harbours for these purposes. There are a few wounded geese among the flock and several baldheaded eagles watching them. Odd that this great bird dare not attack this black mass of geese, several acres in extent, but he will pounce upon a wounded one and urge and drag it towards shore, as it is too heavy for him to lift. In fact he cannot get it very far above the water before he is obliged to drop it. I have never seen an eagle fight anything but his own kind, to steal food from them. Hornaday defends him in his natural history. I have yet to see him fight save when he is wounded, then he makes a great defense with his sharp claws.

It is now midwinter and a portion of the huge flock of Canada geese have stayed in Port Joli Harbour through all this zero weather. This first of February morning all the harbour is sealed tight with ice—and still the couple of thousand geese remain, squatted on the ice.

For at least two tides very little, if any, of the real tide flats have been uncovered. On these the geese subsist, eating the roots of the eelgrass. So long as they can get their feet in the salt water, now some degree of the thirties above freezing, they can keep their feet from freezing. But it puzzles us how long they will be able to sit on the ice and yet live. Remember they have a wonderful coat of down under their feathers. When we pluck one of them we are able to thoroughly bury the fingers of a hand in the dark grey down. Outside of this there is the coat of strong feathers. But even allowing for this, we scarcely see how they came through last night when it was ten below zero.

Poor things, they do not know that a narrow strip has opened this morning about a mile eastwards from the flock. No! They are sitting all cuddled up in a great black mass on the ice, and a few hundred black ducks scattered outside of them. The days of these are numbered, if the weather does not change, for nearly all of the fresh water brooks are sealed above, and their water is flowing under the ice into the salt water.

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By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

A Farmer's Problem

A WESTERN farmer writes as follows:
"I write this letter as I wish to have your opinion regarding a quarter section of land my father bought in 1918 from the School Lands Department."

"There are sixty acres under cultivation and one hundred acres in pasture. It costs twelve dollars an acre to break this land under present conditions, as it is covered with bush, with little patches of prairie."

"My father has made two payments on the principal and now there is a total of \$956.40 to be paid within a month's time, besides taxes."

"We received twenty-four bushels of wheat from the acre this year, which is a good crop, but the grade was poor and we received only sixty-two cents a bushel."

"Do you think it pays to hold this land, with the possible consequences of losing our homestead too, if agricultural produce does not advance in the future?"

"We have a good home on our homestead and we mean to hold it, whatever may happen."

This subscriber has been written to directly but his question is one for the officials of a department of agriculture rather than for the editor of this page. A half a section of land does not seem too much for a working family but the business principle involved is that of not undertaking more than is warranted by financial resources, and if there is really any danger of the homestead being involved, then it would seem wise to give up one of the quarters.

The Study of the Bible

THE Thomas Y. Crowell Company, publishers of New York, have recently issued a 413-page volume entitled "Specimens of Biblical Literature," by James Muilenburg, A.M., of the Department of English in the University of Nebraska. The principal aim of the book is to show that apart from its spiritual values, the Bible is a very fascinating book or collection of books of literature. Thus, the author gives many selections under the following headings:

History, Short Story, Parable, Fable, Poetry, Reflection, Essay, Prophecy, Gospel, Oratory and Letters. In an interesting introduction, the author mentions many great writers who, apart from their reverence for the Bible, have always regarded it as a great literary guide.

Professor A. B. Cook, of Yale, says: "The influence of the Bible can be traced through the whole course of English literature and civilization, and more than anything else, it tends to give unity and perpetuity to both."

Coleridge recommended intense study of the Bible for it "Will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style."

John Ruskin is famous for his study of the Bible. He calls his daily reading of the Bible "The one essential part in all my education."

Macaulay believed that "If everything else in our language should perish," the Bible "would alone suffice to show the beauty and extent of its power."

There are many Biblical allusions in the plays of Shakespeare, Milton and Browning, while in the works of Tennyson, there are over four hundred allusions to the Bible.

The author concludes by saying that "No study could be more helpful for teaching the student how to write than a knowledge of the Scriptures. This has been the testimony of scores of our greatest writers. So true is this that our leading professors of rhetoric in these days are advising their students to read the Bible in order to attain a vivid English style. The student may well afford to spend many hours in learning the secret of the strength and charm of Biblical prose."

Following this book, I have received from a group of young men who study in the Anglican Bible Class of St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg, a chart which relates entirely to Bible study. It is headed "Why I Should Work with a Bible Class." It is arranged in ten sections, with a sub-heading for each. Each sub-heading is followed by a quotation from the Scriptures and then is given a supporting quotation from the works of a well-known writer. The substance of the chart is as follows:

1. To learn more about the Bible.—"All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."—Timothy.

"He that has lost his God can find him again in this book, and towards the man who has never known Him, it wafts the breath of the Divine word."—Heine.

2. To better myself spiritually.—"For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."—Romans.

"He's armed without that's innocent within."—Pope.

3. To become a better citizen.—"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."—Psalms.

"Whatever makes men good Christians makes them good citizens."—Webster.

4. To take part in collective study.—"Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour."—Ecclesiastes.

"He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding, doubles his own."—Burke.

5. To form friendships.—"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."—Proverbs.

"Infinite is the help man can yield to man."—Carlyle.

6. To fill my place in church work.—"But as God hath distributed to every man, as the Lord hath called every one, so let him walk. And so ordain I in all churches."—Corinthians.

"And God gives to every man

The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,

That lifts him into life, and lets him fall

Just in the niche he was ordained to fill."—Cowper.

7. To study the literary beauty of the Bible.—"Hear; for I will speak of excellent things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things."—Proverbs.

"I thoroughly believe in a University education for both men and women; but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible."—PHELPS.

8. To benefit by change of thought from the affairs of the week.—"And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."—Romans.

"Sabbath days—quiet islands on the tossing sea of life."—Duffield.

9. To secure help in making decisions.—"To give subtilty to the simple, to the young man knowledge and discretion."—Proverbs.

"On the verge of a decision we all tremble, hope pauses with fluttering wings."—George Eliot.

10. To perform part of my duty towards God.—"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; Fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man."—Ecclesiastes.

"Duty, be it in a small matter or a great, is duty still; the command of heaven, the eldest voice of God."—Kingsley.

Some years ago, the Bible class for young men was a very popular and very effective institution. Of recent years, there has been a tendency to substitute young men's Sunday afternoon clubs at which lectures are given on various topics such as the League of Nations, Moderation Policies, and so forth. We are not sure that the change is for the better. There ought still to be room for classes of young men devoted earnestly to the study of the Bible and, happily, there seem to be some signs of growth in this direction.

If among our readers in the country there are young men who feel inclined to take the initiative in forming Bible study classes, they will find Mr. Muilenburg's "Specimens of Biblical Literature" a very helpful book in providing suggestions for research work.

The Age Limit

THE time for a young man to study is while he is young. If all professions and occupations are taken together, the workers in them may perhaps be divided into two great classes—skilled and unskilled. The age limit works in both classes but it works much more harshly in the second.

It seems hard that there must be an age limit and, during the war, elderly men had their chance, and great corporations that had fixed rules about the ages of new employees, were glad to employ older men, and in most cases found their services satisfactory. With the passing of the war, however, former restrictions have been put in force, and many public and private corporations have established age limits with regard to certain positions. The age most generally stated is thirty. Thus, frequently in advertisements relating to positions in the Canadian Civil Service, it is stated that "preference will be given to candidates not over thirty years of age."

Concentration

SIR Arthur Conan Doyle, the famous author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," and many other entertaining stories, told a Winnipeg audience some time ago that he had given up the writing of stories, as he was absorbed in research work in a different direction.

So much has he concentrated on his new studies, he said, that he has almost forgotten the substance of some of his own stories. His boys just now are reading his stories, and when they ask him how certain stories end, he has to refer to his own books for the information.

The Stamp Collector

LETTERS and post cards arriving in Winnipeg from Germany carry postage stamps to the value of millions of marks. A similar condition exists with other European countries. These circumstances, together with the new issues of such countries as Ireland, and the new republics of Jugo-Slavia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Danzig Free State, Hejaz, Czechoslovakia, Georgia and White Russia, have quickened interest

in the popular hobby of stamp collecting. There are many fine collections of stamps in the Dominion and much has been written on the educational values of the hobby.

For those who are interested in determining the dates of issues and the comparative values of the stamps they hold, the recognized guide is Scott's Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue, the 1924 edition of which gives the date of issue, color, shape and value of every postage stamp that has ever been issued by any government in the world, with illustrations of nearly every type of stamp. This information is given in a volume of 1408 pages, and yet it is compact and clear. There is included also a Collector's Guide which gives much technical information concerning paper, watermarks, perforations and printing.

Resources of Canada

OUR readers who are interested in securing recent information concerning the resources of the Dominion, which can be used for furnishing material in debates and addresses, should write to the Natural Resources Intelligence Service, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, for a copy of "Canada—Natural Resources and Commerce."

It is well illustrated with photographs and contains, in addition, two very illuminating maps—one showing the main economic units into which the country is naturally divided, and the second indicating transportation routes, industrial areas, and the distribution of resources such as arable and ranching lands, forests, waterpowers, mineral areas and commercial fisheries.

What is Needed

SOME time ago, I received from a business firm the following letter:

"We are considering the application of Mr. . . . , who has given us your name as reference."

"Will you kindly give us all the information you can regarding his honesty, ability, sobriety, integrity, general reputation and trustworthiness, and greatly oblige."

From this it will be seen that while technical qualifications are important, as indicated in the word "ability," much stress is laid on qualities of character. Cleverness and skill alone are not sufficient—there must be added to these the qualities which all reputable firms regard as essential in the make-up of the young man who is going to earn promotion.

The Writing of Letters

CAN you express your ideas in such a way that your reader understands exactly what you have in mind? The following letter, written by Abraham Lincoln, is generally regarded as a model of clear expression: My dear Sir:

You and I have distinct and different plans for a movement of the Army of the Potomac—yours to be down the Chesapeake, up the Rappahannock to Urbana, and across land to the terminus of the railroad on the York River; mine to move directly to a point on the railroad southwest of Manassas.

If you will give me satisfactory answers to the following questions, I shall gladly yield my plan to yours.

First—Does not your plan involve a greatly longer expenditure of time and money than mine?

Second—Wherein is a victory more certain by your plan than mine?

Third—Wherein is a victory more valuable by your plan than mine?

Fourth—In fact, would it not be less valuable in this; that it would break no great line of enemy's communications while mine would?

Fifth—In case of disaster, would not a retreat be more difficult by your plan than mine?

Yours truly,

Grey Hair

EVERY woman, we may fancy, would prefer that her hair should never show a trace of grey. But it is sufficiently well known that many women have looked their best, and been entirely aware of that fact, after their heads were white. Tradition, to be sure, demands of grey hair a certain solemnity. The earlier world assumed that greyness was at best the beginning of the end. But our expectation of life is so far extended that there seems no definite relation between grey hair and old age.

Churches and Critics

CRITICISM of the church as an excuse for indifference, or selfish desire to find individual likes satisfied, is of little value in any direction. The legitimate critic of the church, and there is a need of him, is the man who is inside the church and trying to make it perform the best possible service to humanity. That kind of critic likely will be ready to subordinate some of his own desires and ideas about the church to the opinion and welfare of others.

□ □ □ A BASKET OF SUMMER FRUIT—Continued from page 13 □ □ □

to adorn during the summer in her capacity as superintendent—introducing piper's bands, musicians with unpronounceable names, etc.

I suddenly decided to write and tell her all about it. When I had finished, it read like a scenario for Mary Pickford. And it was all happening under my very nose in a place the chief adornment of which was—an Indian burying ground.

I told her of a sweet, country girl, with a face like a Madonna, living on a farm with a mortgage on it. Also a roof. The lemon-faced mortgagee threatening to foreclose,—but one thing would stay his cruel hand—the hand of the sweet-faced country girl in marriage. The back-broken mother, the shiftless father; the two elder sisters who would jump at the chance of marrying the lemon-faced villain—each one of them I mean. All of them bringing pressure to bear upon the girl. Then a red-headed preacher of the gospel appears on the scene—he had fallen from an aeroplane, and had been decorated with a silver plate in his skull, instead of a medal on his breast. Not here, and now; but during the war. He preached in the church every Sunday—at least he tried to, but he was the worst preacher that ever stood up in a pulpit. It was his red hair and the silver plate that was the secret of his popularity. The sweet-faced girl and the red-headed preacher had fallen in love—the lemon-faced mortgage-holder waits in vain. "No, Wilma, this is not a play for Chautauqua night. It is a tragedy being enacted in my little school which you said would be so deadly dull. I've got to do something about it. For the land's sake, tell me what to do. I love this little country girl as my own sister."

I didn't know what to do, or whether I ought to do it if I did. Observing Rose closely during the next few days, I saw the laughter and light fading from her face. She was beginning to look like a wilted flower in a glass of dirty water.

During the next few nights I counted all the sheep in creation and then started on the goats, but I found no way out. If I went to the shiftless father, he would, in all probability show me to the door. If I paid a visit to Ephraim Tuttle, he would as like as not, squirt lime juice at me from between his thin lips. If I called upon the red-headed preacher—well, it would not do for the teacher to call upon the preacher; but why could not the preacher call upon the teacher? An opened door at last.

Mr. Deale, the preacher, was not yet ordained. I think they call them stick-it ministers in Scotland, though why I don't know; unless it is because they stick so often when preaching. If that was the reason, Mr. Deale was the stickiest preacher I had ever run across. But he came when I expressed a wish for him to call upon me.

I wasted no time upon preliminaries, but plunged at once into the subject.

"Mr. Deale," I began. "I have a few questions I wish to ask you which may sound to you as impertinent but they are not, as you will see afterwards. The first one is this:

"How much money have you?"

I expected to hear him say that when he got his last year's salary and part of the next, he would have about thirty cents. Instead of that he almost knocked me off my chair by saying casually,—

"Oh, about three thousand dollars. Not holding me up, eh?"

"Three thousand dollars!" I exclaimed. "Then what in the name of goodness are you doing in the church?"

He smiled the nicest smile, then he said:

"Frankly, I don't know. Dad wished me on to the church, and believe me, the church is paying for it. You see, it's this way: Dad always feels that he missed his vocation by not becoming a preacher. His folks made him a plumber instead. He's retired,—director of a big business. He and Mum drive up and down the country back East, in a big car, giving addresses in Sunday Schools."

I laughed until the tears rolled down my face—I couldn't help myself. It was no good saying that a crumb of bread had gone the wrong way—there were no

crumbs in sight. But when I got hold of myself again, I apologized. And he enjoyed the joke as much as I.

"Well, Mr. Dale, it is quite evident that your folks are making the same mistake as his folks did. Isn't that right?"

"Quite right, Miss Witherow. I wish you could help me to let them see it."

"That is just what I am going to do. But what is your ambition? A plumber?"

"No thanks, but I do want to farm," he said earnestly.

I scarcely knew how to approach him on the next question. It might be just a boy and girl flirtation, but Mr. Deale did not look that type of preacher or man. So I said:

"Mr. Deale, you and I have a young friend who is very unhappy. If you are the man I think you are, we can make her smile again. But you have a big job in front of you."

"Just what do you mean, Miss Witherow?" he asked.

"Just how much do you know about the Dales and Mr. Ephraim?"



The Right-Honorable Lord Shaughnessy, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who died in Montreal, after a brief illness, on December 10th. Mr. Shaughnessy, as he then was, came to Canada from Milwaukee, as assistant to the President of the C.P.R. in 1882. He became President of the company on the retirement of Sir William Van Horne in 1899. He was knighted in 1901, and raised to the peerage in 1916. As a successful railway operator, his lordship occupied the very highest place, and under his direction the C.P.R. became one of the world's leading roads

"Only this: I've got orders to stay away from the Dales."

"Then you know nothing about the mortgage and Mr. Tuttle?"

"No, I know nothing about that; but I know that Mr. Tuttle has written to my head office—synod, you know, and told them to remove me from here as quickly as possible," and brought a letter out of his pocket and handed it to me.

I read it without speaking. Here was another angle. Mr. Deale was in his way, and this was his method of removing him. I simply gasped at the man's wickedness.

When I had finished telling him of the mortgage, the proposed marriage to Mr. Tuttle, Mr. Deale's red head and face were of the same hue. He did what all preachers worth their salt do on occasion; he swore a good round oath. It was a good, clean, ruddy oath, and not unlike his hair.

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"The first thing I am going to do, is to punch that old hypocrite's face. He's the big man in the church, you know."

"Then that explains why he wrote. But you must not punch his face. Besides, you don't punch a lemon,—you

squeeze it; and that's just what we are going to do to Mr. Tuttle."

"Then I'll write to Dad to let me have some money."

"Oh, do you think he would let you have sufficient to lift this mortgage?" I asked.

"He'll let me have sufficient to buy the farm and every mortgage Old Tut holds, if I could only persuade him that I am no use in the church."

"Leave that to me," I said. "I'll convince him of that—I've heard you preach once. Go home and write that letter at once," and I pushed him out of the room.

ROSE'S desk was vacant next day, so I decided to walk out to the farm to see her. I found her ill, and in bed. I did not know which to pity most when I saw Mrs. Dale and Rose together. After bringing a little brightness back into the girl's face by telling of the mortgage not being foreclosed, and that, with a certain young man with red hair, I had found a way to deal with Mr. Tuttle, I left her.

I asked Mrs. Dale to walk a little of the way with me. After giving a dozen directions as to what should be done, so that things should be kept running, she took one of the babies and came with me.

"Mrs. Dale," I began when we had got away from the house, "tell me about the mortgage which is worrying Rose so much. She's dying of fright, not fever."

The poor woman broke down and cried. "Oh, Miss Witherow—I don't know what is to become of us."

"When is it due?"

"In about two weeks, I think."

"Well, don't worry any more about it, it will be paid."

"Miss Witherow,—I'd bless you all the days of my life if you could lift that load off my shoulders. It's killing both Rose and me." And she kissed the little babe in her arms.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Dale—that it will be paid. But what is this about Rose marrying Mr. Tuttle? That's wicked."

"I know it is Miss Witherow, but what can I do? Mr. Dale thinks that Mr. Tuttle is fond of Rose, and that if she encouraged him, he would marry her, and that he wouldn't bother any more about the mortgage."

"Then it is Mr. Dale's idea—not Mr. Tuttle's?"

"Mr. Tuttle has not said a word. He's fond of Rose—everybody is; but Mr. Dale is worrying the girl into her grave."

"Do you think Mr. Tuttle has any idea of marrying Rose?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. He is twice her age."

"Now look here, Mrs. Dale. Go home and stop worrying. You will not lose the farm. Friends are working for you."

I had to leave the poor woman, but I left her happier.

Then the demon of perversity took possession of me. I decided to see Ephraim Tuttle before I slept that night. Anger winged my feet, and before I realized it, I had rapped at the door of the big house.

His mother received me, and when I saw her sweet face, I wondered how she came to have a son like Ephraim. She looked just as sweet as he looked sour. Somehow, she reminded me of Whistler's mother. What a strange thing life was! Here was a man like Mr. Dale—a lazy, shiftless good-for-nothing, with a daughter like Rose. Here was a sweet looking woman with a son like Mr. Tuttle!

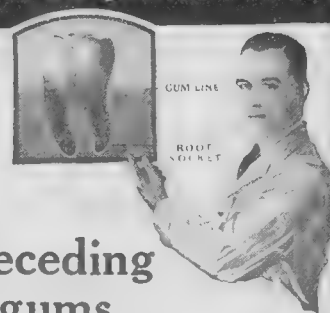
"You're Miss Witherow, the teacher, are you not? Come in, Ephraim will be glad to see you, he is always talking about you."

"Always talking of me? What in the name of goodness should he be always talking of me for?" I took a chair in amazement.

When he came into the room, I got another shock. He seemed to have got himself another face. He was not a bit like a lemon. Was this an instance of double-facedness? His face was kind as he wished me good evening, and just as confused as one of my big boys at school.

Continued on page 36

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER keeps the gums healthy



Receding gums

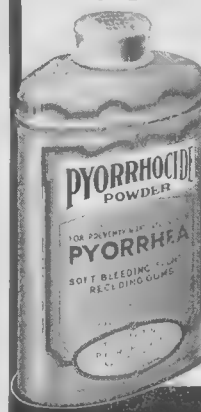
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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

A BASKET OF SUMMER FRUIT—Continued from page 35

"Mr. Tuttle," I began, feeling a little frost in my feet. "I came to see you about the mortgage on the Dale farm."

"Oh! then it's not about the school?" and he looked the surprise he felt.

"No, it is not," I shot at him. "I came to tell you that the interest will be paid when it falls due."

"May I ask what interest you have in the Dale farm, Miss Witherow?" But not in the way I expected he would say it. I thought he would hit the ceiling, or something.

"I am not much interested in the farm, as a farm, but I am deeply interested in a member of the Dale family."

"Rose, I expect. Everybody is interested in Rose."

"Yes, Rose. She is dying of fright at the present moment because you are going to foreclose, and leave them without a roof over their head," I untruthfully asserted.

"Is she sick?"

"She is."

"I am sorry to hear this, but I fail to see that the mortgage and my foreclosing should have that effect upon her. Your tone almost suggests that if she should die, you will hold me responsible." The lemon expression was back now.

"But are you not the cause of her illness?"

"What makes you think that, Miss Witherow?"

"Because she thinks that you, an old man, wish to marry her—a child of eighteen."

HE looked at me with the most bewildered expression on a man's face that I'd ever seen in my life. Twice he opened his mouth to speak, and twice he stopped. His Adam's apple was in the way. Finally, he said:

"Is that why you came to see me?"

"It is." My feet were like icicles.

"Then you may thank your stars that you are not a man, for I should have been obliged to help you out of the house."

"But isn't it true?" I asked.

"It is not true, and a young lady who has spent three years in a university should have known that it could not have been true under any circumstances."

"But what about your letter to the Synod about Mr. Deale?"

"Miss Witherow, do you think I am called upon to explain every action of mine to you, a comparative stranger in the district? Where you got your information from I don't know. But let me ask a few questions now. Where in the name of all that is wonderful did you get the idea that I wanted to marry that child, as you say?"

My feet were numb by this time, and somebody else's boots were on them, and I wished I were in somebody else's boots. Mr. Tuttle was squirting lemon-juice at me with a vengeance. I had made an awful mistake, somehow. But I told him everything and when I had finished, I found that I had left my handkerchief with Mrs. Dale's baby. I had to use a sleeve.

He was silent for a long time, like a judge trying to decide whether the verdict shall be death or life imprisonment. Then a little smile twinkled at the corners of his mouth, and I knew I should not die, anyway.

"Miss Witherow, I could tell you a long story, but I won't. At least, not just now. You have done me a great injustice by thinking of me as you have, but you have done yourself a greater. You have tried to form a conclusion on one premise. Perhaps you haven't taken logic. I did when I was at the university. It's a great help, especially if you lack common sense. Dale is a crook of the worst kind, but I never thought that he would stoop to a thing like that. I took the mortgage because I was sorry for the family. I like little Rose—everybody does. Dale is trying to make capital out of that fact. I'll deal with him whether the mortgage is lifted or not."

"As to Mr. Deale, you, yourself know that he has missed his vocation. We cannot allow the church to suffer because

Continued on page 44

About the Farm

Conducted by
Allan Campbell

Seed Catalogue Time

THE seed catalogues of the various seed houses will soon find their way into the homes throughout Western Canada, and then many a lively debate will take place around the family table as to the suitability of the various kinds of seeds, trees, etc., for the coming season, the advisability of trying out some new varieties, and in regard to the general arrangement of the flower and vegetable garden.

It is not a good plan to leave the ordering of seed until near seeding time, as, by then, many good varieties may have been bought up by horticultural enthusiasts, and the seed one may have to take instead, perhaps will prove disappointing. The early planting of most varieties is important if the best results are to be obtained, and it is therefore a good policy to plan one's garden several months ahead and to order early.

Absolute cheapness should not be the leading recommendation, and usually seed of the best strains is more expensive than where careful selection has not been made, but the small difference between the cost will be compensated many times over by the superiority of the crop. The testing of novelties should not be undertaken on a very large scale at first until one has discovered their true worth.

It is as well for the particular horticulturist to request his seedsman to refrain from substituting any varieties in place of those which have become sold out. This refers more to trees than flower or vegetable seed, as the former are intended to occupy a place in the garden for a great number of years.

It is better to receive trees and plants a little too early than late, as provision can usually be made for putting them in a cellar for a few days if necessary before the ground is ready for them. When ordering, it is a good plan to ask for the delivery of trees at the earliest date that one is likely to be able to plant, as it is very unsatisfactory to receive trees, shrubs or herbaceous perennials when spring is far advanced. This applies particularly to roses, many of which fail to grow when received late in the spring, but all trees and shrubs will suffer if planted late. To get the best results and incidentally to give your seedsman a fair chance to make a satisfactory business transaction, order as early as possible so that your order does not become a hindrance to the general movement of the out going spring shipments.

The following suggestions may be of use to the amateur gardener who is not certain as to what the garden is to contain during the coming season:

If there is not too small a garden, a few hardy native plum trees will prove a good addition to the general appearance as they give a very beautiful display of bloom in the spring and the fruit is obtained with but little care and attention bestowed on the trees.

Herbaceous perennials such as the Iris and Paeny are to be strongly recommended. They soon establish themselves and display some of the most beautiful flowers we have in the Prairie Provinces.

Reverting to tree fruits, of course the garden should find room for a few bush fruits such as, black, red, and white currants.

The Windbreak Essential to Ensure Success

TREE planting experts are emphatic on the importance of the windbreak, for within its shelter, far greater success can be attained in the growing of garden produce and also the orchard will give much better results when the fruit trees are not called upon to stand the full blast of our prairie winds.

There are a few conditions absolutely necessary for success in establishing a windbreak.

The soil must be well prepared.

Weeds and especially grass must be kept out of the plantation.

Stock must be fenced out.

The land for the trees must be summer-fallowed the year previous or the chances for satisfactory growth are very poor. If the land be freshly broken from sod or if it has grown a grain crop the previous year it is altogether too deficient in moisture to sustain the growth of young trees unless the season be unusually wet.

In addition to the fact that windbreaks check the force of the wind, they also serve to hold the snow where the snow is required while keeping it from places where it is not required. To hold the snow back, the shelter must be at least one hundred yards and not more than two hundred yards distant and located to the west and north of the buildings. To the side of the belt where the snow becomes piled up is a good place to have the garden located.

To be effective, the windbreak must consist of at least four rows of trees, and these should be evergreens preferably, but their growth is slow for the first few years, though they have much to recommend them as they are long lived, they grow large and have a dense growth and are beautiful both summer and winter.

A good arrangement is to plant evergreens interspersed with quick-growing trees like poplars and when the evergreens have attained a fair size, the poplars can be taken out of the rows leaving the windbreak entirely composed of spruce, or whatever kind of conifer was used.

Green Run Substitutes

IF birds are expected to maintain good winter egg production they must be compensated for the loss of the green run of the summer from which they obtained succulent green feed and which in turn kept them in the right state of health.

To supply green feed in its most palatable form during the winter months, provision should be made to store in a root cellar or some other desirable place, a supply of cabbage, mangels, or sugar beets. These forms of green feed are inexpensive to grow and harvest and are easily stored for winter feeding. As a change from the above feed, a quantity of oats can be sprouted by laying them out in shallow boxes in a warm place and seeing that they are kept damp. These form a green matted feed which may be taken out in sections and thrown to the hens so that they can pick at it. Well cured alfalfa if placed in scalding water will offer a bright green feed that will be relished by the birds. The latter is recommended for egg production on account of its high protein content.

Cabbage is one of the best green feeds. Split the head of cabbage into two pieces and tack it up on the wall of the poultry house about fifteen inches from the floor, exposing the cut surface, and the birds will help themselves. Remove all the dried leaves from the head before placing it in the poultry house. Do not allow them to become wasteful; but regulate the supply as nearly as possible to the demand. Green feed of this kind should be crisp and firm at the time of feeding for in that state it is relished most by the birds. Mangels or sugar beets are excellent for winter feeding of laying hens. They are cheap and easily procured. A good way to feed these roots is to split them lengthwise and nail them up in the poultry house the same way as with cabbage.

Mangels are more succulent than sugar beets and also yield a greater tonnage per acre, but the sugar beet is slightly more palatable and contains more food value than does the mangel. The difference in yield per acre is so much greater in the case of the mangel that it is more generally used.

Do not omit to have a constant supply of charcoal on hand during the winter season and placed so as to be available for the birds at all times as it is a splendid digestion regulator.

Notes on the Wool Crop

INVESTIGATION by men in touch with Western sheep raisers has revealed the fact that in the past a considerable quantity of wool has been of low grade where a little more precaution would have made a considerable difference.

One of the objections to the wool was that it was "burry and seedy," meaning that it contained burs and seeds, but chaff or other matter of that kind affect it as badly as far as its marketable value is concerned. To avoid this evil it is recommended that sheep producing wool that is to be marketed with the expectation of good prices should never be allowed to run or feed around straw stacks. Feeding racks to be tightly boarded to within six or seven inches of the ground so as to prevent chaff getting into the neck and head wool. When sheep are fed on the ground, feed should never be thrown over their backs but they should if possible be kept out of the yard while the feed is being placed on the ground and in order to accomplish this in a systematic manner, a separate yard should be provided in which they may be enclosed while placing the feed. It is of course advantageous to select animals of dense compact fleeces which will shed chaff and other refuse, as the foundation stock of the wool producing flock.

In cases where only the neck and shoulder of a fleece contains quantities of chaff, etc., it is advisable to keep these portions of the fleece "localized" and marketed separately, thus saving the rest of the wool from being adversely affected.

In order to maintain care up to the last stages of production of the wool crop, it is advised that shearing on the ground be avoided; a clean floor or a large piece of canvas on the ground, should be under the sheep. The fleece should be kept in one piece and when it is taken off it should be rolled with the cut side outwards. The sides should be folded in before the rolling commences, starting to roll from the tail.

The use of binder twine for tying up fleece is not advised; a special paper twine is procurable for this purpose.

The Fanning Mill

ONE of the important chores of the winter is that of cleaning the seed grain in preparation for spring work. By taking plenty of time in advance, the task is far more likely to be thoroughly done than if it were left until the general work becomes speeded up by the proximity of spring. The seed grain on which the farmer depends for a considerable part of his income is worthy of considerable care in the cleaning process. The very best of the grain produced on the farm should be saved and used for seed, therefore the early cleaning will assure to a great extent its being used for this purpose while the cleanings may be used for feeding purposes. Running the grain through the fanning mill two or three times should not be considered too much work if the very best kind of seed is desired. The first fanning will remove chaff, dirt and light kernels; the subsequent fannings will grade up the seed and secure the most uniform, plumpest and heaviest kernels; which only should be used for seed.

If it is necessary that seed grain be purchased, it is well to examine it closely, and if not properly cleaned, it should be given an additional fanning.

The fanning mill should be overhauled and put in good running order before the fanning of the seed commences. The gears should be well oiled and all slackness tightened up. A loose fanning mill will allow small seeds to sift through when they should be fanned out.

What He Wanted

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Dixon," said the girl to the young man who had asked if he might take her into supper at the dance, "but I've promised to go in to supper with someone else; but I'll introduce you to a very handsome and clever girl."

"No," replied the disappointed young man disconsolately, "I don't want a handsome and clever girl; I want you."

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□ DR. GENE'S CONQUEST—Continued from page 8 □

Sylvia, a very excited Sylvia, her eyes red from crying and, he noticed with professional eyes, several scratches on her pretty face, met him at the door. She quickly led the way to the living room where Cornie Gibson, white and pallid, lay on the lounge. One precursory glance and Gene's voice took on the edge of a rapier as he ordered hot water and asked Sylvia to telephone Dr. Logan. Then he knelt beside the injured man and staunch the blood which flowed freely from several gaping cuts. There were no bones broken, he was glad of that.

Dr. Logan, an old, grizzled, fatherly man, entered just as Gene had finished baring his right arm and was applying a powerful disinfectant to a spot just above the elbow. The old doctor looked at the figure on the lounge, then at Gene, then back to the other. He understood immediately but he shook his head in doubt.

"Hasn't he got any relatives in town, Gene boy?"

Gene shook his head and continued with his preparations, adjusting a tourniquet.

"Nearest relative lives three hundred and fifty miles away. There is no hope for him unless a transfusion of blood is effected now. We're taking a chance, I know, but there is no time to test blood and besides we have not the equipment. Are you ready, Doctor?"

"He'll need a pile," demurred the old doctor, regarding Gene almost lovingly.

hands, in fact, he had the appearance of a man who tastes defeat when he had expected to taste victory. Gene noted it and wondered.

Cornie had barely left the office when the telephone rang. The office girl smiled slightly as she referred the call to the Doctor. It was Sylvia. Could he come over for dinner? He promised gladly and proposed a ride afterward, which invitation she accepted.

GENE did a lot of thinking that afternoon. He wanted to press his suit with Sylvia and at the same time, he hardly dared. The cock-sure attitude toward Sylvia, so natural to him just a short time previous, had completely disappeared. Still, "nothing venture, nothing gain," and so he determined to try again.

But as they arose from the table, a sudden change took place in his plans. Mrs. Mondell, weary from the strain of the day, started to collect the dishes, Sylvia helping. A feeling of sympathy for the old lady prompted him to ask her to accompany them on the ride, even though he realized that it would spoil his plans. Mrs. Mondell accepted smilingly. Gene did not notice the strange look on Sylvia's face.

The ride was pleasant indeed, that is, with certain disconcerting elements left out. Sylvia was very quiet; scarcely spoke. Even after they arrived home, she still refused to talk although she



Ladies' Hockey Teams at the Banff Carnival, 1923.

Sylvia stepped forward with a cry of eager willingness on her lips but Gene abruptly waved her back.

"That won't do, Doctor. We're taking a chance with one, and with two the risk is doubled."

The old doctor nodded as he turned to Gene and introduced the needle into the blue vein standing out lightly just above the elbow joint. He drew out the plunger and filled the syringe, the crimson color climbing slowly up the glass barrel, and then leaned over the still form and made an injection, at the same point from which the blood had been drawn. Gene watched anxiously and then uttered a pleased exclamation as a slight flush spread over the white face and a gleam of life transformed the glazed eyes. Again and again the syringe drew its quota of life-saving blood and transferred it to the depleted veins of the slowly reviving Cornie, until Gene's face had paled and a strange feeling of weakness told of the terrific drain made upon him. Then, and not until then, did old Dr. Logan call a halt.

When Gene bade Sylvia good night, he fancied he saw a new light of tender comradeship in her eyes. He left with a warm feeling playing in the neighborhood of his heart and with the spark of hope burning energetically.

Cornie recovered in a few days. He called on Dr. Gene in the latter's office and heartily expressed his gratitude. However, his face was sombre as he shook

not ungraciously accepted an invitation to a short walk in the park.

If Gene ever felt surprised, he did that night. With hesitant fear, he again told her of his love only to find that he had awakened a tiny tempest. Sylvia was too well bred to allow anger to gain visible mastery over her, nevertheless, she had a hard time to control her voice as she coldly repulsed his advances and asked him never to broach the subject again or, until she had given some sign that it would be acceptable. The walk home was made in silence; Sylvia, angry and on the verge of tears; Gene, too puzzled to think connectedly.

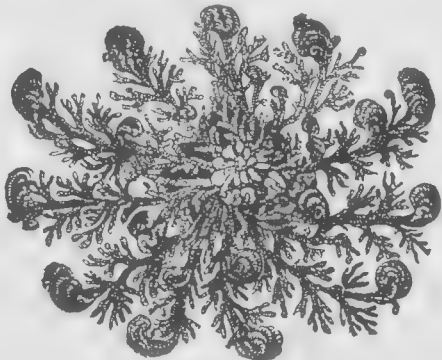
One thing was certain, Gene told himself that night before dropping off into slumber. Sylvia cared more than she would express. But he must not speak again. There was still another way, however. With this cheering thought, he fell asleep.

The very next evening, after he was certain that the weather would be propitious, he telephoned Sylvia and asked her out. She hesitated a moment and then, in rather a tired voice, accepted. She breathed the same atmosphere of weariness as she climbed slowly into the car.

The darkness of the night was slightly dispelled by the silvery strains of light that floated down from the moon. The air was delightfully balmy, in short, the weather was ideal. Gene was in high

Continued on page 39

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THE FOWL SUPPER—Continued from page 6

JOE Smith and Tom Clark were sitting in the Livingstone's kitchen. They were threshers spending the night at the Livingstone's for, in spite of Fowl Suppers, the Livingstones had had to have "the thresher" that day.

Needless to say they were surprised and not a little alarmed to see the two women with their dresses bespattered with blood and trailing four headless turkeys appear at the door.

It was then that Mrs. Livingstone showed her generalship.

"Joe! Tom! These turkeys have got to be cooked and at the hall by half-past eight or thereabouts. Get after the feathers on this one, as quick as you can, Mrs. McAvity'll go for another."

Her voice was such that that very minute the feathers started to fly.

"Where's Tilda?" she asked of the men. Tilda was the hired woman; a half-witted, middle-aged woman who had lived with the family for the last five years.

"Tilda! Tilda!" she shrieked, "Come here quick—quick!"

"Marcy me! What's gone wrong!" answered a voice through the stove pipe hole.

"Come down at once—at once—don't wait for nothing."

Matilda came—wild-eyed with fear, dreading that something serious had gone wrong.

"Tilda, I want this oven heated at once for cooking turkeys. Use kindlin's or anything you can lay your hand on. Only get a good fire goin'. And hustle, if you ever hustled. The minute you get this fire goin' good fix up the one in the outside kitchen and then come and start in on pickin' one of these turkeys."

"Now boys, you hustle with that one and then turn to on Tilda's—don't waste a moment. I'll take the insides out and make quick work of it. I'll soon have this dressing done. We won't dress 'em all."

By the time the dressing was done the feathers were off the first turkey. Mrs. Livingstone soon "planked" in the dressing. In an almost incredible time number one turkey was in the oven. By this time Tilda and the boys were well under way with another while Mrs. McAvity working at almost lightning speed had about completed the third. Then Mrs. Livingstone stood

over them all and grabbed feathers from the breasts, backs—anywhere.

The minute the third turkey was in the oven Mrs. Livingstone heaved a sigh of relief. She had not had time to think of being tired. Then she announced.

"Now I am off to the hall to tell them we're going to have hot turkey ready by a quarter to nine for the Millerville Aid. And don't you ever, any of you, for the life of you—breathe a word that they had to be cooked special. Mrs. McAvity, you hurry them on with the fourth, and keep the fires goin' whatever you do. I'll be back by half-past eight or thereabouts."

"I'll see to them, don't you worry," answered Mrs. McAvity between feathers.

By this time the Livingstone kitchen looked like a slaughter house and a feather bed, combined, and—smelled like Christmas.

"WELL, I declare, Mrs. McAvity, if you haven't got lots of turkey yet! And hot at that. And it's nearly nine o'clock! You couldn't have had much of a crowd," said Mrs. Pickett. President of the Millerville Aid to the President of the Stanton Aid, as she was being served with a piping plate of mashed potatoes, gravy and choice, well-cooked cuts of hot turkey and dressing.

"We didn't have a mite of turkey left, or any kind of fowl, by eight o'clock at our supper. We had such a crowd—served a good two hundred and fifty," continued another member of the Millerville Aid.

The President continued in still more condescending tone.

"Too bad you didn't have the crowd, after all your work. But then, of course you couldn't expect your supper to assume the proportions of ours."

"We've served just exactly three hundred and seventy persons—not counting you folk, ladies," informed Mrs. Livingstone in a ringing tone as she helped bountifully serve the Millerville ladies.

"The Stanton people are a generous people you know," politely responded the Stanton President. "And then you see we believe in being fore-handed."

"Five-handed, you mean—you've forgot Tilda," whispered Mrs. Livingstone in her ear.

DR. GENE'S CONQUEST—Continued from page 38

spirits although Sylvia was strangely silent. He chatted merrily and sang light hearted snatches of song as he piloted the car through the town and out upon the country roads. Out some miles and then back again by another road, which, Sylvia noticed vaguely, was the same road they had travelled one time before, not in the very indistinct past. Her pulse quickened, however, when on the identical spot they had stopped on another occasion, he again brought the car to a standstill.

There was understanding in the silence that reigned. The only sounds that could be heard was the gentle sighing of the wind as it ruffled its way through the leafy tree tops. Away off in the distance a dog barked, the sound softened by the intervening space until it caressed the ears with almost refreshing touch. Little points of light glittered here and there as the fireflies darted back and forth.

Gene's heart was beating like a trip hammer and, for some reasons, he found it difficult to breathe properly. Fear tore at his heart with ruthless hands but he fought it off. As one who expects to be repulsed, he slowly placed his arm on the back of the seat. Sylvia said nothing but she caught her breath sharply and trembled. Slowly again, the arm left the back of the seat and descended until it rested on the trembling shoulders of the girl. As Gene slowly drew the girl to himself, she leaned toward him with almost a sob in her voice and pillowed her head on his broad shoulder. Gene held her in a rapturous embrace while his lips found hers.

"I love you, Sylvia."

The girl raised her lips again and then snuggled closer.

"Sylvia," Gene whispered in her ear, "why did you become so angry at me last night?"

"Oh, Gene, I—"

"Tell me, Sylvia." The tone was confident but Sylvia did not object.

The girl raised her head and looked full into his smiling face; then smiled back.

"It was selfish of me, Gene. I'm sorry. I—" it was the girl's turn to stammer, "I love you, Gene. I wanted you to tell me last night, on the ride."

Gene held the girl close. The light of the moon still percolated down and the wind sighed as it moved gently through the trees. Afar off in the distance, the dog still raised its voice. The two revelled in the atmosphere of sweet peace. At last the girl spoke.

"I'm so glad, Gene."

Dr. Gene's conquest was over. He had won.

High Clouds

The shadows lengthen 'neath
The wind-blown sky,
Where billowy waves of cloud
Fly far, and high.

To kiss at times the peak
Of mountain crest,
Where lingering shafts of gold
Adorn the west.

Like spectre ships they float,
Ethereal, soft, and light
And drift away,
To somewhere and to night.

—Lorraine Ballantyne,

Do Girls eat enough?



Sir Malcolm Morris, who holds a commanding place in British Medicine, has just stated that Girls do not eat enough. Light pastries, snatch meals, "teas," are insufficient to maintain really good health.

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How My Wife Learned to Play the Piano in 90 Days

A husband's story of the fulfilment of a life-long wish—by a new, easy, spare-time method which has brought the joy of music into thousands of silent homes

FROM boyhood, I vowed that if ever I had a home of my own there would be music in it. No wife for me unless she could play some instrument, and play it well.

But one day Beth came along, knowing not one note from another, and Beth is Mrs. Taylor today. A piano graced our new home, but somehow the old vow was forgotten, and stayed forgotten until Jimmy Jr., and Beth No. 2 were quite some youngsters.

Then along about the time the novelty of parenthood began to wear off a bit, the yearning for music came back. And one evening I spoke out, "Beth, I'd give a hundred dollars, if you could play something—piano, violin, banjo, ukulele—anything." Beth looked so hurt I was ashamed of myself, so I said no more.

About three months later I got home early one night and heard the old piano come to life—first a little jazzy piece, then a sweet plantation melody. And there at the piano was Beth, playing, and the two kiddies beating time! She saw me, and stopped. "Oh," she cried, "I'm so sorry!" "Believe me, I'm not," I shouted, and I grabbed the whole family up in my arms.

"But, Jim, I wanted to wait and surprise you when I could really play. I'm learning fast, but it's only three months since I found out"—"Found out what?" I said. Beth began to cry. "I know," Jimmy Jr. piped up, "Mother found out the way to learn music just like I am learning to read in school—only lots easier."

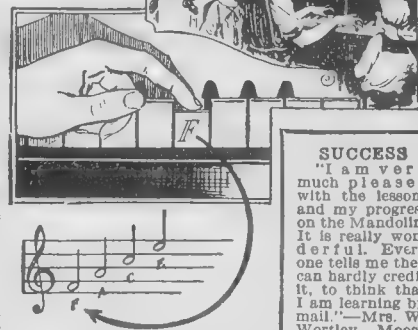
Well, that musical party lasted all the evening. It was a howling success.

Jimmy Jr. had told the truth; the method Beth had found was so easy that anyone at all, from 8 years up, could learn it. By this method the U. S. School of Music, the largest in the world, has already trained over 300,000 people, teaching the playing of any musical instrument almost in the same way a school-child learns to read.

When first learning to read you look at every letter separately, and spell out every word, c-a-t, m-a-n. Later you do not see the letters; you see the words as units, "cat," "man." By and by longer words become units to you, and you find that whole expressions, like "up the steps," "on the train," no longer are seen as separate words, but immediately, at one instant, without spelling, without thinking words, you see each expression in the unit form.

The alphabet of music follows the alphabet of language. Each note is a letter, and playing is practically spelling the notes together correctly. The first note on the staff above is F. Whether you sing or play, it is always F. The four notes shown above are F-A-C-E, easy to remember because they spell "face." Certain strings on mandolin, certain keys on piano, certain parts of all instruments, are these same notes. Once you learn them, playing melodies is a matter of acting what you see. You play almost before you realize it—and every step is real fun, fascinating, simple, interesting, almost too good to be true.

Remember, neither my wife, nor most of the 300,000 other musicians trained by this method knew anything about music. Beth mastered the piano;



she could just as easily have mastered anything else. Jimmy Jr., is now taking up violin, and my daughter is learning singing. Right at home, no costly teacher, no classes at inconvenient hours, no useless study and practice. No numbers, no tricks, no make-shifts. But a sound, quick musical education, learning by notes. Anyone can learn any instrument or sing this way.

When I told Beth I was writing this out to put in a magazine, she told me to be sure and say that the school will gladly send a free book explaining everything, called "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," also an illustrated folder explaining their easy print-and-picture method. Also that right now there is a special short-time Reduced Price Offer being made to music lovers. The book is free—but you should send for it right away before all copies are gone.

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NOTE: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to



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□ □ UMINGMUK—Continued from page 5 □ □

Carefully Buffalo Smith made his plans. The musk-oxen were hobbled and driven to Fort Rae. From this point their captor had figured out a route which gave a better connected line of water and shorter portages than going back to Fort Norman. At Fort Rae the musk-oxen were corralled till the time when the arrival of the scow boats would make possible a start for civilization.

Then had happened the unexpected thing, a great disaster, which no white man could have foreseen; which Buffalo Smith, least of all, never dreamed of.

In the capture of the six musk-oxen and in the work of bringing them to Fort Rae, he had been ably assisted by the twenty Dog Ribs, each receiving for their labor the sum of one dollar and a half per day, grub and tobacco, high wages for the region at that time. On arrival at Fort Rae they had also helped to build the corral to hold the beasts. In view of these things, Buffalo Smith never dreamed of treachery, for his was the psychology of the white man, which, never since first white man met with red, has understood the latter.

Then the fifth morning at Fort Rae, when Buffalo Smith came out from the trader's cabin to gaze fondly at his six hairy captives, an action which had been his each morning immediately after arising since his arrival, his artistic soul was numbed with horror—dead all the musk-oxen lay, their throats slashed cruelly with treacherous knife thrusts made by the Dog Rib hunters, the very men that had worked so faithfully in their capture and accepted pay from Buffalo Smith.

Gone were the Dog Ribs. Silently the twenty had fled into the summer night following their wanton action. Even then Buffalo Smith would have been at a loss to explain this deed so dastardly, except for the aid of the Hudson's Bay Company trader, a man old in the service and blessed with a native wife, but one who loved him deeply and so confided the secret of the musk-oxen's slaughter.

The Dog Ribs had feared that the taking of the animals alive to civilization would prove a tremendous advertisement to induce countless white men into the region to hunt the musk-ox, a privilege which had been solely the Indians since time immemorial. The coming of many white men meant extinction to the musk-oxen; while the Dog Ribs were not personally great on conservation, if any slaughtering was to be done, they wished to do it themselves. All these thoughts had been in the minds of the twenty Dog Ribs on the first day of Buffalo Smith's expedition when he had hired them at Fort Norman. But Indians are long headed and crafty. Believing all big game hunting white men possessed of enormous wealth, the Dog Ribs saw in Buffalo Smith fair prey, a man to be exploited to the limit of their powers. So when he laid his plan before them of capturing the musk-oxen alive, they enthusiastically had endorsed it, for it meant to each of them one dollar and a half a day, grub and tobacco, a veritable Godsend to them, the most improvident of all northland people.

Sixteen weeks of pay, grub and tobacco had they profited from by their action. Then, at Fort Rae, with the time drawing near for the arrival of the boats from the outside with supplies, which boats Buffalo Smith was going to charter on their return journey, the Dog Ribs had cut the throats of their oxen, thus effectually preventing their hunting grounds being advertised.

Heart broken, Buffalo Smith had stood eyeing his shattered hopes that lay in the hairy forms he had so proudly lassoed and brought to this point available to water transportation. The long hours of deadly toil he had spent upon the Barrens through sixteen weeks to accomplish the animals' capture came back and made his cup more bitter. Never had man worked harder; never had a labor been accomplished after more false alarms of the musk-ox sighting, more disappointing escapes, and harder slaving to make the final capture.

Yet in this dread hour of awful revelation, Buffalo Smith remained the artist; he rose superior to defeat and made high resolve to succeed in the future, to accomplish this feat he had this time so nearly done.

It was then too late in the season to try again. Besides he, like all true artists, was forced to think of money;

at the moment felt the pinch of necessity. The expedition had consumed much of his capital, eaten up money which he had expected to get back with a profit from the sale of the musk-oxen to the Zoological Gardens, London. However, he knew he could get the amount of money he needed to make possible a second expedition, for his reputation as a procurer of various wild animals was sufficiently well established with half a dozen private collectors and the men in charge of several great zoological gardens to permit of his securing the advance of any sum he wanted to carry out a projected scheme. But the obtaining of this money necessitated a return to civilization. So Buffalo Smith, quite undaunted by his failure, only regretting the time he must lose through this forced returning, and certain still of eventual success, left Fort Rae and travelled those long northern miles of difficult traversing that lay between it and Edmonton, the gateway to the outside world.

His travel, negotiations, and outfitting for the new northern journey took much time. Thus it was that not until the autumn of 1911 did Buffalo Smith once more step into the arctic region, and this time by route entirely different.

Loading his eight hundred pounds of outfit on the whaling schooner Ena at New Bedford, he had come to Chesterfield Inlet on Hudson Bay, thence by canoe up the Inlet to Baker Lake, and on with a party of fifty Eskimo and their family by Shultz and Aberdeen Lakes to the Arklinik river, for Buffalo Smith was one of those men who seem gifted with an ability to find new game regions—a sort of sixth sense it is, one which in his case had made him among the most famous modern wild animal hunters in the entire world.

This new route into this part of the Northland he had examined on the best maps made by the few explorers who had travelled through it. Guided mainly by that of Hanbury, perhaps the most thorough and painstaking explorer of this portion of the arctic region in modern times, and benefitting by much of Hanbury's advice, Buffalo Smith had seen how much easier the Baker Lake, Chesterfield Inlet and Hudson Bay route was to transport live musk-oxen over than the one he had previously been about to use when misfortune prevented.

On Beverly Lake he had wintered with his Eskimo. In the months of waiting for the Spring when the dash into the musk-ox country could be made he learned, as had learned all the scientific white men before him—ethnologists, geographers, geologists and writers—how vastly superior as companions were the Eskimos to the Indians. Straightforward, never breaking a contract, happy and lighthearted as children, good workers, always quick to help, and rising superior to their harsh environment in manner the Indians of the northland never did, the Eskimo is a splendid ally to the white man who plays fair, though, alas for the honor of the so-called superior race, too many whites have proved themselves most arrant knaves and thus made harder the way of the white travellers who by nature deal squarely with all men with whom they come in contact. Some of the men who accompanied Buffalo Smith had been victims of white unfairness. But Buffalo Smith was a born mixer, a man most adaptable to any race, and quickly won all their hearts, and the rest of the party, some of whom had never looked on the face of a white man.

An Eskimo nearly always insists on taking his family wherever he goes, to which Buffalo Smith had gladly acquiesced, as the women and elder children would prove valuable in his plan, the success of which largely depended on an extensive number of helpers.

Winter had retreated late from the Barrens in 1912, so it was not until May was half gone that one day Buffalo Smith and his followers, fifty-two men, fourteen boys, between twelve years and sixteen, nine girls of similar ages, and forty-eight women, crossed the Arklinik River about a hundred miles above where it forks with the Hanbury and began in earnest the difficult task of rounding up the musk-oxen alive.

To be continued in February Issue.

A HOME FOR IDA—Continued from page 11

talk. I wish you had come to dinner. It's so much fun to cook and talk at once. Heard from Joe lately?"

"Not since Christmas," admitted Ida hesitatingly.

"What do you think of doing this Fall?"

"I don't know," then setting her jaw firmly she went on—"I've thought some of going west."

"Out where Joe is?" beamed Rosalee. "That would be great."

"Maybe he doesn't want me," suggested Ida. It was more of a question than a statement.

"Maybe," agreed Rosalee, "His not writing looks that way, but he might have another reason."

Ida looked up quickly. "That's what I've thought. He was so hopeful last Fall. Maybe things didn't turn out as he expected."

Rosalee was silent.

After a pause Ida continued, "I could apply for a school and just go out there casually, you know."

Rosalee regarded her earnestly. "Ida," she asked presently, "What did you tell him the night before he left?"

"That he would have to have a home and something to start on."

"Then," said Rosalee, "perhaps I have something you would like to see."

She stepped to the book case, drew out a letter and handed it to Ida. Without another word she left the room so that Ida might be alone.

The letter was from Joe. It read:—

"Dear Rosalee; This is going to be a glum letter so get ready. My crop is gone. Not one drop of any kind of moisture have I seen since May, and lately the wind has been blowing a hurricane and as hot as the inside of the furnace. I never saw weather like it and I guess from the talk no one else ever did either. I've been talking to some of the old timers and I'm thoroughly convinced that this is the place for me, but I wish I could have hit it a year sooner. I guess you know why. I quit writing to Ida when my last horse died last winter. It'll be three or four years before I'll be on my feet again, and I couldn't ask her to wait. She's probably found some one else by now. It's infernally lonesome here sometimes, but it wouldn't do me any good to come back, and anyway I want to stick it out. This is the first job I ever hit that I got downright interested in. Give Ralph and the Kid my love. Your lonesome bub. Joe."

When Rosalee came back she found Ida at the desk blotting a freshly written letter. She handed it to Rosalee to read.

"County Superintendent, Powder River County, Montana," she had written, "I should like to secure a school in your country for the coming term."

Rosalee read no further, "You splendid girl," she said earnestly, "Then every thing is all right?"

"All right with me," replied Ida, "Poor Joe."

IT was the first day of September. The auto stage from Miles City carried a trim but travel-weary little passenger. All day long the strong south wind had whipped dust from the dry ruts into their faces. All day long the sun had shone burning hot out of a cloudless sky. All day long they had wound back and forth through barren, desert-like, sage brush wastes and strips of hills grown thick with scrub pine. And all day long the passenger had plied the sun browned young driver with questions. How far out were the homestead lands? Was her school on the main road and did the pines grow there? Did he by any chance know where Joe Lester's place was? When he answered "Sure," to the last question, and described its location as on the main road, just two miles this side of her boarding place, it seemed to make her very happy. Then toward evening they pulled into the last stretch of pine hills, and the little passenger seemed to feel that she was coming home.

"Oh I love it all," she breathed rapturously once, "Isn't it beautiful?"

"It is that," he assented heartily. Then as they turned around, "That's Joe's place just ahead. He's left for

the winter." Through the corner of his eye he saw the little passenger start and turn her face quickly away. Being a kind hearted boy he continued, "A bunch of the fellows left that had bad luck last summer. Went down to Wyoming to try to make a stake for next year. They'll be back in April, I guess, to begin their spring work."

IDA worked hard that winter and her work was unbounded joy; for like Joe, she too was convinced that this was "the place" for her. When bundled in wool coat and scarf and mittens and leggings her cap pulled low over her ears, she battled her way to school against a rattling north west wind, she felt a thrill she had never known before. She gloried in the snows that buried hill and flat in ever increasing depths of drift and filled the coulees to their pine grown rims. And when the temperature had dropped suddenly one morning to thirty-five degrees below she only smiled and watched the matchless glory of the sun rise as it played queer tricks with the tops of the east hills. She wrote to Rosalee often, but she left it to Rosalee's own discretion whether or not Joe should know where she was.

Then on the heels of the long cold winter came a tardy spring. Ida watched it coming in the muddy torrents that tore down the ruts of the road and went roaring over some precipitate wall to swell the current in some coulee. She watched it in the grass sprouts that stood up fresh and green where only yesterday had been a drift.

And then one day Joe came. He rode past the school house with two other horsemen at recess. Some of the older boys spoke to him. They called him "Joe." Ida too, had become "Ida" to the people whom she knew. She was one of them and she was glad to know that Joe was too. She was not disappointed when he rode straight past. She had not expected that Rosalee would tell him. He was no doubt riding down to the store and he might hear there.

He did. At four-thirty when Ida was closing her desk and carefully putting it in order for the next day, she heard footsteps outside and looking up saw Joe in the doorway.

"Hello Ida," he beamed, "Gee it's good to see you here." Then he came straight up and took both her hands in his. "I've just been down to mail a letter to you and learned this quite by accident. You little gold brick! How did you happen to come?"

Ida had not withdrawn her hands. She looked tenderly up into his sun-browned face. "I had to, Joe. Rosalee showed me that letter."

"What letter?" he shot at her.

"The one where you told about your crop being gone, and I—"

"The dickens she did," then he grinned. "I surely felt like a failure about then. So you came out to cheer me up?"

"I came out," said Ida earnestly, "to show you that I wasn't quite so mercenary as I seemed and since we had come to see things alike the other things didn't really matter."

He took her face between his hands and tilted it upward. "Ida, you're solid gold," he said solemnly. "But I won't give you quite such a raw deal as that, honey. I paid off my debt this morning and I bought two horses on my way back from Wyoming; this fellow I'm riding and a mate to him. My shack isn't much of a home, but next fall if my crop makes good I'll fix it up and put a little good furniture in it—"

But Ida interrupted, "I think your shack is lovely for a beginning, Joe, just as it is, and I've saved up enough to get my furniture." He hid her blush on his corduroy shoulder.

After a pause he said softly very near her ear, "Ida, I'm going to plow a garden spot to-morrow." His voice was full of the old bubbling good humor. "Isn't it about time to begin to put it in?"

"Next week," she answered promptly, "We'll have to go to town Saturday to buy the seeds and—"

"Get the license," he finished for her.

"Silly," she smiled up at him, "That goes without saying. I was going to say and get a hoe and rake."



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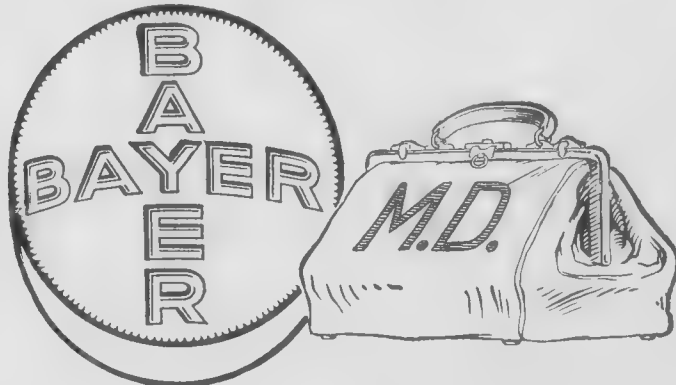
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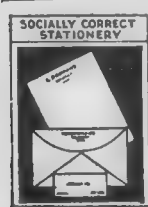
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CANADIAN INSPIRATION FROM CANADIAN EXAMPLE—Continued from page 14

team with romances of success and prosperity wrested from the soil. Success in agriculture is a very subtle matter. The layman, contemplating launching out on such a venture, cannot be convinced that granting he works hard enough there is any chance of failure. The man who has tried knows that it comes well within the realm of possibility. All over Canada one will encounter instances of two men having commenced farming at the same time, on adjoining pieces of land, under exactly similar circumstances, the one to win prosperity, the other apparently doomed to failure. It isn't the land. It isn't the climate. It isn't a matter of possessing expensive and elaborate farming equipment. One can only conclude it is that combination of personal qualities which make for success in any other phase of life. It is curious but true that the outstanding farming successes of Western Canada are the accomplishments of immigrants who came practically penniless to the country or who in the same poverty moved from the Eastern provinces.

Who are Canada's first farmers? No greater honor can come to a farmer than to have produced the world's champion grain or livestock and many Canadians have accomplished this in competition with the rest of the world. For eleven years out of the last twelve Canada has grown the world's finest wheat as adjudged at the Chicago International Exhibition as well as secured the highest awards for a greater variety of crops. A survey of the list of these winners of supreme agricultural honors makes interesting and astonishing reading. Not a man among them but started his farming career in straightened circumstances and won out to world fame against the greatest possible handicaps and with the greatest number of obstacles to surmount.

Down through the pages of Canadian history there is no one man who has brought greater renown to Canada than Seager Wheeler. He revolutionized wheat growing on the continent by producing a grain which matures earlier. He has achieved a world's record production by growing eighty-two bushels of wheat to an acre, and has been the champion wheat grower of the globe no less than six times. The son of South of England fisher folk he graduated from a railway book-stall to a Western homestead and started with nothing. Even when he grew the world's champion wheat for the first time and secured the \$1,000 donated by the Canadian Pacific Railway he was in such sore straits that the money was soon swallowed up. Now he sells his wheat for \$30 a bushel and can't grow enough—great encouragement for the immigrant city boy without funds.

Old man Maynard of Manitoba was frequently Seager Wheeler's runner-up for world wheat honors, and several times provincial wheat champion. When the Great West called him he was working at a tailor's bench in England and as deficient in agricultural experience as in the possession of worldly goods. He commenced his farming career at an advanced age in the face of every possible discouragement, but won through to become one of Manitoba's most successful and prosperous agriculturists.

Samuel Larcombe is perhaps a close rival in the same province and in his thirty years of farming in Manitoba has carried off no less than three thousand prizes including the world's championship for wheat once and on two occasions world sweepstakes. He started amassing honors with his first seeded crop in Canada, and has continued at the rate of a hundred a year. He left a little market garden in England to take a quarter-section in Canada, and it is not a difficult matter to judge in what financial circumstances an English market gardener would emigrate. He is another shining example to a boy or man who considers poverty a handicap to winning success in Canada.

The same trend is evident in the growing of other crops. It would seem to be a distinct advantage to commence in poverty and without experience. J. C.

Hill, who for so many years secured the oat championship of the world with grain grown on his Alberta farm, came from an English city with extremely slim resources. In the way he tackled his job, however, it did not take him long to outstrip other farmers who were able to commence operations with every possible initial advantage.

The man who wrested the honors from him was J. G. Lucas of the same province, who, up to his maturity, had lived in Stratford, Ontario, and didn't know oats when he saw them growing. On his own confession he hadn't a solitary cent after paying the filing fee on his homestead, and yet his name is today internationally famous. Which goes to show that the Canadian city boy can occasionally outdistance the immigrant, and that all Canadian successes do not come from Europe.

To make his possibilities of farming success as remote as possible, Nick Taitenger came from Belgium without a cent and minus an arm which he had lost at work in a coal mine. There must be a most engrossing romance between this discouraging commencement and his emergence as the barley champion of the world which he has been for several years.

In the realm of livestock it would still seem to be requisite or at least a decided advantage to make the most insignificant and obscure beginning. There does not seem to be any large horse or cattle establishment but had a puny origin. George Hoadley, whose career has already been noted, has possibly the finest livestock establishment in Alberta. George Lane, who has the world's largest purchased horse ranch and stocked the ranch of the Prince of Wales with Percherons, came up from across the line to punch cows and his little saddle mare was the foundation of the present gigantic ranch. Frank Collicutt who, in "Willow Springs" Alberta, has possibly the largest Hereford establishment on the continent, commenced his useful life as a newsboy, and made a start as a rancher with one solitary scrub dogey.

These romances are not of the past but of Canada today. Fresh ones crop up each year as the Dominion adds to the agricultural honors she is piling up. At the International Exhibition at Chicago last year five championships came to Canada—wheat, oats, barley, rye and field peas. Four of the farmers bringing these world honors to their adopted country were immigrants, all of whom had set out upon farming careers under the most unpromising circumstances. R. O. Wyler of Saskatchewan, the new wheat champion, exceptional in that he is the descendant of generations of farming stock, came from the United States with next to nothing and owes his success entirely to his own endeavors coupled with Canada's soil and climate. J. W. Biglands, the Alberta farmer who, after many near successes, wrested away the championship for oats, faced the same prospects when he came from England some years ago a poor young man.

THEY are not all farmers who make the first farming successes of Western Canada. An inspiring story for Eastern Canadian youths is that of the Wilson brothers who went from Ontario with but little of this world's goods to take homesteads in Saskatchewan, and there developed the largest farming enterprise in the province. Lake View Farm at Harris consists of 5,588 acres of land. It contains three large barns, a grain elevator, bungalow, two cottages, several small sleeping houses, and a general store which supplies all goods to the numerous employees. There are two hundred Clydesdales and three hundred Shorthorn cattle on the ranch, which contains likewise much other livestock. In 1922 forty thousand bushels of wheat and thirty thousand bushels of oats were produced. Yet when John A., Thomas R., and J. A. B. Wilson first settled in Saskatchewan they were so poor that they could not afford to erect a house and lived in a tent and mud shack which

CANADIAN INSPIRATION FROM CANADIAN EXAMPLE—Continued from page 42

they built. Their first grain was hauled 65 miles, and they had to wait years for a railroad. They themselves would be the last to suggest that such unparalleled success was not within the reach of any Eastern Canadian boy imbued with the ambition to attain the same heights.

The same is true of every phase of Canadian activity. Whilst Canada is largely dependent upon, and waits for, outside capital to develop her tremendous natural resources there are innumerable instances in modern Canadian business history of large and prominent business enterprises developed from the most puny of beginnings. If we mention here a few which become evident on a rough, general survey of the country at the present time it is merely because they are typical of hundreds of others from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A remarkable story is that of Donald Fraser, who died in New Brunswick not long ago; one of the continent's lumber barons. He came to Canada from Scotland in 1878 and spent his last few pennies for a night's shelter when he landed. He secured work on the railway, and after saving his money for a few years invested his funds in a tiny lumber mill. He boarded the few men he employed, and his wife did the cooking. Gradually, year by year, he extended and expanded his business until, when he died, this penniless immigrant boy owned twenty large lumber mills in New Brunswick and Quebec, two pulp mills in New Brunswick, and controlled thousands of acres of valuable timber land in the two provinces.

England contributed another great industrialist to the province in the person of Jim Pinder, railway builder and mill owner, though his early years did not promise him so prosperous or influential a career. He came with his parents from Yorkshire when a small boy, but soon left his father's farm and went to Fredericton, where he worked for a year in a store. Later he learned the carpenter trade, which he followed for sixteen years, taking an intelligent and active interest in public affairs meanwhile. Thirty miles from Fredericton he started a small lumber mill in 1871, which has gradually expanded until to-day it is a gigantic enterprise giving employment to many operatives and sending a big crew of men into the woods

each winter. He was entirely responsible for the foundation and growth of the Village of Pinder, and built the Southampton Railway. Many subservient public positions led to the provincial legislature in 1892, where he still sits.

Several men have reached the summits of success in Canada when they could not vision the same opportunity for them in the United States. Outstanding among these was Ezra Butler Eddy, and though he has been dead some years, his case may be cited as illustrating that all opportunity does not lie across the border and that many crossing it in poverty find success and prosperity in the new land. Ezra Butler Eddy was born in the State of Vermont, and after engaging in the retail trade in New York came to Canada at the age of twenty-four with the small capital he had earned and saved. He rented a small shack on the bank of the Ottawa River and started in to make matches, peddling his output himself. This was the foundation of the E. B. Eddy Company, the largest manufacturer of matches, paper bags, and pulp and sulphide products in the British Empire, whose products are known in every corner of the globe, with factories covering over one hundred acres at Hull, on the boundary between Quebec and Ontario.

IN THE commercial life of the West, one is surely justified in mentioning the name of Alexander Macdonald, head of the wholesale grocery firm of Macdonald-Chapman Ltd., Winnipeg. He is truly an inspiring example. At the age of seventy-two, he is still actively directing the affairs of a business with a larger yearly turn-over than that of any of the governments of the Western provinces.

Sandy, as he is affectionately known, came from the Scottish Highlands in early life, bringing with him a fine, rugged constitution, the courage and determination of his race, and an fascinating Scottish pawkiness. In worldly possessions, his equipment was low. To the task of business building he applied himself with zeal and tenacity. Today his success stands out as a beacon light towards which young men can with profit and safety steer their craft. To come in contact with him and learn something of his experiences in the West and his cheerful outlook on life, is a worthwhile tonic.

His activities are by no means confined to his own business and to the many commercial enterprises with which he is

associated. They find also an outlet in his splendid human sympathies that go out freely to worthy and deserving causes. To the orphan and neglected children of Manitoba, he is especially an outstanding benefactor, and nothing gives him more delight than to see sunshine come into young lives.

Alexander Macdonald stands high as a Canadian with unbounded confidence in the land of his adoption, and still fondly attached to the land of his birth—cherishing its traditions and still able to converse fluently in the Gaelic tongue of his fathers.

The foregoing are merely a few skeletons which may be filled out with the flesh of incident and episode to make the most interesting and inspiring reading. They are but a few samples of a myriad romances being enacted today in this Canada, and the enumeration might be carried on almost ad infinitum, or, certainly, to a reader's boredom. A journalist, free to wander at his own inclination throughout the Dominion, writing up whatever he found sufficiently interesting of this nature, could without the least trouble, furnish a most engrossing story each day of some brilliant success and triumph over obstacles and a poor start in life. One has only to peruse the records of such societies interested in juvenile immigration as the Salvation Army and Dr. Barnardo's Homes to realize that there are no limits fixed to the heights which may be attained by those who come to Canada in the right spirit, no matter how blighted their earlier years, how blunted their initiative.

Canada has the material for as many inspirational stories as any country of her age and development has been capable of. They are, however, largely unwritten and not sufficiently broadcasted. Canada does not make enough of what she has, and back up her promises with the histories of those who have already benefitted by them. The immigrant who comes to the Dominion shores should speedily be made acquainted with them: the Canadian youth should grow up in the full knowledge of what others have made of the opportunity this country extends. A lack of knowledge on such an important subject should for all time be eradicated as a possible factor in permitting newly-made citizens to trickle away or causing the Canadian youth to look beyond the confines of his own country in search of a field in which to initiate his endeavors.

White Lily's Christmas Sermon

By Hew MacLaine

It was from White Lily, the wife of Eagle Eye of Neepawa, and the mother of six of the prettiest children in all Canada, I had word of her happy Christmas of long ago—the Christmas Eve that more than any other meant so much to her, since it revealed to her the real beauty and value of child life.

White Lily, her youngest boy on her knee, was reading the wonderful story of the star that directed the shepherds to the humble birthplace of the founder of Christianity, and her little fellow had seen enough of snow and the star speckled sky to picture in imagination the poetic setting of that pilgrimage towards the sacred shrine. His youthful mind saw the bright dazzling star in the blue heavens, and he saw, too, those meditative shepherds of the plains as they pressed on and on in the direction of the bright and guiding rays. Nestling closer to his mother, he said:

"Was daddy with the shepherds, mummy?"

"No, Vickie," she replied, "It was long before daddy was born."

"Daddy would have been there first, for see how big and strong and brave he is."

"Yes, and Vickie will try to be like daddy, big and strong and brave and good, won't he, for surely you know that daddy, and mummy too, want you to be a good boy and then you will grow up to be a good man."

Nestling still closer and looking into those lustrous brown eyes of hers, the little fellow continued:

"Did the shepherds know the Little Baby when they saw Him in the stable, mummy, and did He cry when the strange men from that far away country came to see Him?"

"No! No! Vickie, He did not cry. He was a good baby, a very good baby, always good as a baby, as a boy, and as a man, and He came into the world to tell little boys like you that to be happy they must always be good."

"Is that why you call him the Goodman?"

"Yes, Vickie."

"Daddy must have been a good boy, for he is the best daddy in Neepawa. Did shepherds come to see him?"

"No, Vickie dear. No shepherds came to see him, but many good Indians did, just as they come to see you. Daddy was born in a prairie log cabin hundreds of miles from here. Some day when you are a big boy we will take you to see that cabin, and you will see the river where the beavers used to build their homes, and the buffalo used to come to drink, and we will take you to the hills where the eagles had their nests."

"Away high up?"

"Yes, high as high."

"High as the sky?"

"Well—almost."

"As high as the big sky, mummy?"

"Yes—almost."

White Lily's eyes moistened, but there was a smile behind her tears. It was on those hill tops she had met Eagle Eye for the first time, that happy day long ago.

"Mummy!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Would the hills be just touching heaven?"

"Yes, Vickie, they have always seemed nearer heaven than most earthly places I know."

"Then, when you take me to the hills I will see the Goodman! Oh, mummy!!!"

Lowering his little hand on his mother's breast, a tear dropped on his cheek, and looking up he saw his mother's dimmed eyes—and the happy glistening smile behind.

"Mummy, mummy," he said, burrowing his head into her bosom. "No shepherds came to see me when I was born, and was that why the Goodman gave you to me to help me to be good like Him? Oh, mummy! You are the best mummy, aren't you, and won't you help me to be good?"

"I'll try, Vickie dear, I'll try."

And as White Lily hugged and kissed her little boy good night, she prayed that she might be spared to guide and help him, and that she might also share in his child-like faith. In his eyes and words she had read her Christmas sermon, just as the priest of Israel of old had his sermon from Samuel the Levite child.



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THE FIRST EXPLORER—Continued from page 17

occupants was pulled up by a rope fastened around his waist and was stunned by striking his head on a rock when he fell. As near as first officer Cook could make out, the rope which caused the accident is a sort of life preserver. It is about twelve feet long. One end is attached about the fisherman's waist, the other to the thwart of the canoe. Evidently in case of the craft overturning or the fisherman being pulled out of his boat by the lunge of an exceptionally large fish when hooked, the man would be saved, as the canoes are unsinkable. They average about fourteen feet long, and are very ingeniously hollowed out from a single log.

When the man came to, he seemed very frightened, but Cook reassured him with smiles and kindly gestures, and asked him to cook some of the fish. It shortly appeared that this man was a chief, for he summoned another native from the woods, evidently a slave. Cook noted a very ingenious thing regarding these natives; they use the wax out of their ears on the point of the firesticks, which by its combustible nature evidently hastens the kindling of the spark.

Cook brought aboard the chief and four of his men, who, from their bearing, were also evidently leaders. I took them over the ship. They seemed awed, and regarded the blocks with evidences of fear, particularly when a puff of wind set one or more of them to creaking.

As the cook had just finished boiling a mess of rice, I had him serve some, also some ship's biscuit and molasses. I invited the visitors to eat, but though I, the first, second and third officers sat down and set them an example by eating, none of them would touch any of the food. They seemed frightened regarding the rice and molasses with particular aversion. Officer Cook then put them ashore, and set about locating the best place for grounding the ship in order to make the necessary repairs to the rudder, as this is the most favorable spot we have come upon since the accident.

April 16th.

This a.m. ran the ship close in to spot as indicated by Cook and prepared for grounding. There is an exceptionally long run of the tide here, and at low water we will be high and dry, but at high tide are sure of floating as I have decided to remove about fifty tons of iron ballast and leave ashore.

Two p.m.—A canoe arrived along with two of the people we met yesterday. They were dressed in a much more striking manner. After considerable sign talk I finally gathered they desired my presence ashore. I decided to go, as they seemed decidedly peaceful. Still I judged it best to take fullest precautions, so left Cook and twelve men aboard.

Went ashore at 3.30 p.m. accompanied by second officer Samson and eight men. Left six men on guard at the boat.

The village consisting of about twenty huge houses, lay close to the water's edge, but a little way from the place where Cook first landed. On landing we were met by three men from the village, evidently headmen. Like the two with us who had first come aboard with the invitation, they were draped in great skin blankets, the parchment-like face of the skin turned outwards. These were covered with weird and wonderful designs depicting the heads of various animals. There were also peculiar arrangements of long curved lines and dots doubtless of varying significance, all denoting a fairly high degree of artistic ability. Accompanied by second officer Samson and two of the men, I was escorted a little distance to the principal house of the village, a truly immense building for such a primitive people to construct. It was about sixty feet long by forty wide, the longest side parallel with the water. It was built of four enormous corner posts, fully two feet in diameter, and evidently buried a good distance in the ground and two centre ones somewhat higher. Upon all of these, great logs were laid horizontally. Over these was laid a sloping roof of cedar boards. The labor required to cut down all these logs and

put them in place, and to split the huge cedar boards used in the walls and the roof, must have been stupendous, as I found they had only the crudest of stone axes, adzes and wedges. The roof boards were weighed down with flat stones, while the wall ones were held in place by stakes driven into the ground. Probably when a village site was moved, these boards were taken up and carried along.

The entrance to the house we entered faced the sea. On entering we found the interior excavated to a distance of about six feet, in such a way as to leave two ledges running around the entire room. These were sufficiently wide to allow two adult persons to lie side by side. In the centre of the floor was a very large open fireplace. Above it was a square hole in the roof about three quarters as large. This hole was lined with long cedar boards which extended down to within about four feet above the fireplace, and also extended above the roof a similar distance. The smoke was thus carried off almost as well as in an English house. As an additional help to this, there was built just beyond the entrance way a distance of perhaps three feet a storm door, a half a rectangle in shape. The open side of this had hung in it a mat of cedar matting. The portal proper of the house had another mat hung in it. Thus when anyone entered, no wind could sweep into the room and blow the smoke about. The top of the chimney was covered by a slanting board to keep out the rain, the smoke escaping between openings in the boards at the side.

Upon our entering the house we found the ledges on three sides of the room occupied to their capacity with sitting men and women. At the rear of the house, in the centre, sat the man Cook first met. He wore a similar blanket-like skin covering, but on his head was a great wooden hat carved like the head and face of a wolf with bared teeth. The imitation was splendidly executed.

Samson and myself and the two men were shown to a seat on the right of the chief. On the left, the men who had brought us took up their position.

Then there entered the house twenty dancers. They walked down the ledge steps onto the floor of the house and began dancing before us. Though very different from my conception of the dance, there was a certain barbaric grace about it which made it attractive. They chanted as they hopped and swayed about. The dance lasted about half an hour. Then the performers went out, and men, evidently slaves, brought in dried fish and berries. Following this half a dozen more entered. These last dancers all wore great wooden head-dresses somewhat similar in design to the chiefs'. These they shook violently as they danced and from the head-dresses were emitted little wisps of very fine down, evidently from the breast of a duck or swan. Some of this settled upon our clothes.

When we had finished eating, the chief arose. Turning to me he pointed to himself several times, each time speaking a word which sounded like Sibisee. I realized after a moment that this was his name, and nodded. Either the light in my eyes or my nod conveyed to him I understood, for he then came closer to me. Without just knowing why, I felt called upon to stand up. Standing beside me he placed his hand on his breast, then carried it from him and touched me on the breast, at the same time pronouncing his name. I was doubtful for a moment what I should do, then decided the safest thing to do would be to perform exactly the same act. So I placed my hand on my breast, then to his, and said "Hale" at which his face lighted. He repeated the name at once, but as he did not pronounce it quite right, I repeated it three times slowly. Each time he said it after me, and finally got it correctly. I then left the house accompanied by my men, who were very much interested and impressed by what they had witnessed.

[Writer's Note. — In connection with the above related facts, there still lies today on the southern end of Pitt Island, British Columbia, Lat. 130 degrees 40 minutes N., Long. 130 degrees 10

minutes west, the rusting remains of what was once a great pile of pig iron bars, commonly used in the 16th century for ballast. This pig iron has been on Pitt Island a great many generations of their people according to the tradition of the Tsimsyen Indians. Incidentally, one of the names of a powerful Tsimsyen family is Hale by name, according to tradition, the property of the Grizzly clan for a great many generations, and bestowed upon the first chief of the clan by a supernatural being who came in the belly of a Hagwelok.]

A BASKET OF SUMMER FRUIT—Continued from page 36

a young man has a silver plate in his head. I wrote that letter because I am the secretary of the church, though perhaps I should tell you that I was the only member of the board who tried to defend his unfitness for his calling.

"But I won't trouble you any longer with a defence of my actions. I see they are not required. Only try and overcome that dislike of me. I shall tell you why some day. It is getting late, and my mother would not like you to leave without some refreshment."

When he had left the room, I bowed my head with shame. There was something fine about Ephraim Tuttle which I had missed entirely. He was a gentleman, far more than I was a lady. He proved it more by walking home with me.

A few days later, there was a commotion in the school which upset the scholars for the day. Mr. Deale fell into the school-house, waving a letter containing a draft to buy a farm. He let me read the postscript. "I am more than sorry that you have no vocation for the church. So is Mum. But as you seem absolutely certain that you are called to operate a farm and get married, go ahead. We shall come out to the wedding in the spring."

They did. It was a silver wedding. It could not be anything else. I became Mrs. Ephraim Tuttle on the same day.

KEEPING WOOD SURFACES LOVELY

Continued from page 31

will only be used on the thoroughly cleansed surfaces two or three times a year.

If you have fallen heir, however, to some of the much less beautiful furniture that swept over the homes at the end of the last century in a highly-varnished flood, you need not despair. It is then that you must look carefully at any piece which offends your sense of beauty, and consider carefully the respective merits of surgery and disguise. Sometimes the mere removal of a sort of applique of machine-made carving, will restore dignity to a piece of furniture long held in contempt. Many a sideboard, many a bureau and bed-top, have been improved in this way and either finished as before or the varnish removed and paint applied.

This is a day when ingenuity will work wonders in the furnishing of a house; but as every housekeeper knows, only regular attention will keep it attractive. *Little and often* is a good rule in the matter of keeping furniture in condition; a thorough cleansing once in a while, in the manner I have suggested, and the regular application of a soft duster moistened with a little of one's favourite polishing preparation. Whatever the wood, whatever the style, there is definite charm attendant upon shining, well-kept surfaces.

One caution may be useful, since we have talked of two distinct treatments—first, wax; second, polish which is more than likely to have an oil base. *If you use one on your wood surfaces, don't use the other.* I have heard quite intelligent women condemn a preparation because it "took the wax off the floor," for instance; not once did they stop to think that nobody had ever advised them (and least of all, the manufacturer of the polish!) to use an oily preparation on a waxed surface—of course it would dissolve the wax. The same polish used upon another surface, would probably have had an excellent result.

SOMETHING TO LEARN

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard
'Twould open, I know, for me;
Then over the land and sea broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would gather them, every one
From nursery, school and street;
Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in
And turn the monster key,
And hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

The Frost Spirit

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields
and the brown hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees
where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes,
have shaken them down to earth.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
From the frozen Labrador,—
From the icy bridge of the Northern Seas,
which the white bear wanders o'er,—
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,
and the luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night
into marble statues grow!

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor fire
his evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round, when
the firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled fiend
as his sounding wing goes by!
—John Greenleaf Whittier

A Home-Made Movie Comedian

CUT THE HAT
OUT OF THIN CARDBOARD
AND USE COTTON
FOR THE
MUSTACHE AND HAIR



SOMETHING YOU WANT TO KNOW

THAT 1924 is Leap Year.
January was not the beginning of the legal year in England until 1752. Before that time the popular beginning of the year was January and the legal March, and so all dates set down between January and March were written thus, Feb. 6th, 1648-9, meaning it might be either year whichever you liked to take it.

In the old days January was called Wolf Month, because in that month owing to the cold, people were more in danger of being devoured by wolves, who were hungry.

The ancient god Janus from whom the month was named is represented as facing two ways, towards the old year and the new. January is known as the coldest month and the country people in England have an old verse which runs

Janiver—
Freeze the pot upon the fier.

In January the snow crystals are particularly beautiful as the snow does not soften in coming down in the extreme cold. Look at them carefully as they fall on your dark coat sleeve. It is only to the dull mind that snow is an ordinary thing, under the microscope it has been revealed as one of the most beautiful things in nature's museum. You will find strange star forms, triangles, geometrical forms some softened with feather-like lines, others straight and clear as if drawn with a pencil, in fact no drawing-book ever showed the variety of designs you may find in one tiny fall of snow.

In the year 1710 and for some years afterwards the primers used by school



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

Happy New Year to all the Readers of the Children's
Cosy Corner from Bobby Burke

children were called "horn books." One leaf, on which was usually written the alphabet large and small, with a few monosyllables, and a copy of the Lord's Prayer, was mounted on a wooden frame, and covered with thin horn. A handle was attached to the frame with a hole bored through it so that the "book" could be hung from the scholar's belt.

SOMETHING TO MAKE

A JANUARY calendar for your own desk at school. You may use stiff cardboard, and decorate it with cut-outs or with your own drawing of holly, birds, or a snow man. On the back you could put a motto in your very best writing,

A Happy New Year!
Ah, 'tis easy to say,
But who will try; you or you,
Tomorrow, next day,
For the week, for the month,
To be gentle and dear,
And make us all
A Happy New Year.

or,
A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in;
A year to live in,
To gain and to give in
A year for trying
And not for sighing.

On the 1923 side put the thing you did last year that you don't want to do this year, on 1924 put the thing you want to do this year. For instance the cross face is looking at something like this, "I was cross to the baby," but the smiling face

The Little Temple of the Twenty Bells

By Blanche Elizabeth Wade

ONCE upon a time there was a little temple in a toy garden—you know those little Japanese toy gardens that are made in a round, low dish or oblong tray. Well, this was just that sort, and the little boy who owned it called the temple the Little Temple of the Twenty Bells, because upon the twenty corners of the temple, which looked as though it had one roof right above another, there were twenty tiny bells.

From the Little Temple of the Twenty Bells you could see all that was going on in the garden. You could look up at the mountain behind called Fujiyama and



across a little valley to another mountain and down a winding path to the small river, and you could see small figures of men and women and storks and a deer and water birds, and an owl fastened into a tree, and many such things.

One night Harold had been playing with the garden, which was on a low table in the bay window of his nursery. The full moon had risen early and made the room so light that for fun he did not ask his mother or his nurse to turn on the electric light.

Well, all at once, as Harold sat watching what was going on in the little garden, he heard the twenty tiny bells on the temple corners begin to ring. They never had rung in the daytime, for they were made of clay like the rest of the temple. But now they tinkled a soft, Japanese tinkle.

"Hoot, whoo-oo, whoo-oo!" said the little owl up in the pine tree. "What a fine night. Just the sort of night for me to fly!" and Harold saw him fly across the valley to another tall pine tree near the Little Temple of the Twenty Bells.

There was a little splashing sound down on the river, and round a bend of it came the little boat that Harold had moored near a real, growing water plant. Its sail filled with the wind, and on it came till it reached the wishing bridge. There it stopped, and out came a gangplank to the shore, and off the gangplank stepped a man with a bale over his shoulder. He went up to the top of the bridge.

"I wish," said he, "to have a safe journey with this bale of silk, up the

lonely path to the Temple of the Twenty Bells."

Then he went down to the shore and began to walk up the long, lonely, winding path.

"Wait a minute," said a stork that had been standing on one foot in the water. "I heard your wish, and I will make it come true across these colored sands by going with you as far as the old stone lantern where the rocks begin." Harold saw the stork walk with the man across the colored sands at some distance from the river bank. The stork bowed when the man thanked him, and went home.

"You made a wish on the wishing bridge," said the lantern, "and I will make it come true as far as my light will go." And all at once a bright light shone from the holes in the side of the lantern, and the man walked far up the path after thanking the lantern, which blinked back at him.

The light helped him to the next turn, and in the last faint rays of it he saw a deer standing.

"Your wish on the wishing bridge will come true so far as I can help you," said the deer and walked by the man's side a

long way when only starlight and the moon showed the path. Then the deer had to go off into the woods, but the man saw a little tea house standing just beside the nearest tree.

A young girl came out and said, "Your wish on the wishing bridge will come true for the next mile, but have some tea to rest you." And she brought him a tiny pot of tea and a plate of rice cakes. Then she had her servant walk with the man a mile, and that brought him to the woods behind which stood the Temple of the Twenty Bells. The man thanked the servant, who went back, and all at once there was a little whirl of wings, and "Whoo-oo?" said the owl. "Is it you? Your wish will come true, for I'll take you the rest of the way." And he flew low in the trees, and guided the man to the temple steps, where stood a funny little priest.

"Your present of fine silk for my temple is received with thanks," said the priest, "and for your reward you shall stay here and rest and hear the music of the twenty bells. They ring only once like this when the moon is full. Listen well, for you will hear the sweetest voice in the world."

Why, it was the sweetest voice in the whole world! It was mother's, and there she stood ready to put Harold into his soft bed!

SOMETHING TO PLAY INDOORS ON STORMY DAYS

Throwing Light

TWO of the players leave the room and agree upon some object. They return to the rest and talk about the object they have agreed on. This is called "Throwing Light" on the subject. If any player thinks he can guess the object chosen he joins in the conversation. If one of the two players who chose the object thinks any player who joins in has guessed wrong he may challenge him. If he is right he continues in the conversation but if he is wrong he must sit with his handkerchief over his face until he can throw true light on the subject. The game goes on until only one player is left in the dark. It is allowable to choose words pronounced alike but with different meanings. An example of a puzzling word is sole, meaning either the sole of a shoe, a fish or spirit (soul).

Thinking wisely before you speak is as important as thinking twice.

1923

1924



Make a January calendar and try to win a gold button.

LOVE'S OPPORTUNITY

By Margaret Bemister

THE young girl who had been waiting in a large touring car outside the Beaumont Building for nearly an hour glanced up quickly as a small, elderly man came through the swinging door.

"At last, Daddy!" she cried, "I had just decided your meeting was an endless one." The man smiled briefly as he took his place beside her.

"Why, Daddy! Are you ill?" she exclaimed anxiously. "You look dreadful." He answered with an effort, "I am not ill, little daughter, but I have something to tell you. Drive home by the Lake Drive, dear."

She turned the car, her heart beating with a fear she could not name. Swiftly the city streets were covered and where the road narrowed to pass Cliff Rock on the lake shore, Mr. Beaumont spoke, his voice sounding like that of an automaton.

"I can find no words to soften what I have to tell, little daughter. I am a ruined man."

Joan stared with uncomprehending eyes.

"I need not go into details" went on the dead monotone, "I have lost everything, your mother's money too and my trust funds."

"Oh, Daddy!" Her cry was scarcely louder than a whisper and the car swerved from side to side as her hands lost their control. There was a hcnk from behind and she was dimly aware of a roadster that was trying to pass. Then it swung sharply down a side road and disappeared.

"I didn't mean to steal the money, you will believe that. No one else will."

"Daddy!"

"But after I lost the first amount I tried to retrieve it and I lost again. Barnard warned me against the oil wells—and we dissolved partnership. I called him a young fool, but he was right. And now I am a swindler, a rob—"

"Daddy!" With a jerk the car came to a standstill and her strong arms were around his shrunken form, which seemed to collapse in her embrace. Tenderly she crooned him as a mother might over an injured child and at length his eyes opened. In them a new light had been born, the haunted look was gone and as he spoke he summoned a smile.

"Now, we will go home to your mother, little daughter."

"Must we tell Mother?" she cried.

"Poor Mummy, she won't understand."

"But she must know before others tell her. I have handed over everything but—"

His voice failed and he sat with white face staring straight ahead, until the car drew up before the large brick house on Maywood Avenue. A hum of voices came from the living room. "Oh, I forgot, Mother is having a luncheon," whispered the girl as they entered the hall. A sweet, high-pitched voice called, "Naughty wanderers. We waited luncheon for thirty minutes. Now you must eat alone."

"I am sorry, my dear. We were detained," Mr. Beaumont answered almost naturally as he turned into the library. Joan reached her room and locked the door. Then seating herself at the window she gazed out with unseeing eyes. A prolonged rapping at the door roused her at length. It was a maid with a note.

"Please come to Dr. Watt's Hospital at once. L. C. Barnard very seriously injured, is asking for you." It was signed by the house-surgeon, and Joan stood staring at the paper while a chill crept over her, numbing every sense. Barnard, her father's former partner! Injured! Wanting her! She must go at once. The car was still at the gate and in another moment she was speeding in the direction of the private hospital mentioned in the note.

A nurse led her to a room where Leonard Barnard lay so still that Joan stopped on the threshold. Bandages enveloped his head and one swathed arm rested heavily on the coverlet. As if feeling her presence he opened his eyes and smiled. Tears of pity sprang to her eyes as she stood beside the bed.

"I am so sorry—" she began but he interrupted her almost abruptly.

"Miss Beaumont, we must not waste time. I have asked you here for one reason. Will you marry me?"

For one stupefied moment she gazed at him and then summoning all her strength to keep her voice natural she said quietly, "I am afraid I do not understand you. Perhaps you are feverish. Shall I call your nurse?"

"No, I am not delirious." His mouth twisted in the odd smile, she remembered, then he went on. "Miss Beaumont, I am dying. The doctors give me twelve hours at the most. I have money. Your father helped me make most of it, has been my best friend. Now, he refuses to accept my help. He cannot refuse yours. Will you marry me so that I may leave you that power?"

Her eyes glistened softly, "But you, Oh, it seems so heartless!"

"I shall have been permitted to help my dearest friend. What greater favor could I ask?" He closed his eyes and Joan noticed the blue ring around his mouth. "You have overtaxed your strength! Let me call your nurse."

"No, please, no." His opened eyes held her with their pain. "You haven't given me your answer yet. May I urge you, for your father's sake?" Seeing her shrink, "Forgive me, but there may be so little time."

"Oh, I cannot," she choked, turning away. "I would do anything for Daddy that concerned myself alone. I would die to save him, but this seems so heartless—"

"Miss Beaumont, if you knew it would make me very happy to have you even in the room when I—I go, would that help you to decide?"

She faced him with a startled movement. "I love you!" he said simply. "I had not meant to tell you. I know you have never thought of me but my love has been yours since that first summer."

Joan stood motionless gazing into the dying face alight with a living love. Something gripped her throat so she could not speak. The door opened and the nurse entered.

"Give me a minute," whispered Joan, bending over him. "I must think, oh, let me think."

"Yes, out there," he glanced towards the low window and crossing quickly to it, she pushed it open and stepped out on a balcony, mechanically noticing that vines shut it in on all sides. Dropping into a chair, hands pressed against throbbing temples, she tried to think but from the bewildered chaos that raced through her mind, only one thought emerged. He was dying and he loved her! Suddenly she was startled into consciousness by hearing her name. It came from the other side of the vines, evidently a diet kitchen was there for there was the click of dishes. A clear voice was speaking, "She ought to know then for if it hadn't been for her car he wouldn't be dying now." A lower voice spoke in answer and then the speakers moved away, but Joan sat as if turned to stone. Her swerving car, the roadster that turned to avoid a collision! And that side road was to be closed for repairs! He was dying because of her and dying he wished to save her and hers. With hands clasped tightly on her breast she rose and stood. "God,

I thank you for telling me so plainly," she whispered, then she quickly opened the window and re-entered the room.

The nurse was replacing her needle in its case and smiled reassuringly at Joan as she went out. Crossing the room, the girl met the man's appealing gaze with steadfast eyes as she said, "Mr. Barnard, I am honored by your request and I accept it with pride."

For a moment a light flamed within him, then slowly died down and he spoke with calmness, "Words cannot express my gratitude, Miss Beaumont, so I shall not try. May I send for your father now?"

"Not until—after."

He smiled in tender comprehension and touched the bell near his hand.

AND so it was that the old clergyman had finished repeating the beautiful, solemn words of the marriage service over them, and the little group around the bedside had slipped quietly away before Mr. Beaumont came into the room. Then, kneeling there with his hands on the clasped ones of his daughter and Leonard Barnard, the elder man drank of his cup of suffering and found his way to a peace he had not dared to hope for. He remained with them as the afternoon grew to evening and the evening changed to night, comforting the one with an old love that was renewed now and strengthened: supporting the other with a father's encircling care.

As the night wore away he saw a change coming over the younger man's face. Love told him how to act, so he stole softly away. Joan bent over Leonard Barnard in quick anxiety. "What is it?" she asked of the appeal in his eyes.

"Will you kiss me—before I go?" The words were scarcely a whisper. Choking back a sob she pressed her lips against his cold ones, then with infinite tenderness slipped her arm around him and pillowed his head against her breast. Over his pain-drawn features a look of happiness crept, and he lay very still.

The sun was sending its first rays into the room before the anxious watchers dared disturb them. Then they gently moved him back on the pillow and lifted her to her feet. A sunbeam touched his eyelids and he gazed into her radiant face. "Is this Heaven?" he asked happily, "Did I die last night?"

"No, you are going to live," she answered, "You are still on earth, but it has become Heaven."

LARKIN'S LIMITED

By H. S. Swallow

WHAT the
"Hello Bill, why all the fireworks?"

"That fellow Brown has been up to some more of his so-called practical jokes." While the irate Thompson was speaking, he was busily engaged in removing a lady's hair net from among the small articles which reposed in the pocket of his office coat. "Drat the thing," he murmured as he tried to remove it from its last stand on the clip of his pencil. Just then he felt some one at his elbow and thinking it was his sympathetic friend Cassidy, he said:

"Brown wants to create the impression that I placed this thing here, but believe me you would never find me parking one of these things in my pocket."

As he received no answer, he looked up, straight into the eyes of the general manager. All Bill could manage to stammer was "Good morning, sir."

The manager responded in kind. "Good morning. You seem to be entangled in some way Thompson. I did not know you were a ladies' man."

It was a well known fact in the office that Thompson was a confirmed bachelor. So the manager's remark caused a series of partly suppressed giggles and laughter from the occupants of different desks within hearing.

Then Thompson found his voice. "This is a practical joke, Mr. Taylor, some one is trying to get a laugh on me."

"Well, as long as the owner of the hair net doesn't get you, you will be all right Thompson." With this last sally the manager retired to his private office.

"I would like to get hold of the guy who did that," said Thompson. "I believe it is Brown."

Brown was noted in the office for his propensity for playing jokes, in fact there was not a member of the staff who had not, at some time been the victim of his tricks. But to catch him was a different matter. It seemed as though he could scent a trap, and had no difficulty in avoiding all their efforts to get a laugh on him.

Just as Thompson settled down to work at his desk, he heard a voice at his elbow.

"Could I see that hair net Mr. Thompson?"

Thompson whirled on his stool ready to snap the head off the daring person who made such a request, but he subsided as he looked into the eyes of the new stenographer. She was a very pretty girl, who had only been with the firm for a week, but already it was rumored among the office staff that she could get more favours from Thompson than any stenographer that ever worked there.

"There it is, Miss Jackson," he said, drawing it from the waste paper basket and placing it in her hands.

"Just as I thought," she said, after a glance at the article. "It is mine. I

took it off for a moment yesterday and it disappeared like magic. Thank you, Mr. Thompson."

The dazzling smile she gave Thompson kept him warm all the morning.

Two whole months had passed since Thompson found the hair net in his pocket and not a single practical joke had been played by Arthur Brown the joke king of Larkins Ltd. Yet the office staff were hardly aware of that fact in the face of the new situation which had arisen.

Thompson, the supposed woman hater, and Brown, the joker, were both rivals for the hand of the same lady. It was the pretty stenographer who accomplished the seemingly impossible task of impressing Thompson, but how she managed to keep both men on her list, was a puzzle to the office staff.

First it was Brown who seemed to get all her favours. Then the next week Thompson would be wearing a smile which illuminated the office. Thus the rivalry went on, with the betting first on one, then on the other, until one day Brown confided to Cassidy that it was Miss Jackson's birthday on the morrow, and he intended to give her a present which would surely turn the scales in his favour.

It was during the lunch hour, while they both were sampling the contents of their lunch baskets, that Brown waxed so confidential. He even shared some of his lunch with Cassidy, giving him a

nice banana. Then in a final burst of confidence he showed him the little parcel which he was going to give the lady of his choice. "Pearls," he whispered. Then placed it in his pocket.

"That ought to beat him," Brown said, indicating Thompson, who was bending over his desk, already at work.

That afternoon Miss Jackson did not report for work. It was rumored in the office that she was sick. Although during the afternoon some of the staff heard this conversation from the telephone both. "Hello! Is that Miss Jackson? This is Brown speaking. Yes, from the office. I am sending you a little present for your birthday. Think of me when you receive it. Au revoir."

Late that evening Miss Jackson could have been seen at her home carefully untying the string from a small parcel. Suddenly the telephone bell jangled.

"Hello!— Yes— I would like to go. I will meet you in half an hour Mr. Thompson." Hanging up the receiver she went back to the present occupation of unwrapping the parcel. "What could it be?— Oh! yes, Brown had phoned her that afternoon. Well—it was almost too bad that she had promised to go out with Thompson. Thus soliloquizing, she removed the last wrap and disclosed a small bunch of banana peelings. Then she saw the note. "When you receive this think of me,—A. B." At that moment the phone bell rang. "Hello! Oh—

Continued on page 47

CORRESPONDENCE

Frae Auld Scotia

Dear Editor:

I hope you will not regard me as an intruder, but I have derived so much enjoyment from the W. H. M. that I thought I would write to you and express my pleasure in words.

I am a Scotch girl (Aberdeen), at present working in Edinburgh, and have relations in Saskatchewan who always send the W. H. M. to my home each month. Mother then sends it on to me, and many an evening I spend dipping into its pages, and seeing therein, Canada in all its vastness and grandeur.

I have always longed to go to Canada, so far, my wish has not been granted, but perhaps I may be able to visit it, some day.

I enjoy reading the correspondence page very much and if any of your readers would care to write to me I would be very pleased to hear from them.

I am afraid I cannot describe to them the glory of the prairies, but nevertheless, Scotland has its own peculiar beauties—mountains, covered with purple heather, deep glens and valleys, wild peat-scented moors, and silent lochs. Truly all Scots can say with the poet: "Oh Caledonia, stern and wild, meet nurse for a poetic child."

I hope I have not trespassed too much on your time, as editors are always busy. Trusting that some of your readers will write, and with best wishes,

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
"Thistle"

Disagrees With Christiania

Dear Editor and Members,—

I have been a reader of the Western Home Monthly for a long time, and I think it a splendid paper. I have intended writing to the Correspondence Page for a long time, but not until reading Christiania's letter did I get up enough courage to write. I simply could not let her letter pass without comment. I am very fond of dancing and have never seen any harm in it. I would like nothing better than to take Christiania to one of our dances and I believe if she attended a few she would be forced to broaden her views, in fact from her letter I doubt if she has ever been to a decent dance. Don't think from this Christiania that I don't like outdoor sports, for I am very fond of skating and horse-back riding, I would also gladly learn to ski if I had the chance, but I don't think you should be so down on dancing, for if you had had any experience with good dances you would not describe it as you do.

I am a farmerette living in Northern Alberta, and as it is sometimes kind of lonely here, I would welcome correspondence from anyone about my age—a little past the middle of the teens. I promise to answer all letters.

We certainly had an abundant harvest here this year, and it was about time too. I notice quite a few of the members are bookworms, and I am one myself. I read quite a bit in my spare time.

As my letter is getting rather long, I will close for this time, hoping to get a lot of letters. Please write. My address is with the editor. With best wishes to all.

English Rose.

A Musical Farm House

Dear Editor and Readers,—

It is a long time since I wrote to the Correspondence Page, and seeing that my last letter escaped the W. P. B., I thought I would write again. I have taken the Western Home Monthly for some years, and enjoy reading the stories and letters, and the beautiful pictures we get on the front covers. I make frames for them.

I love music. My father and sister play the violin and my brother plays the saxophone. They play for all the

dances and parties around. I like all out-door sports, but better than all, dancing. I live on a farm two miles from town. Our house is on a hill with a creek running below, but in Spring when we have so much water, the creek

I have had great results in raising ducks and geese. My letter is getting rather long but I hope the editor will print it. Also hoping to hear from some music lover.

Lillian

Her Best Correspondent

Dear Editor and Readers,

Having just finished writing to my best correspondent, who, by the way, I gained through this page, I thought I would like to join you all again. It is some time since I last wrote and I am coming again in search of correspondents. The last year has been a very busy one for me, but I have plenty of time now for letter writing, and would appreciate letters from any young people who are old enough to vote. "Yankee Bill" maybe you and I don't live very far apart. My home is in Southern Manitoba, about four miles from the boundary. I visited the town of Hausboro last summer, your country is pretty much like ours Bill. The wheat is badly rusted this year. It seems such a pity for the crops looked splendid just a short time ago. However, if the coarse grain fills we may consider ourselves lucky. Not hard to tell that I'm a farmer is it? Let's change the subject.

As nearly as I can remember a good many views have been stated by the readers of this page concerning their favorite pastimes, employment and sports. How many of the ladies are fond of sewing? I make quite a few clothes, as I am the only member of our family that likes sewing. Some day I hope to take a course in dressmaking.

I would like to see letters on the page from high school students or any others who are interested in the educational system of the country. I took up my second class work last year, and it seems to me that the work becomes more difficult each year. To speak plainly I think that a great deal of unnecessary work is contained in the teachers' course. For instance there is the thick book of physics, that we study in grade XI. Those of you who are familiar with this book, and who have written an examination on it, have you learned much that will benefit you, much that you can apply when you are teaching in small schools? How much better it would be if we girls anyway were taught cooking, sewing, nursing or something that every girl should learn. But instead of such useful lessons we are taught how a pump works, why a doorbell rings, the rate at which a falling body gains in speed and a great many other things that are no doubt very interesting but, pardon the expression, where do they get you? I am not saying that it is not fine; fine to know all one can learn, but unless one intends to be an electrician why should he or she be compelled to spend time in studying electricity that could be well applied to other subjects? How much of it will we remember, and, in many cases, how well do the teachers understand this difficult subject?

This letter has grown so long that it will no doubt find its way to the Editor's W. P. B. but, I would be glad to see part of it in print if it is worth while "pruning."

With best wishes to all, and hoping to receive letters from some of the members, I am

Your sincere friend,
Lady Nowah.

LARKIN'S LIMITED

Continued from page 46

it's you, Mr. Brown. Yes, I received your parcel. So that is what you call a practical joke, eh? Well I think it is horrid of you." Bang, up went the receiver.

Half an hour later Brown met Thompson and Miss Jackson on the street, but the lady would not deign him so much as a glance. It was the same at the office the next day. She was like an iceberg to him.

For three days Brown puzzled over the problem, then one afternoon he undertook to straighten the rubbish which

had accumulated in his desk, and he drew out a string of pearls. That set him wondering, although he said nothing to any one. Nor did he ever speak, and so only one member of the office staff ever knew that at last, they had got a practical joke on Brown, and even that member was not quite sure whether all the joke was on Brown, for the confirmed bachelor married the pretty stenographer, and she bossed him unmercifully.

The Building of the Line

I've lived where the mountains rise up from the plain,
I've camped in the valleys in sunshine and rain,
Where the wild torrent leaps through many a gorge
And the rocks have been fashioned in Nature's own forge,

Where the hunter kept vigil, the Grizzly held sway
And the sun moved the shadows, recording the day.
Then up from the canyon to turrets on high
Was heard from the Baldwin the loud shrilling cry,

As through the dark tunnel he urges his way
Then follows the valleys in clear light of day;
Where the bridge spans the river, where steel has been laid
Through rock cut and snow-shed he'll follow the grade.

The moon sheds a radiance and silvers the scene,
And glistens on ice locked in granite, between
The great fissured mountains that reach to the clouds,
With snow on their summits like closely wrapt shrouds.

Then farewell to the Rockies, soon scent of the brine
Will tell there's no limit to reach of the Line.
O'er the long stretch of prairie where plain meets the sky
The rails spanned the distance with ballast and tie.

Till a glimpse of the ocean, the roar of its wave
As it lashed on the reef and resounded in cave.
Told the tale that the distance was spanned by the Line,
From the great inland sea to the ocean of brine.

—F. Dupey.

The First Cold Snap

When the first snowflakes start comin'
And the wind's a howlin' round;
When Jack Frost starts his prowlin'
And the taters in the ground
(What you ain't got in) are freezin',
Long 'bout then a farmer chap
Feels he's got some kick acomin'
At the first cold snap.

When the plow is lyin' idle,
And the hosses in the barn,
Are eatin' of their heads off
Like they didn't give a darn,
Say! I'd like to be a kickin'
Of that pesky Foster chap
Asendin' on ahead of time
The first cold snap.

When the Toot Toot of the thresher
Which we've heard all round about,
Seems ter stop all of a sudden,
And the threshin' gang's let out,
And it seems we've sure struck winter,
Long 'bout then the farmer chap
Feels that he's been treated shabby
By the first cold snap.

But on these same chilly evenings,
When the fire's ararin' loud
Up the chimney, and the family
Likes around the stove to crowd;
And you got some pop corn poppin'
Long 'bout then the farmer chap
Finds some sort of compensation
Fer the first cold snap.

By M. Eugenie Perry



Corns

Don't Pare Them!

Cutting a corn is always dangerous. Blue-jay ends corns. Kills the pain instantly, then the corn loosens and comes out. No risk, no constant trouble. Get Blue-jay at your druggist.

Blue-jay

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



And Instructive, Too

An exhibition of temper is invariably a free show.—Edmonton Bulletin.

From One Point of View

National prohibition will not carry conviction until its violations do.—Minneapolis Journal.

Unlike His Ancestors

The only person that King Alfonso of Spain can dictate to now is his stenographer.—Calgary Herald.

Another Addition to Knowledge

An investigator has figured that a bee, to gather one pound of honey, must travel 43,776 miles.—Brandon Sun.

Not Quite As Simple As That

We often suspect that the bone of contention in Europe is located just above the ears of statesmen.—Kansas City Star.

Canada's Future

Humanly speaking, nothing, can prevent the people of Canada from becoming in time one of the greatest nations upon earth.—London Daily Telegraph.

Law

"Is any law well enforced?" asks a writer in one of the magazines. Well, there is the law of gravity.—Victoria Colonist.

Elections

Only about one half of the voters vote in the average election, and sometimes it would appear from the result, the wrong half.—New York Tribune.

Work is a Great Cure

Now that glands are the fashion as a panacea for every ill or want, why not give the sweat-glands a good tryout and see what happens?—Hamilton Spectator.

The Long and Short of It

"In spite of the recent dictum from Paris," says a local style expert, "women here will not wear short skirts any longer."—Montreal Gazette.

Three Excellent Suggestions

The convention of police chiefs has declared against the transportation of firearms by mail. And, permit us to suggest, by male and female.—Chicago Tribune.

Fashion Item

It is said there will be little change in women's clothing this year. Then perhaps there will be a little more change in men's.—Toronto Star.

Altogether Too Much, Indeed!

A woman in London has been robbed of \$350,000 worth of jewelry. This is really too much, especially too much jewelry.—Vancouver Province.

Thin Veneer

A machine has been invented to cut veneers 106th of an inch. Just about the thickness of our civilization, according to Israel Zangwill.—New York World.

More Obedience to Ancient Laws Needed

Maybe there's not much use in passing many more new laws until a bunch of old ones, the Ten Commandments, are working better.—Ottawa Journal.

Uses They Might Be Put To

All the German marks Canadians have bought can possibly be put to good use in buying wild-cat oil stock or betting on elections.—Toronto Telegram.

There is Only One Ruhr

A United States Commission is said to be giving notice to defaulting debtor nations to pay up. But, if they didn't, where will it find a Ruhr?—Journal of Commerce.

The Incurable Hohenzollern

It is said that the ex-Kaiser is thinking of making another try at it in Germany. It's about time that old bird quit fooling with the buzz-saw.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Long Awaited Line to the Bay

The Irish question having been fairly well settled, it is possible that a decision may yet be arrived at concerning the Hudson Bay railway.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Superfluous Armor

Officers in Washington have requested permission to leave off spurs while dancing. Unless the war department's desks are fitted with stirrups why wear them at all?—Duluth Herald.

The Fat and the Lean

Science shows that slender people live longer after 30 than do heavyweights, but experience teaches that fat people generally have had more fun previous to that age.—Hamilton Herald.

Citizenship

Citizenship which confers privileges also involves responsibilities, and the man who is prepared to enjoy the one but shirks the burden of the other is a poor citizen.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Gasoline Speed

In Sweden the speed limit is twenty-two miles an hour in the city and twenty-eight miles in the country. It is about the same over here, according to the practice of many motorists, only they add those two figures together.—Buffalo Express.

As to "the Good Old Days"

Mourning for the good old days is generally bosh, for the old days were no better than the days before yesterday, and as to most things not so good.—Brantford Expositor.

International Conferences

Some citizens say they are getting tired of the nations getting together and holding conferences. Still it is much better to let the statesmen get together to talk than it is to get the common people together to fight.—Calgary Albertan.

Hard Stuff

The voters and taxpayers ought to rise up in their might and protest against the way the dry-squad officers are pouring out captured liquors into the gutters. Can't anybody see that mere asphalt and curbing can't be expected to stand that stuff? Los Angeles Times.

The Need For Steadfastness

A solicitude for steadiness in international affairs was never more needed than in these times, when some men love nothing so much as reports that England is about to break with France and America to break with everybody.—New York Evening Post.

The Contribution of the Cow

The milk cow is coming back into favor. This precious animal kept provisions in the pantry shelf for so many farmers during the past lean years that more are beginning to look upon her as the most necessary chattel on the farm.—Hanna Herald.

Sure!

It is said that the Prince of Wales is adopting Canadian ways of speech and now says "Sure" when he means "Of course." It is sure interesting to know that H.R.H. talks the language of the people. London Free Press.

The Trouble with the World

It is not some removable evil within South Africa which is troubling us all. What is harming us, and every other country, is the strangling of world enterprise by the uncertainty which prevails in Europe.—Johannesburg Times.

Bagpipes to Down Saxophones

Saxophones, eight feet long, are being made in America. This must be in sheer defiance of the Disarmament Conference, and we hope to learn that the keels of several super-bag pipes have been laid on the Clyde.—London Opinion.

The English-speaking Peoples

The bonds of closer friendship between England and America have been forged in a multiplicity of ways. And the record of the British Empire will go to prove that there are no ties so strong as those which depend on mutual respect grounded in common early history and fealty to common ideals.—Halifax Herald.

A Pre-historic Climate Booster?

A report from California describes a mammoth human skull with the mouth open "as if the early man had died in great fear and pain." He was probably slain by irate tourists while he was boasting about the climate.—Boston Herald.

A Mighty League

One of the deepest desires of every Englishman must be in every way to strengthen the feelings of friendship and of common interest among all the peoples of the British Commonwealth—a mighty peace league which carries with it some of the best hopes of the world.—Manchester Guardian.

The People Who Keep Things Going On

What keeps the world in equilibrium is the Genius of the Commonplace; and this is contributed chiefly by those humdrum people who fall in love, get married, beget children, and stay in one or two places most of the days of their lives. And, but for them, whence would the single man of the next generation come?—Toronto Globe.

Finishing Out the Alphabet

It is harder to get a good cook than it is to get a good architect, baker, carpenter or detective. (New York Sun.) Also editor, fudge-maker, geographer, harpoonist, illustrator, jobber, king, lawyer, mechanic, navigator, oyster-opener, philologist, quarryman, rat-catcher, Sinologue, thaumaturge, uplifter, violinist, wizard, xylographer, yogi or zoologist.—Boston Transcript.

Treasured in Canada's National Memory

As the years pass, the memory of the war, the pride of victory, the bitterness of international strife, will of necessity grow fainter and fainter. Other entanglements will arise, other alliances be formed. But the memory of our dead, and of the glorious self-sacrifice which led them to their martyr's crown, should be kept before the minds and hearts of Canadians for all time.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

Too Much Talk in Spain, and Elsewhere

A Spanish patriotic society has been formed with the purpose of discouraging too much talk among politicians and legislators. The great trouble with too much talk is that when a man tells too often how he is going to do a thing he gets to thinking after a while that he has already done it. He works off all his energy in discussion and usually has none left to get down to cases.—Vancouver Sun.

He Doesn't Press the Claim

Prince Rupert of Bavaria is, according to the English Jacobites, the rightful king of England by the law of hereditary succession. But the Act of Settlement of 1688 abolished the "divine right of kings," and the present dynasty holds the throne on a parliamentary title. Prince Rupert, to do him justice, has never claimed the British throne.—Edmonton Bulletin.

The Great Problem of Democracy

Where in America is the science of government taught? Where are the schools that supply executives, legislators, administrators? There are none except city halls, campaign stumps and party conference rooms. From these places come America's political leaders, untrained except in vote getting, often without principles or sincerity; we accept them and they rule us.—Topeka Capital.

One-Sided Progress

Triumphs of a mechanical sort are getting to be easy. We hear of new ones almost every day. No wise man would attempt to prophesy where they will stop. Meanwhile human nature stays about stationary. Man is more than a mere machine. Progress is going on in the finding out of cures and remedies for the ills of our bodies. But when it comes to putting an end to international jealousies and hatreds, is the world making the progress it should make?—Kingston Whig.

Blinding Headlights

Three persons were killed near Windsor over the week-end when blinding headlights of an approaching motor car caused the driver of another car to turn his machine over an embankment. Some motorists there are, who either through indifference, carelessness or absolutely a criminal determination to have as brilliant headlights as possible, in order to be able to go at high speed even on dark nights, persist in disregarding decency and the safety of other people. This evil cannot be cured by leaving it to the individual discretion of motor car owners. The police should make a campaign everywhere against headlights of anything but a moderate degree of illumination.—Ottawa Citizen.

Dreamings of the Ideal

There is always enough sterling sense among the people to reject sentimental rubbish in its grosser forms, but in its more subtle forms, as presented by those who have never felt the necessity to investigate and teach the truth, it leads many of us in the pursuit of whims and dreams and impossible desires. If any one ever believed that some "form of government" could be found which would run itself and turn out the pure results of abstract peace, justice and righteousness without any trouble to anybody, he may well be dissatisfied, and is probably justified in telling his dream. But let us not take his superficial and sentimental outpourings too seriously.—London Times.